



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
Getty Research Institute

THE
Gentleman's Magazine

VOLUME 269

JULY — DECEMBER 1890

AMS PRESS, INC.

KRAUS REPRINT CORP.

NEW YORK

1967

Manufactured in the United States of America

CONTENTS *of* VOL. CCLXIX.

	PAGE
Africa, The Future of. By A. WERNER	131
After "Tatou." By STEPHEN GRAY	397
Algerine Hills, Geology and Natural History of the. By J. E. TAYLOR, F.L.S.	228
Among Rooks. By DISCIPULUS	147
Ancient Inscriptions on and in our Old Churches. By SARAH WILSON	516
At the Bend of the River. By G. W. BULMAN, M.A.	477
Balquhiddier. By GEORGE EYRE-TODD	366
Berkshire Town, A, and its Reminiscences. By JAMES H. DOHERTY	561
Birds, Beasts, Fishes, Insects, Reptiles, and a Woman's Thoughts about them. By ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING	359
Book-Fires, Our Last. By J. A. FARRER	631
Book-War, The, of Church and Dissent. By J. A. FARRER	152
Brittany, A Legend of: The Groac'h. By C. S. BOSWELL	615
Caterpillar, The Magpie. By FRANK E. BEDDARD	80
Ceylon, In. By A. E. BONSER	192
Chairs by the River. By J. FIELD	109
Church and Dissent, The Book-War of. By J. A. FARRER	152
Churches, Some Old. By SARAH WILSON	204
Cocoa and Chocolate. By Dr. ALFRED J. H. CRESPI	371
Commercial Relations, The, of Gold and Silver. By B. D. MACKENZIE	341
Conway, A Walk up the Valley of the. By EDWARD WALFORD, M.A.	84
Crime, An Indian. By J. W. SHERER, C.S.I.	72
Curiosities of Eating and Drinking. By Dr. ALFRED J. H. CRESPI	482
Depravation, The, of Words. By GEORGE L. APPERSON	595
Droitwich, The Progress and Future of. By AN OLD OXONIAN	527
Eating and Drinking, Curiosities of. By Dr. ALFRED J. H. CRESPI	482
"El Mágico Prodigioso" and "Faust." By H. SCHÜTZ WILSON	280
English Dramatic Literature, Irish Character in. By W. J. LAWRENCE	178
English Paganism, Two Relics of. By SIDNEY O. ADDY	46
English Players in Paris. By W. J. LAWRENCE	446
"Europe, Innkeeper for." By JAMES RAMSAY	22
"Faust" and "El Mágico Prodigioso." By H. SCHÜTZ WILSON	280
Fines. By ALEX. CHARLES EWALD, F.S.A.	92
Found! By FRED. M. WHITE	217
Future, The, of Africa. By A. WERNER	131
Geology and Natural History of the Algerine Hills. By J. E. TAYLOR, F.L.S.	228
George Eliot and Her Neighbourhood. By GEORGE MORLEY	583
Gold and Silver, The Commercial Relations of. By B. D. MACKENZIE	341
Groac'h, The: A Legend of Brittany. By C. S. BOSWELL	615
Herodotus, A Sixteenth-Century. By Rev. E. H. R. TATHAM, M.A.	403
Heroes, Unaccredited. By H. GILZEAN REID, F.J.I.	384
Hunted. By ELLA EDERSHEIM:—	
Chapter I.—Introductory	325
" II.—In which the Hunt is begun	330
" III.—In which the Hunt is continued	433
" IV.—In which the Hunt is ended	541
In a Scotch "Smiddy." By ALEXANDER GORDON	56
In Ceylon. By A. E. BONSER	192
Indian Crime, An. By J. W. SHERER, C.S.I.	72

	AGE
"Innkeeper for Europe." By JAMES RAMSAY	22
Inscriptions, Ancient, on and in our Old Churches. By SARAH WILSON	516
Irish Character in English Dramatic Literature. By W. J. LAWRENCE	178
Key, The, of the Elbe: Schreckenstein. By JAMES BAKER, F.R.G.S.	33
Line, Up and Down the. By W. ARMSTRONG WILLIS	503
Literary Frauds, Follies, and Mystifications. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS	238
Lost Lakes, The, of New Zealand. By J. LAWSON	162
Magpie Caterpillar, The. By FRANK E. BEDDARD	80
New Zealand, The Lost Lakes of. By J. LAWSON	162
Nostradamus. By C. A. WARD	601
"Old Q." By EDWARD WALFORD, M.A.	173
On a Mountain. By LILLIAS WASSERMANN	1
Ordeal, The, by Poison. By CUTHBERT WITHERS	307
Our Last Book-Fires. By J. A. FARRER	631
Our Vagabonds—Human and Feathered. By ALEXANDER LAMONT	297
Out Ottering. By Rev. H. D. RAWNSLEY, M.A.	313
Pirates, Some Eminent. By M. R. DAVIES	467
Players, English, in Paris. By W. J. LAWRENCE	446
Poor People. By C. E. MEETKERKE	211
Progress, The, and Future of Droitwich. By AN OLD OXONIAN	527
River, At the Bend of the. By G. W. BULMAN, M.A.	477
River, Chairs by the. By J. FIELD	109
Rooks, Among. By DISCIPULUS	147
Rowing Songs. By LAURA ALEX. SMITH	255
Salmon Stop-Nets, The, at Beachley, on the Severn. By C. PARKINSON	459
Schreckenstein : The Key of the Elbe. By JAMES BAKER, F.R.G.S.	33
Scotch "Smiddy," In a. By ALEXANDER GORDON	56
Sea-Sorrow. By ISABELLA J. POSTGATE	430
Sixteenth-Century Herodotus, A. By Rev. E. H. R. TATHAM, M.A.	403
Some Eminent Pirates. By M. R. DAVIES	467
Some Old Churches. By SARAH WILSON	204
Suio on the Garigliano. By LILY WOLFFSOHN	265
Table Talk. By SYLVANUS URBAN :—	
A Rousseau of the Gutter—The Bull-Fight in Paris.	107
Omar Khayyam and his Latest Translator—Mr. Fitzgerald's Translation of the Rubaiyat	215
The Bodleian Library—A Woman on Woman	323
Chained Books in Wimborne Minster—Books in Chains generally	431
The Latest Amusement in Paris—The Latest Amusement in London—Untrodden Ways	539
A Parisian Experiment—Rabelais in London	643
"Tatou," After. By STEPHEN GRAY	397
Territorial System, The. By THOMAS GRAHAM	421
Tobacco, A Whiff of. By PHILIP KENT	575
Tramps and Their Ways. By PEREGRINUS	97
Two Relics of English Paganism. By SIDNEY O. ADDY	46
Unaccredited Heroes. By H. GILZEAN REID, F.J.I.	384
Up and Down the Line. By W. ARMSTRONG WILLIS	503
Vagabonds, Our—Human and Feathered. By ALEXANDER LAMONT	297
Walk, A, up the Valley of the Conway. By EDWARD WALFORD, M.A.	84
Whiff, A, of Tobacco. By PHILIP KENT	575
Words, The Depravation of. By GEORGE L. APPERSON	595

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY 1890.

ON A MOUNTAIN.

BY LILLIAS WASSERMANN.

CHAPTER I.

MOEL CARRIG, upon a certain fine morning in August a few years back, wore its gentlest and most pleasing aspect.

Too frequently the giant wrapped himself in his mantle of mist and frowned upon the world. At such times his gray crags—magnified by the density of the atmosphere—loomed out portentous and grand.

But upon that August day all the sternness was softened and glorified into beauty. The mountain stood out well against a soft gray sky, a sky with great rents in its clouds, behind which showed a vivid and intense blue.

A streak of silver amongst the dark heather marked the place where a mountain torrent danced and leapt in the sunshine from crag to crag.

And down by the side of this stream came Bronwen Llanaber, herself as much a child of the mountain as it, and also leaping gaily from crag to crag, joyous and happy in the rare sunshine. Following more clumsily in her wake appeared a young Englishman, who had been botanising on the heights above. This gentleman, Mr. George Beldon, was staying at the old gray stone house at the foot of the mountain, the house that nestled so snugly in a sheltered hollow, and which belonged to old Gwyllim Llanaber, the man who farmed the land adjacent to Moel Carrig, and whose only child, Bronwen, was now in company with Mr. Beldon.

Bronwen was a spoilt child, the darling of her father, who fancied

that the pretty girl could do no wrong, and who foolishly let her see that he held this opinion.

From her earliest childhood the girl had been conversant with every portion of the big mountain. With no mother to restrain her roving propensities within reasonable limits, she had been accustomed to spend whole days alone there, exploring every nook and cranny in its steep sides.

She knew the shape of every boulder that stood out fantastic and curious from the craggy summit, knew where the precipices lay, and how to avoid and skirt each bog. Also she knew every particular plant that grew there; and though utterly unversed in their long Latin designations, could tell pretty correctly the habits and properties of each.

This, naturally, made her society valuable to Mr. Beldon, an ardent botanist and lover of plants, who had come out of the beaten track in pursuit of his favourite hobby; and who, in this mountain district, found many rare specimens hitherto unprocurable by him.

It was certainly a profitable hunting-ground. Between the stones and in the crannies of the crags nestled many varieties of ferns—asppleniums and parsley, the mountain-bladder and the scented ferns. The boggy ground below was studded with choice orchises and sticky sundews; while cistuses and yellow poppies grew upon ledges of the rocks above. But for such treasures it was necessary to know the locality and where to look.

No wonder, therefore, that Bronwen was an acceptable companion to the young botanist.

But it is well to confess the whole truth. Besides all this, George Beldon admired pretty girls almost, if not quite, as ardently as he did rare specimens of the herbaceous genus, and Bronwen Llanaber was a rustic beauty of a somewhat uncommon type. In stature rather under than over the middle height, but with a perfectly proportioned and graceful figure, a figure suggesting strength and a healthy physique, as of one born to endure fatigue and to glory in all the perils of mountaineering; and along with this a face of oval contour, with a rich dark bloom upon it, lighted up by a pair of dark gray eyes set off by long curling lashes.

Beautiful as she was in every particular, it was these eyes—dreamy, unfathomable, full of the poetry of her beloved mountains—that riveted attention to her face.

When this pair of mountaineers had descended to a somewhat lower level, Mr. Beldon, who was growing a trifle fatigued, proposed a halt by the side of the stream. He wished to sort the treasures he had collected that morning, and suggested that while he did so

Bronwen should recount to him some of the wild legends of the country, in which she was well versed.

In fairy, as well as in natural lore, she was a proficient, and had frequently beguiled the long days of rain that summer with some fantastic tale or other common to the locality.

Mr. Beldon delighted in listening to these stories—the girl so evidently believed every word she said.

She told him of the *gwragedd annwn*, or elfin ladies, who frequent the shores of the llynns high up in the mountains, and who upon moonlight nights may be seen bathing and sporting there in the clear waters; told of how a venturesome knight once lay in ambush behind a heap of stones, and, fired by the charms of one of these beautiful bathers, caught her as she passed the spot where he lay, and, enwrapping her in his coat, held her prisoner until she promised to become his wife. This she did, upon one condition, and that condition seemed to her would-be spouse a very easy one; being only that he should never touch her flesh with cold iron. To this he consented gladly, never dreaming that the condition would prove difficult of fulfilment. Years rolled on, and the fay became as an ordinary mortal, proved an excellent wife for her captor, and bore him sons and daughters. But there came an inauspicious day, when the husband lost his temper with his horse, which proved restive under the hands of the blacksmith, and in his rage the infuriated man caught up the first missile he could find and threw it at the restive steed. Now this missile, glancing aside, struck the fairy wife, who stood nursing her infant and watching the shoeing process, and as it happened to be a small piece of iron the mischief was done at once. With a wail of anguish for the beloved husband and children she was forced to leave, the melancholy fairy vanished and was lost for ever.

Bronwen always cried over the sad ending of this story, though she had recounted it hundreds of times. But over the more prosaic one of the farmer who captured one of the fairy kine she felt more amused than sorry.

The good people set great store by their cattle, and seek out for them the juiciest pasture on the mountain sides. This particular cow was a choice specimen, and proved a treasure to the farmer. Never had he such quantities of butter, milk, and cheese to sell—never such fine healthy calves. But fairy treasure is ever of a transient and fleeting description. One day the foolish farmer took it into his head that the cow was growing old, and must needs be killed. Scarce had he announced this resolution, however, than a

distant voice resounded from the overhanging crags in the cry used to bring cows home, and, lifting his eyes, the astonished man saw, just for one moment, the original owner of the cow standing there. Helter-skelter from field and byre came the numerous progeny of the milky mother, and following close at her feet ascended the lower slopes of the mountain, where—marvellous to behold—the rock at the bottom of the crags opened and the train passed within. The chagrin of the farmer may be better imagined than described as he rushed frantically after his herd, to find nothing there but solid rock; for the place where they had entered closed up behind them immediately and appeared exactly as before.

Then with low and timorous voice she would speak of those who had spent the night upon the dread summit of Cader Idris, and spoken with the great enchanter who is forced to haunt that spot until the Day of Judgment, and how some had lost their reason, and some had died, and very few had won the gift of poesy for which they ventured.

But this morning Bronwen did not appear in the mood for acting the part of *raconteur*.

“It is only upon nights of moonlight or firelight when one really cares for those,” she replied to his entreaties, in that slow and careful English which sounded to him so pretty, with its separation of words and its emphasis upon the second syllables. “Are not the sun and the flowers sufficient for us this morning?”

And the young man assented to this, wondering a little at her poetic way of looking at nature.

It was indeed a perfect day. Across the sides of the mountains flitted in an ever-changing phantasmagoria the mighty shadows of the clouds. Overhead, on restless wing, hovered a hawk. The silence, save for the distant bleating of a sheep or the humming of the bees among the blossoming heather, was complete. With the sweet fresh air of the morning mingled right well the scent of heather and of fern.

George, his task completed, lay back upon the hillside with his face upturned to the sky, and felt perfectly content and happy.

In his little tin case were two or three plants found by him for the first time, and he had a nice girl near him, whose presence completed the charm of the scene.

Mr. Beldon was not a flirt, in the common acceptation of the word; at least, he would have shuddered at the notion as vulgar and coarse. But he could never resist the temptation of making love, in a meaningless, foolish sort of way, when a woman took his fancy and he was brought for any length of time into contact with her.

And, surely, two months' sojourn in a lonely farmhouse, cut off from the world by that great chain of mountains, without railways, newspapers, or even telegrams, to bring contact with Society, was some excuse for such pastime.

George thought so at any rate, though he might have been somewhat ashamed to own it. And Bronwen was so entirely different to any girl he had ever met: she was so completely a child of the mountains—wild, wayward, capricious, and yet withal perfectly natural—with every emotion speaking from her eyes, her face, her gestures, in the most irresistible way.

Mr. Beldon was what is called a well-principled young man—respectable, decorous, moral; and he would not willingly have harmed the girl.

But it is quite possible to brush the bloom from the petals of a flower without plucking it from its stem, and this was the kind of amusement George most affected. Only a pastime, not a crime.

And so long as no sin is committed against the man's moral code—what would you? The flower may be left drooping, faded, scentless; but, then, it ought to be defended by thorns.

Well, Bronwen at least was no thornless flower, though the thorns were not in evidence that sunny morning.

But she certainly possessed the fiery ungovernable temper of her race. Woe betide those who ventured to hurt her pride or to rouse her hatred!

With no mother to guide her, only a father who spoilt her and allowed her to do as she chose, the girl had grown up to believe that she was a perfect being, morally as well as physically, and that her will ought, in her little domain, to be law.

Only one person ever ventured to oppose her. This was Thomas Gwynne, her half cousin, a young man who helped her father on the farm, to which, along with Bronwen's hand, it was arranged that he should in time succeed.

But, now that Bronwen had grown to womanhood, she thought that on this matter it behoved her to have a say.

There were qualities about Thomas which jarred upon her. Even his personal appearance—to which, to do him justice, he never gave a thought—did not please her.

He was a typical Welsh mountaineer, long bodied, short limbed, sturdy; with a sombre visage and a Calvinistic turn of thought. If Bronwen found fault with him, she was by no means perfect in his eyes.

Her views were dreamy and unpractical in the extreme, and it was therefore but fit and proper that she should be taken to task by

the man who was to have leave to guide her, and that he should instil proper notions into her foolish feminine mind.

But Bronwen did not wish for any such proper notions. She liked to be told that her ways were the right ways, and that she was the best as well as the prettiest girl in the district.

Thomas did not approve of the new inmate of the Carrig house either, though he was too cautious to express such an opinion, save by dubious hints, when his uncle, old Gwylin, first mooted the question of the young botanist's sojourn at the farm. It was a question of money—of a good round sum in return for simple board and lodging—and on a question of money a man like Thomas is ever prudent.

But he was quite sure nevertheless that it was not conducive to Bronwen's growth of wisdom that she should be necessarily brought into such familiar intercourse with this Mr. Beldon, who was certain to fill her head with vain and foolish notions.

Probably if the botanist had come in the guise of some musty old spectacled professor, in place of a good-looking young fellow, Thomas would have felt easier in his mind.

Besides this, however, he had all a practical man's mistrust of anything not immediately lucrative.

It was stupid enough of these poor devils of artists who sometimes came to the farm, and who required accommodation at the lowest possible rate, to go on spoiling paper and canvas in their vain attempts to reproduce the effects of mountain and stream. Stupid enough, because they evidently found it a poor business.

But this eternal grubbing and gathering of weeds and rubbish, what profit was it like to bring a man? Therefore was botany intolerable to his stern common sense.

It is certain that he would have disapproved more than ever of Mr. Beldon had he seen the admiring glances and heard the flattering speeches made by the botanist as he lay at Bronwen's feet upon Moel Carrig that morning.

It is very pleasant fooling, but a trifle risky all the same.

Under the subtle influence of the hour the girl's eyes grew soft and tender, and veiled themselves shyly under their long lashes. Never had she felt so diffident, so self-conscious. New feelings were coming to life within her and causing a delicious trouble in her blood. Poor Bronwen! All unversed in the dangerous pastime, she was quite ready to fall a victim to the voice that kept assuring her—what in her heart of hearts she believed already—that there was no

one fit to compare with her, that she was the sweetest and most lovable girl in the world.

There was some show of reason in her good opinion of her charms. No means had she of pitting herself against other attractive girls, for the farmers' daughters in that scattered district were, for the most part, coarse and commonplace.

The moments flew with winged speed, and before long Bronwen's hand was clasped in that of George, and perilously near to her face was his own. He did not know how it happened. When he began the amusement he had no idea of going to such lengths ; but, alas! men are ever weak when women are charming.

"What is this?" he said, pointing to a flower decorating the bosom of her grey home-spun gown. "Why, Bronwen, it is white heather, I do declare ! Does it also grow on the mountain?"

"Yes. There is still a little of it left amongst the purple. Will you have it?" she went on, rather bashfully, offering it to him.

He noticed that her hand, unpinning it, shook slightly. At this proof of his power his eye brightened.

"You darling !" he said, in a voice so low as to be little more than a whisper. "So you would give me your luck? You see I know the superstition. No, Bronny dear, we will divide it rather !" He parted the piece of heather, and putting one spray in his button-hole, began trying to replace the other in its original position.

But now it was his turn to feel discomposd. As he touched her his face flushed, and she shrank back involuntarily.

In a moment his arms closed round her, she was drawn close, and a passionate kiss pressed upon her lips.

She gave a low cry of bliss and shyness mingled, and wrenching herself free, covered her face with her hands.

George sighed deeply and rose to his feet. His passion was as brief as sudden. He felt more than a little ashamed of himself already.

What had he done? Made a confounded ass of himself, he feared ! Why couldn't he have let the girl alone, when he knew, none better, how inflammable he was by nature? Well, the sooner he ran away from temptation the better for both.

Muttering a lame excuse of some important letters which must be written before post time, he went off homeward, leaving Bronwen to follow at her leisure.

CHAPTER II.

It was to Beldon merely the folly of the moment ; but it meant much more than that to poor ignorant Bronwen.

A flood of strong and new sensations was rushing over her, like a great and overwhelming wave, and she gave herself up to them entirely, and became lost to all but the delicious dream of happiness and love.

To do the girl justice, no sordid taint entered into her dream. The petty pride which many girls in her position might have felt in being admired by one superior in rank was totally absent from Bronwen's mind.

From sheer ignorance—if from nothing else—she was a democrat. Living in a world of her own, a world where social barriers were unknown, she had no idea of their real importance. The solid material facts of life appeared to her as the unreal, and the idealisms as the tangible. Her soul was, therefore, exquisitely and rarely free from any mercenary or snobbish influence.

Thus it was that there seemed to her nothing outrageous in the notion that this gentleman should love a girl whom he pronounced to be so charming and so lovable.

But from these blissful dreams she was destined to receive a rude awakening.

The sudden barking of a dog startled her from her meditations, and, looking across the stream towards the opposite part of the hill, she saw that Math, the colley belonging to Thomas Gwynne, was driving the flock of sheep, which were feeding there, down the mountain. She followed them with her eyes as they steeple-chased over stone walls and down the steep slopes, outstripping, in their headlong flight, even the fleet-footed Math.

Then she became aware for the first time that Math's master was standing on the opposite bank and regarding her moodily.

He came across when their glances met, leaping, with the sure and agile footing of a mountaineer, from boulder to boulder.

"Where is the Englishman?" he asked, in a gruff sort of way, looking strangely at her as he made the inquiry. "I thought he was with you this morning on the mountain."

Bronwen's eyes drooped in some confusion.

"He is not here—he has gone ! How should I know where he is?" she replied hesitatingly, and yet with a certain defiance in her tone.

"Ydi o ddim yn wir. Wyddoch chwi yn iawn. Mi welais i chwi

yn rhoi cusan iddo !” (“ It is not true. You know well enough. I saw you kiss him !”) returned Thomas, in a stern and angry voice.

“ And if you did ? What is it to you ? ”

He said nothing, only looked at her, with both sorrow and anger contending in his glance.

Presently her defiant air softened, and the mystical light of new love shone in her eyes.

“ Do not be angry, Thomas. I cannot help it. My fate has come. If he loves me, I must needs love him back.”

“ *If* he loves you ? You do well to put in that *if*.”

“ Nay,” said the girl, raising her head, and glancing proudly at him, “ I do not well ! He is a gentleman. Gentlemen do not kiss girls without loving them ! ”

There was something almost sublime in the innocence of this speech ; and even Thomas, angry and incredulous as he was, hesitated before dispelling the delusion. The pathos of her eyes and voice touched the rough man in some tender spot, and his own tone in answering her grew more gentle.

“ Put not your trust in man, but in God, who knows men’s hearts ! Their ways are not our ways, nor their kisses as the kisses of honest men, who have no time for folly ! He is a gentleman, as you say,” he went on, after a moment’s pause, “ and therefore it is not likely that he will marry the daughter of a poor farmer, but some lady in his own rank of life. It’s no use being vexed with me, Bronny ; my conscience obliged me to warn you, and I’ve done it ! ”

As he finished he whistled for Math, and set off down the hill, without waiting for Bronwen to continue the conversation.

A feeling of delicacy caused his haste. He knew that the girl’s pride must have received a heavy blow, and that, when she realised it, she would choose to be alone and unwatched.

Probably his zeal for her welfare had injured his own cause, but, if so, he could not help it. He had seen something of the world, and knew that such things as she held to be impossible were of daily occurrence.

It is certain that he left a sore heart behind, if he bore a heavy one with him.

Although Bronwen told herself that she did not believe a word of it, and that it was but the outcome of jealousy and spleen, the beautiful gossamer webs she had been weaving were shattered, and the first evanescent glamour of bliss gone for ever.

She sat on, her head held proudly on high, until Thomas had

completely disappeared from view; then, with a quick gesture of self-abandonment, threw herself prone amongst the heather and the ferns, handfuls of which she, in an access of intolerable pain and rage, plucked up by the roots and scattered around her.

In mood, as in temper, she was entirely ungoverned, and every emotion with her was given its full play. It was a lie—a wicked, unfounded, malicious lie! How was it possible that she, Bronwen Llanaber, the spoilt darling of her father, and of everyone else, should be insulted by a show of love, without any meaning—reality in it? It could not be! If it were so, she would hate the man so that nothing would be left save—— God forgive her! what dreadful thoughts were these that came? No, no, it was not true! She would give no credence to it. Again she could feel those strong young arms around her, that warm kiss on her mouth. She loved him!—she loved him! What was the world to them? Let it go. He loved her sufficiently to dare its censure for her sake. So much the better if it frowned upon them. They would but draw the nearer, and brave its anger together.

Well was it for her that she was not able to discern at that moment the heart of the man to whom she was giving her ardent affection!

Not that that same heart was much worse than others; but of a surety it was a poor thing for a woman to stake her all upon. Compounded of conflicting elements—of vanity, ambition, weakness, good-nature, and a longing for admiration. On the whole, a slight and unsatisfactory nature was that of George Beldon.

The young fellow was not easy in his mind about his morning's proceedings. He had been playing with fire, and, though no scars were visible, he had a miserable consciousness that he had burnt his fingers more than a trifle.

And yet—considering the force of the temptation—had he not behaved better than would most men under the like circumstances? Confound it! Every fellow kissed a pretty girl now and then, and what worse was any one for the transaction?

Nevertheless, Bronwen's face—with its look of awakening passion and intensity—haunted him, and prevented his attaining to any great peace of mind.

"I must get out of this," he muttered, as he turned his specimens out of his case and labelled them carefully. Not all his perplexity prevented this methodical performance of a habit.

Then his eye fell on the piece of white heather still decorating his coat, and at the remembrance it evoked he was weak enough to

experience a glow of something not unlike satisfaction. But stern conscience pricked him immediately, and he took it out, with the wise resolution of throwing it away, and stopped short—weak again.

“So long as I keep it hidden,” he decided at last, “it does not matter. Poor little Bronny ! It will not do to let her see that I value it, but if I put it away in my pocket-book—— I wonder why fate should be always placing one in awkward situations, when one doesn’t go out of one’s way to seek them. A better intentioned fellow than myself doesn’t exist, and yet, hang me if I’m not always getting into some scrape or other ! Am I to blame for longing to bask in every ray of sunshine that comes across my path ?” At this moment he opened the aforesaid pocket-book to place within its leaves the treasure and token of this poor victory over an ignorant girl ; and behold ! from it fell a photograph, at sight of which he reddened, and swore a little under his breath. Not that there appeared anything in the photograph to arouse his ire. It was the presentment of a well-featured, conventional-looking young lady, faultlessly attired in the latest fashion, and appearing as prim and demure as Society demands that its feminine votaries must do.

To George—whose particular property the original, along with an exceedingly handsome fortune in her own right, was about to become—the picture did not come as an altogether pleasing reminder of duty.

Critically and unsympathetically regarding it—as he had never done before—he decided that dear Clara must have been in rather a cross mood when it was taken. At least, it certainly had a very haughty and repellent expression.

And—yes, there was no doubt that her lips were too thin, her eyes too close together, and her nose just a trifle too pronouncedly aquiline.

Perhaps, however, a certain dark and sparkling face rose before him in too marked a contrast for him to do justice to the somewhat severe charms of the lady there photographed.

“Yes, it’s quite time I left here, if I’m not to make a worse fool of myself,” he decided.

And then he remembered that the last of dear Clara’s letters remained unanswered.

“I will answer it in person, that will be best. She is already dissatisfied with my prolonged absence, and if once she grows suspicious there’ll be the devil to pay !

“Poor Bronwen ! I hope she’s not too hard hit. She’s a

beautiful ideal sort of creature, entirely out of place in the kitchen of a farm-house. And yet—heigh-ho ! I suppose she'll end by marrying that grim-faced fellow, and sinking all her idealisms in the practical work of a farmer's wife ! Well, it is no business of mine—but one can't help feeling sorry, all the same."

In this and similar fashion did the weak man soliloquise, while screwing up his resolution to the point of leaving the farm and the girl together.

Fortunately for the fulfilment of this resolution, a friend of his, a young fellow who was making a pedestrian tour through the district, paid him a flying visit that day, and by his idle talk brought matters to a climax.

Since morning, Bronwen had kept very quiet, and shunned observation, busying herself with various household tasks ; but it so happened that the visitor caught sight of her, nevertheless, and took occasion to chaff his friend about the "pretty wild Welsh lassie."

"So, so, Master George ! this is why you've kept your address so snug !" he began at once, after the senseless fashion of youngsters. "I can assure you I had the greatest difficulty to hunt you out ! 'The world forgetting, by the world forgot,' that sort of business, eh ? Well, I congratulate you on your taste, for she's uncommonly good-looking, and sufficient excuse for any fellow's seclusion.

"But, look here, old boy—keep it dark ! Don't you forget that Clara Haldane is an heiress, and that those Johnnies that hang round her will be only too delighted to have their knives into you. Well, well, you needn't look so black, for all the world like an embodied thunder-cloud ; one gets enough of them in this beastly wet country, without you beginning to imitate the weather ! I'll tell no tales, you may be sure !"

The lad rattled on in this shallow, frivolous fashion for a few minutes, then suddenly his face grew grave, and he laid his hand on the shoulder of Beldon.

"Get out of this," he said, in a more serious tone. "You are engaged, and to one who will make you a good wife, but you are not treating her well. Don't—for Heaven's sake—don't get into mischief ! Go back to Clara as soon as possible. There ! that's my advice, and you may quarrel with me for giving it unasked, if you are fool enough."

Mr. Beldon kept his eyes fixed on the ground. Then he appeared to shake off some troublesome thought which kept recurring, and turned with a somewhat forced smile to his friend.

"Thanks, old fellow ! I am not fool enough for that, You

mean well, and on the whole your advice is sound. But you are needlessly alarmed. Bronwen Llanaber is a strange, unusual sort of creature—not wholly belonging to this world of prosaic facts. So much has she lived in these mountain solitudes that she is not to be judged by the same rules as we ordinary mortals. If she knew what a poor sort of fellow I really am, she would certainly turn a cold shoulder to me at once. When I am in her company I feel a terrible humbug, because I can't help seeing that she places me on a pedestal to which I have no claim. Sometimes I think it would be better for both if the illusion were dispelled. It's devilish hard to live up to any ideal standard, you know! But she's a good girl, mind you, and a modest, and there's no harm done, save a twinge or two of heart-ache, perhaps."

If she knew what a poor sort of fellow he really was!

Well, she had every opportunity of learning it; for, this conversation being carried on in no very measured tones, and the window of the room being open, Bronwen, in the garden below gathering pot-herbs for dinner, had small chance of escaping the unwelcome knowledge. She started and gasped, as though a knife had suddenly pierced her; then, with a cry like that of a wounded creature, she crept away to covert.

Alone in her little bedchamber she had to battle with the demons of wounded vanity, despair, hatred, and shame. She lost her senses for the time being, and was a prey to every evil thought that chose to creep into her aching heart.

"He has played me false! Thomas was right after all, though I hated him for saying it. And now it is the other—the one that smiled and deceived me—it is him I hate. All the time he was doing his utmost to gain my heart, he was engaged to—to a lady in his own rank of life—as Thomas said. Ah, yes! a lady with money. Well, let him sell his soul for gold, and then I hope it may be cursed to him! May it turn to pebbles in his grasp, like as the fairy gold does! At least I can be honestly grateful that I have no gold wherewith to *buy* love!

"But he might have had the grace to keep silence concerning me. To make a mock of me to his friend—it is too much!" George had never done this; but the wounded wayward creature chose to imagine it. "To laugh even because I believed him good and true. How was I to know? Perhaps he will also laugh at me with her. Oh God, what a pain was there! Why should I suffer? I have done no wrong. I hate pain. He is to blame for my suffering. Ay, and he is to blame also because I no longer feel good. He it is

who has raised the evil spirit within me which I cannot banish. Could I be sure of dragging him with me I would—— God in heaven, pardon me and keep me from crime ! ”

CHAPTER III.

WITH a face rigid and immobile as the crags on Moel Carrig after a storm has passed over them, Bronwen resumed her household duties, and even lent a hand to the preparations Mr. Beldon was making for his departure on the morrow. She packed his clothes and his dried plants also.

All this without the slightest trace of any emotion visible about her.

And George Beldon, relieved, and guessing nothing of the tempest raging within, felt that he had been unnecessarily alarming himself as to the consequences of his foolish love-making. It was quite evident that the girl cared nothing about him one way or another, or she could not have taken his departure so easily. Not even a conventional expression of regret did she utter, or a hope that at some future time he might return.

So much the better, of course !

Still it was a little galling to his vanity to be treated in such a manner. Restless and dissatisfied he was, therefore, even while considerably relieved.

Glad ? Of course he was glad that she did not care too much about him ; but then again he would have liked her to show just some trace of feeling. Altogether his weak mind was, as usual, in a state of ferment.

When morning dawned it appeared as though the very elements did fight against him and hinder his flight from temptation.

Every now and again Moel Carrig hid his frowning brow in a cloud of rain, and the day was as wild and tempestuous a one as there had been that season.

Now the nearest way to the railway station lay over the shoulder of the mountain, and unless George made up his mind to wait for a later train, and to drive twelve miles round along with his luggage (which he had already arranged to have sent after him), he must needs climb the heights of Moel Carrig, with the probability of breaking his neck or of sticking fast in a morass.

It was not a pleasing prospect, and the young fellow might be pardoned for hesitating before adventuring upon it.

Besides, no one could be produced willing to act as guide, even for the ample remuneration he offered, and it was decidedly unsafe for him to go alone.

Old Llanaber was stuck fast in the chimney-corner with an attack of acute rheumatism, and Thomas could not spare the time, much as he wished to speed the parting guest.

But Bronwen, when they were left alone, lifted her heavy eyes to his.

"I will take you over the mountain," she said, in a cold and monotonous voice. "You need not lose your train."

"You!" exclaimed the gentleman, surprised. "But is it safe for you on such a day?"

The girl gave a short, hard laugh.

"Safe enough," she replied, in the same indifferent way. "I am the best guide in the neighbourhood. Do not I know every inch of the way between this and Gwynan Pass? You forget it is my world. I have had the whole of my life to learn it in."

There was something in her tone that caused Mr. Beldon to glance quickly at her. But her face was entirely expressionless.

"You must be uncommonly eager to be rid of me, Bronwen," said the gentleman half in reproach, "or you would not make such an offer."

If this was a feeble attempt on his part to extract some expression of regret from her it entirely failed in its purpose.

"I thought you were particular about the first train," she remarked quietly.

Taking a spiked stick from behind the door, and wrapping a warm shawl about her, she announced her readiness for a start.

Mr. Beldon had no longer any excuse for delay. Bidding old Gwylim Llanaber adieu, and finding that he had no objection to his daughter acting as guide, the young man followed Bronwen out.

Across the low-lying fields and the lower slopes of Moel Carrig, fragrant with the scent of the damp bog-myrtle, and skirting the bogs with which this part of the mountain abounded, George found it rather slippery work ascending the grassy slopes; but since Bronwen, with light and rapid steps, kept silently on ahead he was ashamed to make any fuss about a slight discomfort.

Through the mist he could see the forms of the sheep scurrying off at their approach.

Very different appeared the mountain since they had lingered and dallied there two days before. Dark, forbidding, threatening through its foggy mantle loomed the monster. Every now and again the

wind swept with a hollow angry sound adown the ravines searing its mighty bosom.

The little mountain stream that flashed back, no longer ago than yesterday, an answering smile to the sun's caress, was now swollen to a torrent, and foamed and seethed and tore about its boulders in an access of what looked like furious rage. Scarce did it appear able to endure its limitations, and kept fretting to be at some work of devastation.

Very like to this mountain torrent was the soul of the silent Bronwen, while, digging the point of her stick into the soil, she kept steadily upon her upward path.

Gentle, peaceful and sunshiny, only the day before, now all angry and stormy and perturbed. Hate, wounded pride and thwarted love were all seething and boiling within her, and working ruin and disaster to the nature once so serene and beautiful. The only fetters of conventionality recognised by this serene nature were about as futile to bridle its violent passions as were the soft boggy banks of the stream to confine its boisterous waters.

It is true, however, that what was denied to conventionality was as yet yielded to an instinctive delicacy. Angry as the girl undoubtedly was with the man for having deceived her, she was almost as angry with herself for having given her love on so slight an asking, and to so shallow a wooer.

She called her native modesty to aid her in concealing her feelings, and the contempt which blended with them helped her to this.

So far, therefore, all was well, and all might still have been so, had it not been for that uneasy vanity of Mr. Beldon, which would not suffer him to let well alone.

The silence kept by Bronwen, or the short monosyllabic replies that were all she vouchsafed to his questions, pressed heavily upon him. Still more heavily pressed a sense of her contempt and anger.

When they attained the summit of some crags, he stopped for breath, for the climbing had been very difficult of late, and called upon Bronwen to halt likewise. This she did with considerable reluctance, for her spirit kept her from feeling fatigue, and she would fain have seen the last of him.

She appeared to press forward as though pursued by something. Of a truth a strange and frightful thing did pursue her, and that was the evil that she had vainly endeavoured to cast out of her mind and leave behind her.

Once, at a turn of the path, she started and drew back, shuddering,

but recovered her presence of mind immediately. It was no new phenomenon that confronted her there—merely the shadow of herself projected upon and magnified to gigantic proportions by the fog : a thing every mountaineer is familiar with, and at which she had never before felt fear.

But then never before had there been aught in her own moral image to affright or shock her.

George looked at her in vague wonder. Was it merely the effect of the mist, or did her features really wear an unfamiliar and dreadful appearance ?

Pale as a spectre, her dark eyes glowed with a sombre fire as they met his.

“Bronwen,” he said, in a tremulous tone, “why do you not speak to me ? Are you angry with me about something ? Tell me, dear. Yesterday you seemed to care for me, a little. What has changed you ?”

With a white fury, not pleasant to behold, she turned upon him.

“What has changed me ? Ask yourself that. If I am changed—if evil thoughts have taken the place of good, if I am now more akin to a devil than a woman—whose work is it ? Yesterday ?—ay, yesterday I was soft and lovable. Yesterday the sun shone, the bees hummed in the heather, and the stream sparkled over the stones—all was peace and beauty. But look at it now !” and she pointed towards the crest of Moel Carrig. “The clouds have come, and the peace and the beauty have vanished. Yesterday my heart was guiltless of evil, to-day it knows no good. And this is what you have done !”

George sighed, and his eyes rested sorrowfully upon her. But even at that tragic moment he was quick to notice how wonderfully anger heightened and intensified her beauty.

“I am sorry,” he murmured weakly, “I meant no harm. I was carried away by the impulse of the moment, and—and—really I don’t know how to express it ; but, hang it ! a fellow isn’t made of stone, you know, and you did look so bewitching——”

“That you chose to insult me,” broke in Bronwen, her hot blood now boiling in her veins. “What matter though I had a heart to be broken, a soul to be killed ? You were amused, that was the main thing. And this mean, purposeless, weak creature is the man I loved !

“Do not think of me,” she went on after a moment for breath ; “your very pity would be an insult. I will waste no more thought on you. You are not worthy even of my hate—but I hate you for all that ! If you lay dead at my feet at this moment—as I would

to God you did—I would shed no tear. I would laugh—ay, even as you laughed at me—— Oh heavens ! my wish has killed him!—my wish has killed him !”

A step incautiously made in recoil from her vehemence, a stumble on the slippery stones, and the next moment a bruised and mangled form was lying below the crags it had but just surmounted.

Was ever unholy wish so quickly gratified? Alone on the heights were those two together, between heaven and earth, and behold ! by the murderous desire of one the other was destroyed !

The blood rushed to Bronwen's brain, and the whole of creation appeared but as one huge crimson stain to her.

Her first impulse was to throw herself down and make an end of it. So alone should the tragedy of the mountain be complete.

She raised her arms to the Heaven whose aid she had invoked for her revenge, and a wild cry of horror and dismay rang out into the air. Then something within gave way, and she fell senseless upon the ground.

* * * * *

A considerable time elapsed before she regained consciousness, and still longer before her stunned faculties could be sufficiently alive to grasp the situation.

With returning reason a complete revulsion of feeling took place.

The evil spirit had departed, leaving naught behind that was not purely womanly and good.

She recoiled from her past self as from a spectre. What had she done? God pity her !—what had she done? She had been mad—mad ! How should she atone for her wicked thoughts? And how far was she to blame for what had occurred?

Rising to her feet, she gazed around helplessly. Still did the clouds lie below her, cutting her off from humanity. She felt impotent, hemmed in. Not a sound from below pierced the mist.

She crept to the edge of the precipice and peered over. Indistinctly she could perceive below the prostrate form of poor George.

Not a movement was perceptible to show that any life remained in him. After a moment she turned aside sick and trembling. It was too ghastly altogether !

She must manage to creep to where he lay, and ascertain beyond doubt the fact of his life or death ; longer suspense was unendurable.

Trembling in every limb, and with a hesitation hitherto unknown to her, she went slowly down the rugged path and bent over the unconscious form.

White and drawn looked the face ; the eyes were wide open,

staring vacantly up into the sky ; and at the back of the head was a ghastly jagged wound, from which the blood was slowly trickling, staining the stones amongst which the sufferer lay. But a faint fluttering motion in the pulse assured Bronwen that life was not quite extinct, although the flame of it might be burning low.

Instantly she remembered that he carried in his pocket a flask containing brandy, and finding it there as she hoped, raised his head very gently and managed to get a few drops between his clenched teeth. Then, stripping off her soft shawl, she, after plugging the wound in his head with strips torn from her handkerchief, laid it upon this extemporised pillow.

Still no signs of returning consciousness appeared. Again she made an effort to induce him to swallow some stimulant, and this time with greater success. He revived slightly and his eyes first wavered from that horrible fixed stare, then closed, opened again, and gazed vaguely up into Bronwen's face.

"What is it? Where—am—I?" he murmured feebly; then recognising the face bending over his, "My head—Bronwen—what—is wrong—with it? Good girl! Wish—I had—behaved—less—like a cad!"

"Hush! you must not speak; you have had a fall, and now you must lie still until I get help.

As she spoke she attempted to rise, with the intention of speeding down the mountain in search of assistance, but he put out a feeble hand and held her.

"Do not—do not leave me! I shall die if you leave me alone. Bronny—do not leave me!"

His eyes and voice were both wild with terror, and the girl was at her wits' end to know what she ought to do.

In such an agitated condition, the probabilities were that he would, as he said, die if left to himself. And yet, lying there, in that cold damp fog, every moment of delay was dangerous.

Suddenly an inspiration came to her. She had with her a whistle, such as is used by the shepherds for calling their dogs, and taking this out, she blew upon it loudly and shrilly, hoping that some of the dogs about the farm might come to her call.

And sure enough, after the third time, Math came bounding up the hill-side, barking and demonstrating his delight.

Bronwen was so anxious and overwrought that she threw her arms about the shaggy neck of the creature and burst into tears.

"Oh, Math, dear old Math! You must do me a good turn, and save his life!"

She stooped and told Mr. Beldon her idea, which was simply to tie a note round the neck of the creature and to send him home again.

Math appeared conscious that some mischief had happened, for he sniffed at George's prostrate form, and touched his face gently with a warm and sympathetic tongue, then sat back upon his haunches and whined most dismally.

Mr. Beldon was relapsing into a swoon, and was barely able to speak, but managed to make Bronwen comprehend that she would find both paper and pencil in his pocket-book. Bronwen scribbled a line hastily to Thomas, and fastened it around the dog's neck with a scarf she wore on her own, then contrived by gestures and a word or two in Welsh to make the intelligent animal understand that he was to go and fetch his master.

While she was doing this, a simple thing touched her deeply, and completed the conquest gained by her higher nature. This was nothing more than the sight of a spray of white heather carefully placed between the leaves of the pocket-book.

Mr. Beldon's injuries, though severe, and resulting in a long illness, did not prove fatal; and Bronwen nursed him back to life with wonderful care and tenderness. When he was sufficiently recovered to leave the place, he had grown to love, in a much more genuine fashion, the girl who had nursed him.

If Bronwen would then have consented, he would have married her at once.

The dear Clara had behaved in neither a pleasant nor a womanly manner, expressing her entire disbelief in the extent of his injuries, and writing to release him from an engagement that had evidently grown irksome to him. His pride was up in arms directly, and he in turn wrote, or rather dictated, an answer to his friend, the same who came to see him once before—a letter in which he entirely acquiesced in that release. His arm being broken in two places, he was of course disabled, but his friend, disgusted in turn with the heartlessness of the spoilt heiress, was in no wise averse to the task.

It was all very well being off with the old love; but the new declined, nevertheless, to have anything more to say to him.

During that terrible time on the mountain, Bronwen's brief hot passion had burnt itself out.

The tenderness of a nurse for a patient whose life she has saved by careful tendance was hers for him, but no other.

Every remembrance of her brief passion of love and of hate now filled her with loathing unutterable. All she now longed for was

that George should be sufficiently recovered to leave the place, and that with him every trace of the past should vanish.

It took a considerable time to convince him of this, but there came at length a day when she made it quite clear. "But you loved me once, dear?" he pleaded sadly.

"I loved you? Yes. But I was an ignorant girl. I knew nothing of the world—as you have said rightly! I am wiser now. It was most likely some creation of my own foolish imagination that I loved," she went on dreamily. "At least, every feeling of that sort is gone—for ever. I neither love you nor hate you any longer. How can you wish to marry a woman who once longed for your death?" she finished, with a flash of her old fire.

"You were mad, and not responsible for your thoughts. Besides, do I not owe you my life since? The doctor told me so."

"Then the debt is paid. So much the better. Go back to your world, which is so different from mine—and forget me," she said, with decision. "You cannot restore the flower when its petals have once fallen. Another year may bring another bloom—and so will it be with you," she added, with a slight touch of contempt in her tone; "but the same flower lives never again.

"Go back to your world, therefore, and let me go back to mine." Here she pointed to Moel Carrig. "I have much to learn yet of my foster-mother, Nature. I must find out how to guide my unruly spirit and to root the evil out of my heart. Nature will teach me this and bring me peace again. *Nid oes arnaf eisiau cariad arall!* (I want no other love!)"

"INNKEEPER FOR EUROPE."

VOLTAIRE thus styles himself in one of his letters to Madame du Deffand. An apter appellation could scarcely have been hit upon even by this master of happy phrases. It fairly fits the way of his life at his homes of Ferney and the Délices. "Le roi Voltaire," as Arsène Houssaye crowned him, in a book with this title which is one of the best for learning all about his busy, bustling, interesting career, was indeed the king of hosts. Of the many parts he played none suited him better than this one. He was to the manner born. Driven by a combination of events to find for himself a home away from Paris and its Court, but still in the vicinity of France, his choice was no sooner made than he at once started a career of hospitality which quickly grew quite regal. Never was house so like an inn, nor ever had inn such a succession of grand and gracious guests. It soon grew to be the general thing for visitors to come and go almost as, it pleased them, or to stay for weeks if they chose, and it was the merest matter of course for all who did stay to feel themselves as free as if they were at home, and to find a place always ready and a welcome ever warm at each and every meal. Collini, his secretary, tells us that "the only thing he was ever sparing of was his time, and of that he was a miser." His horses, carriages, servants, valet, and cook, were all absolutely of much more service to the household and guests than they ever were to their master. There was it is true an especial vehicle which he did reserve to himself. This was a somewhat antique and far from imponderous structure, with its golden stars sprinkled over a ground of deep blue, and ornaments glorious in gilt and quaint in design. Madame d'Épinay christened it "The Car of the Empyrean." Drawn about in it by four horses he certainly succeeded in exciting a good deal of most piquant curiosity. When he first appeared in it, it seems that wherever he went crowds followed in its wake as it toiled along, and when it stopped they collected round it. It was to such a heterogeneous collection awaiting his reappearance from the house of the

Genevan banker Macaire, that he addressed the following certainly unexpected and most probably wholly unrehearsed speech :—"Well ! and what are all you bumpkins waiting for, pray ? To see a skeleton, is it ? Here is one for you, then !" and thereupon he opened the immense fur cloak in which he was almost lost to view and showed them his worn, emaciated frame. What could the crowd do but laugh, cheer, and at once make way for him ?

His letters of the time all show how intense was the delight he felt in his new experiences as a master at last in a home of his own. "I find it good," he writes in one to his friend Thiérot, "to be able to settle down in the evening of my life after having had to run about so much all the day." The pains he had to take at the outset to get possession of the property he soon afterwards came so fully to appreciate caused him at first sore discouragement. It seemed, he thought, such a silly thing to be taking all this trouble "just to provide myself with a tomb." But these doleful views speedily vanished with the cause of them.

Not long afterwards he is writing in quite a different key to the Empress Maria-Theresa : "I must be your distant votary, for I shall not be able to come to Vienna. My happiness is too great here in my own retreat. Blessed, indeed, is the man who has a house over his head, and can dwell amidst nieces, books, gardens, vines, horses, cows, an eagle, a fox, and a few rabbits." Other and, we may reckon to such a man, more congenial inmates soon come on the scene. Such a host's unique hospitality, his courtesy to that sex whom none ever flattered with such rare delicacy, his natural vivacity, his sparkling, ever-changing talk, abounding in retorts as prompt as they were perfect, speedily led to the creation of a close circle around him—a body-guard of friends and visitors of which he never failed to prove the vivifying spirit. Intellectual pursuits and themes ever held the chief place. Rhyming, improvising, &c. sped the wings of every hour. It is a bare matter of fact to say that Voltaire never knew what a vacant moment was. Planning, writing, revising, or directing the performance of a play ; composing some pamphlet which, read by every cultivated person in Europe, would furnish fertile food for many an hour's conversation in courts and coteries ; penning or dictating letters, of which the series is so inexhaustible that Charles Nodier is reported to have said, "What ! more unpublished letters of Voltaire ! The only end to them will be the end of the world !" ; entertaining an endless succession of guests, reading to them, or telling them a tale—in which art he was a past master—in some of many such various but all delightful ways, Voltaire, making all around

him happy and interested, found every instant of his waking hours completely taken up.

It will come like a surprise upon some to be told that children were among the most welcome of Voltaire's visitors. His relations with them were especially tender. To them even his library was free; they could open his books, turn over his pictures, and play to their little hearts' content with a stuffed leopard which was one of the ornaments of it. An admirable illustration of this charming trait is afforded us by Florian in his "*Mémoires d'un jeune Espagnol.*" The future fabulist, when about ten years old, was a cherished and favoured guest at the château. After being a fortnight there he, too, found himself fully at home in it. Voltaire made such a pet of him that the boy soon came to love him best of all the household. "He often used to place me by his side at the table, and whereas many personages who reckoned themselves of no small consequence, and who came there to supper in support of their dignity, were thankful enough if they only got a word, he made it his greatest pleasure to chat with a child. I remember the first question he put to me was whether I knew much. 'Yes, sir,' I answered, 'I know the Iliad and heraldry.' Voltaire laughed heartily at this, and told me the fable of the Merchant, the Shepherd, and the King's son.¹ This fable, added to the charming manner in which it was related, convinced me that heraldry was not the most useful of sciences, and I at once resolved to learn something else."

In another place Florian further describes the arrangements that were made to teach him Latin. Voltaire, even if disturbed in the midst of his histrionic creations, was never angry nor impatient when turned to for help in doing the exercises, but on the other hand rendered it in such a really gracious way that the boy fancied he had actually performed them all himself. When the time came for having them examined in the drawing-room everyone thought how very excellent they were, and when they were brought to Voltaire he used to smile and say they were very good indeed for so young a pupil. One other story from the same quarter will readily be tolerated if but for the gracious light in which Voltaire is shown in it. "In Voltaire's garden," says Florian, "there were various beds of flowers. In the midst of some of them the brightest poppies raised their resplendent heads. I called them the sons of Priam. The most beautiful amongst them was, of course, the veritable Hector himself. Never did I pass them but I gave a sidelong glance and muttered,

¹ One of La Fontaine's, the 16th of the 10th Book, in which the small service of blazonry in a time of stress is ably exposed.

'The miserable Trojans ! They shall soon be all slain by my hands.' The fatal day arrived at last. Armed with a great wooden sword, proudly I walked into one of these beds and cut off the heads of a whole army of poppies. The battlefield was immediately strewn with dead and dying. But this is not enough, for Hector still stands ! Raising a superb head he seems to mock my fury. I rush upon him ! But an unexpected stroke of fortune saves Hector's life ; Voltaire suddenly stops me just as I am about to deal the deathful stroke. He had been watching me hitherto as I beheaded poppy after poppy, but now, as though wishful to save the stately Hector, he gently asks me why I seem in such a violent rage with them. So I tell him I am acting my Iliad, and that I was at this precise moment just in front of the Scean Gate, before which it was the doom of Hector to fall. Laughing loudly he left me to complete my combat, and ran in to tell my victory to the inmates of the palace of Priam." This child's play had, unwittingly to the performer of it, touched a chord in the heart of the owner of the fated flowers which was quite ready to respond to such a dramatic appeal. Acting in every and any shape was the paramount passion of his breast. Florian, quite innocent of what he had done, had reached the great man's most vulnerable point. There is no occasion here to enter upon the long and fluctuating struggles into which this feeling led Voltaire with the Genevan authorities. The great success which attended the reading of portions of his *Zaïre* seems to have first encouraged him to try to exploit the evident zest for dramatic representations of his new neighbours. A letter of his to his friend D'Argental affords sufficient evidence that he had no very stout resistance, at any rate, to overcome. "We brought tears into the eyes of the whole Council of Geneva. I doubt if so many were ever shed. Certainly Calvinists were never so stirred before." For all this, he found himself obliged to be very wary. His utmost tact, great as it always was, had to be called to his aid. There were members of the Consistory who were more ready to run with the hare than to hunt with the hounds, but his great stumbling-block was the obligation he was under to keep the peace with the more puritanic members in order to hold his own as the tenant of the Délices. To out-manœuvre them he bought Ferney, which was beyond their jurisdiction. For a time he thought he had secured a victory along the whole line, but in the very midst of what seemed his brilliant triumph, the Magnificent Council had forged a secret thunderbolt which they lost no time in hurling full into their enemy's entrenchments. No Swiss was to be allowed to participate in any stage-play. This was a *coup de maître*, as, except himself and his

niece, Madame Denis, all his best actors were Swiss. Thus, by a single stroke, he was left without any company. In his rage, it may be seen by his correspondence, he would fain have burned Geneva down.

This intense indignation was really pardonable, as greater success than that which attended the entertainments he provided is hardly conceivable. At one of them, for instance, he had the French Ambassador, who was on his way to Turin, for a guest for several days. He, his wife and suite were quartered at the Délices. Tournay was made the scene of all the receptions and fêtes. *Mérope* was chosen for the first day's piece, and was followed by a stately supper, at which Madame de Chauvelin is said to have sung "like a siren." Voltaire complimented her with the following impromptu :

Avec tant de beauté, de grâce naturelle,
Qu'a-t-elle à faire des talents ?
Mais, avec des sons si touchants,
Qu'a-t-elle à faire d'être belle ?

The following day there was a performance of *Tancrède*, which proved a simple triumph. Everyone was seen to be in tears. The company was afterwards ushered into a magnificently decorated salon, hung all round with festoons of flowers, in which they danced till eight the following morning. Voltaire was not too tired, for all this, to be able to pen five or six letters in which his friends were fully informed of the splendid éclat of this State reception.

Shortly after this another opportunity was afforded to Voltaire to gratify his hospitable pride to the very top of its bent in the marriage of the French Resident, Monsieur de Montpérourx. The visitors on both these occasions were so numerous that the neighbourhood all around his château was taxed to its utmost to accommodate them. Some of them came from very long distances, thirty miles Voltaire speaks of in one of his letters. A veritable Court had for the time formed itself around him. He had indemnified himself for the loss of his Swiss actors by drafts from the Châtelaine troupe, which came just in the nick to perform in his neighbourhood. Mademoiselle Corneille, too, a niece of the great dramatist, had recently been adopted by Voltaire—he called her her father's "masterpiece"—and under his teaching had rapidly developed an excellent talent for tragedy and comedy. It was now that he produced his *Olympie*, which he had previously referred to D'Alembert with the intimation that he had only taken six days to write it in. The witty reply of his friend was, "You ought not to have rested on the seventh." On this hint Voltaire seems to have reconsidered and recast his work.

One of his striking characteristics was that, to the criticism of a friend he was always most tractable. "Woe befall him," he says, in one of his letters, "in whom there is no amendment either of himself or of his works. Self-correction is always necessary, even in a man eighty years old ! I have no consideration for your old men who say, 'My habits are fixed.' Form others, you old idiots—mend your verses if you have composed any, and your character if you have got one." Three hundred people are reported to have been present at the performance of *Le Droit du Seigneur*, some coming from Lyons and others from Dijon and Turin.

Unparalleled as such successes must have been, Voltaire was still not quite satisfied. He must have the great actor Lekain for a judge of his plays. Lekain responded at once to the poet's invitation. He came, saw, and applauded. Enraptured with their plots and poetry, he offered to appear in the parts of Tancrède and Zamore. For a climax to such magnificence and triumph, what was more fit than for this happy host to have the Duc de Richelieu for his guest for a few days ? It was October 1, 1762, that he arrived, and Tournay was this time given up to him and his suite. Evening followed evening, and each was a scene of splendid pomp. Every resource of the place, as well as all its owner's genius, were taxed to their very utmost to insure the Duke's stay proving one uninterrupted scene of enchantment. Amid such distinguished guests, including the bearers of such noble names as the D'Envelles, D'Harcourts, and the De Villars, the whilom prisoner of Frankfort, the hunted Voltaire of 1754, might well be found exclaiming, "Ferney to-day is a Court of Peers !"

It was, however, impossible for so sympathetic and vigorous a nature as his to be preoccupied by these brilliant festivities. Never had any man so many sides to his character. Much of the unfair and unfavourable opinion entertained of him by some will be found explained by the imperfect or the partial knowledge of his critics and judges. He was not only many men in one, but in the self-same day or hour he could hardly be identified, so susceptible, so quick was he to respond to every intellectual or social current. His labours and achievements in the causes of Calas and of Sirven would have immortalised many a smaller man. His human sympathies were illimitable. He is said always to have been depressed on the anniversary of St. Bartholomew's massacre. How contradictory, too, he could be ! Never was there more magnificent liberality than that enjoyed by his nieces, and by other recipients of his unstinted bounty, whilst, on the other hand, for paltry pettiness could anything compare with his contemptible quarrel with De Brosses about a few measures

of firewood, or with his mean vindictiveness towards the two Rousseaus, Fréron, and other mere literary fry? But there are nearly always two sides shown, and we are often in doubt whether to laugh or sigh. It is never certain whether some show of rage will not end in a roar of laughter. His prejudices too are often amusing in their very childishness. A more characteristic instance of the part they could be made to play could scarcely be found than the happy accident which enabled the sculptor Pigalle to get a successful sitting at last. Voltaire happened to be in no mood at the time for having a bust made. "M. Pigalle is coming to model my face, but, madame, it is first of all essential that I should have a face for him to model. He will have a job to find mine. My eyes are sunk three inches deep in my head, and my cheeks are simply so much parchment stretched across a few bones which can hardly hold together. The few teeth I had have disappeared. Never was a man in such a wretched plight ever sculptured before." So Pigalle found his patience tried to its utmost. He was ready to give up the task. Voltaire would neither sit in one position nor keep his face in one form for a minute together. But good luck would have it that Voltaire took it into his head to ask the sculptor how long it might take to make a golden calf. "Six months," was the reply he got, at which the patriarch was in such ecstasies over a fact which seemed to convict the Old Testament of a mistake that he from that moment sat quite still, and so Pigalle finished his work. No less characteristic, as showing the variability of Voltaire's temperament, and how almost impossible it was to divine how superficial were his outbursts, is the story for which we have such an excellent authority as that of the Prince de Ligne. It happened that on this occasion Voltaire was launching out in bitter denunciations of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Suspecting that much of his anger was very factitious, it was the prince's happy thought to look out of the window and suddenly exclaim, "Why! there is Rousseau, I believe, just crossing the courtyard." "What!" was Voltaire's immediate response. "Where is he? Where is the poor fellow? Let him be brought to me at once. My arms are ready to welcome and embrace him, for he has been hounded probably from Neuchâtel or its neighbourhood. Let some one run at once and conduct him to me. Everything that I have shall be at his disposal." It is to such experiences as this offers a sample of, and which those who knew him intimately and saw him often frequently witnessed, that the following testimony of the Chevalier de Boufflers is due. "You can," he says in a letter to his mother, "form no notion of the expense he puts himself to and the good he does. He is the king

and the father of all around him. He is as good as the head of a house as he is as a poet. Were he divided, so that in one place I could see the man whose books I have read, and, in another, the man I listen to, I should not know which to choose. Let his publishers do their utmost, he will always be better than even his books." And in another letter he remarks that "he would be the best of men if he were not the greatest of men."

It is his greatness as a writer, by which he is so generally known, that has perhaps kept the man as host, relative, friend, and benefactor so much in the shade. Once touch him on a tender point, and all the man instantly rose up in him. It was a question on one occasion with Huber to get a seat for a Count Colonna, who wished to hear Lekain, but the theatre was full to overflowing. What was to be done? "Remembering," he says, "that the Count belonged to the family of the Colonnas who had been excommunicated, I hinted this to Voltaire. The effect was magical. Voltaire pressed forward at once to meet him, crying at the top of his voice, 'Where is he? Where is this excommunicated one?'"

A list of Voltaire's pensioners would be a very long one. Durey de Marsan, who presented himself at Ferney in all the rags of a beggar, after having run through his ample fortune, was perhaps in several respects the most curious of them all. After affording him shelter and enabling him to make himself fit to mix with the guests of Ferney, its owner's next step was to set about trying to effect a reconciliation for him with the family which felt itself disgraced by him. This took a good deal of time. Two years after his arrival at the château, Voltaire is found alluding to him thus in a letter: "He would be able to live very happily where he is were it not his fate to be always getting into debt. M. Durey has been with me now more than two years. He came intending to stay only two months. . . . He has been excessively unfortunate from his own fault, and from an indescribably romantic spirit which causes him to seize every possible opportunity for ruining himself obscurely. . . . Although he is a literary man, he is neither *magnus clericus* nor *magnus sapiens*."

In 1760 the Jesuits had made their preparations for stripping the family of the Crassys of all they possessed towards the payment of some debts to their Order. On the facts reaching the ears of Voltaire he advanced the necessary sum at once. It was a niece of theirs—Mlle. de Varicourt—who soon after is to be found installed at Ferney, as one of its regular inmates. She had been destined for a convent, but her grace and simplicity so won the hearts of both

the philosopher and Madame Denis, that they prevailed upon her relatives to let her take up her abode at Ferney, ostensibly to help the latter in the management of household affairs. The Marquis de Villette soon after saw her, and at once fell in love with and married her. In writing to a friend he tells him : " Her only dowry is her sweet face, her beautiful figure, her very unsophisticated nature, and her charming intelligence, all of which I very much prefer to a round million I could have had in Geneva." The marriage was celebrated at midnight in the Chapel of Ferney. Voltaire donned for the auspicious occasion the splendid fur pelisse presented to him by Catherine the Second, and was supported on each side by a knight of the Order of St. Louis. During the supper he composed the following impromptu :

Il est vrai que le dieu d'amour,
 Fatigué du plaisir volage,
 Loin de la ville et de la cour,
 Dans nos champs a fait un voyage.
 Je l'ai vu, ce dieu séducteur,
 Il courait après le bonheur,
 Il ne l'a trouvé qu'au village.

Does not there seem good ground for thinking that Voltaire was justified when he wrote to Madame du Deffand thus : " In the main I am a good-hearted fellow. My friends, my vassals, and my neighbours are all quite satisfied with me " ?

Amid such scenes and friends, what were Louis and his mistresses to Voltaire ? As little as he was to them. Madame du Barry, however, seems on one occasion to have seized an opportunity to pay a compliment to the old poet and philosopher, which he was equally prompt to repay her for. De la Borde was to pass by Ferney on his way to Italy, so was commissioned by her to give Voltaire two cushions which she had herself embroidered with a medallion portrait of herself, and two kisses ! Voltaire's gratitude found expression in one of those occasional pieces of verse which are among the best of all the things he wrote :

Quoi ! deux baisers sur la fin de ma vie !
 Quel passeport vous daignez m'envoyer !
 Deux ! c'est trop d'un, adorable Egérie :
 Je serais mort de plaisir au premier.

What a pity it seems that Voltaire could not have finished his earthly career in his own home, amid his own people. But were not the Parisians his people at heart, and what home could have evoked such a flood of feelings as the name of Paris if it could

only be his fortune to be admitted into it? The accession of Louis XVI. encouraged all those who had long tried in vain to get the late king to revoke the interdict which banished Voltaire from the Court to prepare a way for his return. The rumour was industriously circulated that he was likely to come. The people of Paris needed no extraneous stimulants. His popularity was found to be as universal as it deserved to be. Was there another man alive who had done so much to make the name of Frenchman honoured all over the Continent? Was there a Court, was there a grand personage, was there anyone of birth, distinction, eminence, learning, taste, or culture to whom Voltaire's name had not been familiar for many years, whose books they had not read with ever increasing avidity, from whom the merest scrap of a letter it was not an enviable honour to possess? No sooner, then, was he made aware of the disposition of the popular mind, and that neither king nor courtier would be likely to venture to run counter to it, than Voltaire became all aflame to reach the capital. "I shall be happy there," he tells Moultau, "because I shall meet with happy people." Every one knows the particular circumstances under cover of which his abiding wish to return to Paris was at last accomplished. The rehearsals of his *Irène* were made a capital pretext. He left Ferney. His intention was to remain away only six weeks. But Ferney never saw its brilliant owner again. His first act on reaching Paris had to be to summon Dr. Tronchin. Tronchin, after having seen his patient, tells a friend, whom he writes to at once to let him know what every one was so curious to learn, that, if Voltaire can stand the popular excitement caused by his arrival, he must simply have a constitution of steel. All Paris, according to Grimm, was vying to cast itself at the feet of its idol. The popular fervour had its culminating point in that historical scene at the theatre, during the performance of *Irène*, when he was crowned in the box he occupied for the occasion, and when the whole house stood on its feet and the building shook with the cheers. "Parisians," he exclaimed, with tears flowing from his eyes, "do you mean to kill me with ecstasy?"

His plans were now to get back again to Ferney; but not to stay there. No, there was no life for him possible any longer away from Paris. He must return and finish his days there. He bought a house with this very object in view. "I have seen many fools in my time," says Tronchin, "but never a bigger one than this. He reckons upon living for ever." His letters which he wrote at this time to his secretary, Wagnière, are pleasant but pathetic reading. They are a great testimony to the clearness of their author's head and the

warmth of his human heart. In the first he begins by expressing his regret at having allowed Wagnière to set off alone. It is curious to follow the enumeration of the several books he wants brought from the library at Ferney. The secretary is especially enjoined to take care that he brings away every work connected with the French language, such as the "Grammar of Port-Royal," that of "Restaut," the "Synonyms of Girard," the "Tropes of Dumarsis," the "Remarks of Vaugelas," the "Little Dictionary of Proverbs," and the "Letters of Pellisson." Could anything be more interesting than to notice the importance attached by this inimitable writer to a liberal supply of all the best technical books of his mother tongue? Here is a man of eighty-four taking all the pains of a young student to make himself the master of all its resources. The clearness of his memory is simply astounding. He gives the most minute directions in different letters about the various books he wants, states fully and lucidly their different characters, and their exact whereabouts in his extensive library. Works on medicine, diseases, remedies, and anatomy are urgently pressed for. A Celtic Dictionary, an Italian Grammar, an English book, in two volumes, on the "Origin of Language," are by no means to be overlooked. The latter is "in a corner of the new addition lately made to my bookcase." Like Socrates, Voltaire grew old ever learning something new. But just a fortnight before his death the signs of the approaching end grew stronger. "My hand succumbs to this burden of writing. I am enduring incredible pain. Adieu, friend! Why are you not by my side?" It was very soon after he had finished this very letter that a violent spasm of strangury suddenly seized him, and compelled him at once to take to his bed. Day by day the disease developed itself. In his last letter to Wagnière, of May 25, 1778, the kindly nature of the man, his real self, declares itself in every line: "I am dying, my dear Wagnière. It appears impossible this time for me to escape. I am terribly punished for having let you leave me, for having quitted Ferney, and for dreaming of making my abode in Paris. I must get you to have recourse to M. Scherer for some money. You know he has the custody of my entire fortune. I depend upon you to render me this final consolation amid the excruciating anguish which my present condition causes me. Tell La Barbezat she is wrong to be angry. She shall be amply repaid and recompensed. La Bardi is even more blamable for having left. She had a house she ought never to have quitted, and, here in Paris, she will find she is of no use. Gently and sadly, my dear friend, I embrace you."

Five days afterwards Voltaire, on May 30, breathed his last.

JAMES RAMSAY.

SCHRECKENSTEIN: THE KEY OF THE ELBE.

IN descending the Upper Elbe, from Leitmeritz to Tetschen, the most beautiful point of the scenery, and the culminating effect of almost theatrical surprise is, where the river, that is always beautiful, makes the sudden, sharp bend round the high precipitous rocks on which rise up the ruined towers of Schreckenstein. Before reaching it the river seems blocked by this rocky hill that stands out into mid-stream; and it is only when close to it that the course of the Elbe can be traced on past its walls.

Few, who suddenly see these ruined towers come in sight, will resist the temptation of disembarking at the adjoining station of Aussig, from whence an easy walk along the river's bank soon leads to the gentle ascent beneath the avenue of ash-trees that is overtopped by the castle-crowned rock. Upon the left hand this avenue is overhung by a rocky hill that reminds one in its shape and formation of the well-known Summer-house Hill that overtops the little town of Lynmouth in Devon; but here no soft foliage tones down the lower heights.

Just beyond the avenue of ash-trees the first gate of the castle is seen. A little gate, very much resembling in miniature the Saxon gate over the Monnow at Monmouth. Crouched beneath some high rocks is a tiny village, redolent of cows and farmyard produce; and above the timber houses, perched on a high rock, is a round look-out tower that guarded this approach to the castle.

The gate looked suspiciously like tourist-toll being demanded for permission to see the castle; but, on asking if one could see the ruins above, a surprised peasant replied, certainly we could "*über alles gehn und frei.*" But just beyond the little gateway a poor restaurant is established, where the people of the district sit and look out over the scenery, and drink their beer, perchance to the sound of the music of some strolling minstrels.

Here, at least, we expected to be taken in charge by some self-

appointed guide, or, at least, to be asked to buy some book or photograph of the imposing ruins that now were opening up to our view. But, even on inquiring, no photograph or monograph could be obtained, and the general air of all whom we questioned was, "We have nothing of the kind, neither do we want to be bothered about it." But wooden steps and bridges have been put down to enable one to reach the topmost tower of the castle, and up beyond the inn we climbed, in amidst the walls and towers of the yet important ruin.

We first entered what appeared to have been the little chapel ; but slight traces were left of the mouldings or tracery of windows. At the east window, which was curiously placed corner fashion, was, close by its side on the left, another window, and on its right an arch as for a tomb or an ambry ; two niches were also traceable at the south window and at the door. The style was of rude Early English. From the chapel we went into a bastion, which commanded a lovely view of the river, and from here a very rough wall of small stones and rude arches led to the central tower. A distance of about eighty to ninety yards separated the tower and the bastion, and beyond the tower about the same space northwards ran another wall to a square tower. These rough measurements will give an idea of the space which the castle buildings covered. From the chapel another wall was continued on to a round tower, the older work of which was patched here and there with brick, and beyond this tower was a vaulted chamber in which one good rib of the roof was left, and a fair thirteenth-century window ; but all the columns and mullions had disappeared. Above this vaulted roof was another chamber with doorway of the same rude Early English type as in the chapel, and at the north-east window of this small hall seats were built which looked out on the village immediately beneath, at a depth of some 250 feet. Here the timber roof is still preserved, and at all the windows seats were built, and at one spot was a niche as for a patron saint. Worm-eaten timber was seen to be worked into the stone-work at the little door, as though there had been at one time wooden steps up from the village.

From the great central round-tower ran a wall, to the bastion, in which formerly stood five round look-out towers, or bartizans. From the tower on the west to the north bastion no wall was traceable, but at this tower the use of timber in the masonry was again noticeable. The view from the castled height was very lovely : vineyards and cherry-orchards in full bloom stretched beneath us, and on the south-east was a lovely valley with the river winding between the hills, with great timber-rafts descending rapidly the swiftly-flowing

stream. From the plateau, now occupied by the rough tables of the *Bierschenke*, we could trace well the original outline of the picturesque castle, the great round-tower forming its centre, and still traceable were five round-towers.

Of the importance of the building in mediæval times, and of its beauty, perched upon this rock fastness, and commanding from its overhanging point far up and down the navigable stream, we could well judge as we clambered or lingered about its ruins ; but no glimpse of its history, or of the part it had played in the internecine struggles of Bohemia, could we glean from any who now lived under its shadow. But the very fact that it was a possession of the Wartenbergers, the powerful family who held Tollenstein and Tetschen, and almost half the castles in this northern district of Bohemia, proves how important a position it was considered.

But long ere the fourteenth century Schreckenstein had been of importance ; tradition carries it back to 820, when the old race struggle that ever continues between German and Bohemian was being increased by the frequent incursions of the Teutons. To stay their depredations it was proposed to build a strong fortress on the river, and this jutting point and sharp bend was seized upon by a certain Strzck, and upon it he built a commanding wooden fort, and thus stayed the passage of the Teutons up and down the river. From this founder's name the castle has since been called Strzckon, a name by which in after history it is frequently mentioned. Tradition also goes on to tell of bands of Teutons awaiting the Lord of Schreckenstein's return from Wyssehrad, the then seat of government in Bohemia, and taking him prisoner and destroying this wooden fortress ; but these stories rest upon no documentary evidence. But the probability is that this famous point, from the earliest times, was used as a defensive station against the Teutonic invasions, the German name of Schreckenstein being given it probably during the reign of Wenzel I., in the latter part of the tenth century.

But not until the commencement of the fourteenth century does actual history take possession of the life of this key-castle. Then, when John of Luxemburg became the knight-errant King of Bohemia, we find he rebuilt the Castle of Schreckenstein as a crown property, and let it as a feudal possession in exchange for certain other property, together with the Elbe tolls from Leitmeritz to Aussig, to a knight, Pessek ; but Pessek, in the same year, handed over both castle and tolls to John of Wartenberg, whose children were confirmed in their right to this castle and tolls by the king. Thus Schreckenstein

became one of the strongholds of this powerful law-making and law-breaking imperious family.

But long ere this it had received the name of Schreckenstein from the dwellers beneath and within earshot of its walls. Deeds of blood, of horror, and of outrage were common enough throughout the whole of this castle-stricken land. Fist-right held its sway, and Might was the sole claim to power ; but the one deed which tradition selects as conferring upon the castle the fearful title of Schreckenstein is full of the spirit of the time when Wenzel I. was still king of Bohemia.

Kuba of Strekow, as he was called, was then lord of the castle. Hard as the rock on which he lived, fighting and the chase were his sole enjoyments : when there were no men to hunt, then he would hunt the bear and the wolf ; but his time was more spent in hunting mankind than the lower animals. Every opportunity for strife thrilled his savage heart with joy, and when he heard of a brilliant tournament which was to be held at Biliu by Bores of Riesenburg, he repaired thither with a strong retinue, with the intention of bearing away the prize. But, to his rage and disgust, he was forbidden to enter the lists ; he had been denounced by twelve noble knights as a disturber of the peace and a breaker of the chivalrous laws of the tournament, and, in spite of his maddened wrath, a forest of lances prevented his attempt to enter by force. He was torn from his horse by the footmen and driven on foot away ; whilst horse and trappings were seized as a prize according to the laws of the tournament.

Kuba soon discovered that one of his denouncers was young Wenzel of Wrabinec, and collecting a troop of his most desperate fellows, he sallied from his Elbe fortress and lay in waiting for young Wenzel in a forest near Wrabinec. Joyous from the tournament, the young knight passed on heedlessly to his home, suddenly to be seized by Kuba and his men, to be borne away to Schreckenstein and lodged in the deepest dungeon down in the solid rock, and loaded with chains, where neither light nor sound could penetrate.

Kuba, however, had not yet fully wreaked his rage. He rode on to Wrabinec, that was but weakly defended in Wenzel's absence, and in spite of a vigorous resistance by the old grey-beard, Benes, Wenzel's father, he stormed the walls, gained the inner court, and had even seized upon the grey hairs of Wenzel's father to slay him, when his arm was seized with clinging force, and a beautiful young maiden, with streaming eyes and piteous words, begged for the life of the old man. Kuba was astounded at the beauty of the fair beseecher, who still clung with nervous force around him. His hold

slackened and fell from the head of his aged victim, and the young girl fell at his knees with moving tears, begging for the life of her father. A new feeling came over Kuba as he looked down upon the pleading maiden. "Stand up, fair child, and tell me thy name." "I am Mathilde of Wrabinec," answered the maiden. "I plead for mercy for my father." Kuba turned to his followers, forbade all plunder under pain of death, and ordered all the gates of the castle to be closed. He clashed his streaming, bloody sword into its sheath, and bade the knight and his daughter lead him into their dwelling-chamber. Into the *Rittersaal* they went, and Mathilde commanded wine of the best vintage to be brought, and with her own fair hands she poured out a beakerful and bore it to their conqueror.

Soon the generous wine had its influence over the hard soul of Kuba, even as the wondrous beauty of Mathilde had touched his stony heart ; his tongue was loosened and he told of his bloody deeds and fierce adventures, until at length he even told them why he had so attacked their castle, and that Wenzel, fair Mathilde's brother, was now in his stronghold of Strekow. At this the souls of the old grey-beard and of the young maiden shrank in terror from their guest ; they fell at his feet and entreated for the life of their loved one—but in vain, until at length Kuba said : " Good, then, I will spare him, will forgive and forget, if thou, my pretty one, will grant one request." " Oh, tell me," cried the maiden, " what wilt thou from me ? " " Thy hand," with a sardonic grin, growled Kuba ; " thy hand ! that shall be thy brother's and thy father's ransom. Ye are all in my power. I can wield my right of victory, but I will be gentle in my might. I will raise thee to be my wife, and show that Kuba also can be honourable and knightly even to mercy."

Mathilde's face became even as the silvery hairs that crowned her father's head, and then became suffused with the hot blood that coursed through her veins in this her anguish. Her brother's and her father's lives lay in her hands ; but how forget her betrothed, the brave Otto of Dohna, whose return from the army of the Roman Emperor they were now awaiting ? But not long did Kuba give for her decision.

" Come, *Dirne* ! " he cried, " hast decided ? Either a priest to make us man and wife this night, or I take thee with me as a troll, and slay thy father and brother in my just vengeance."

One glance Mathilde threw upon her father's bent head, and then reached forth her hand to her conqueror. The castle priest was hunted for (and dragged from a corner into which he had crept) to bind the wretched maiden for ever to her captor ; and the next morning she was led away from her home to the rocky castle on the

Elbe. Only when the keys of her brother's dungeon and of his chains were handed to her, did her soul return ; she descended with tottering steps down into the solid rock, where a deathlike chill from the noisome, black, shiny walls seemed a living foretaste of the grave itself.

What was Wenzel's wonderment when his sister appeared before him ! One by one his fetters were loosened and at length in joy he could stretch his limbs once more in freedom ; but his joy soon turned to rage when he heard how that freedom had been bought, and naught but his sister's tears, her words of their aged father, prevented him from attempting impossible, passionate deeds. At length she prevailed upon him to leave the castle, and from the battlements she waved her kerchief with her weeping adieux ; for her soul said to her never more should she see him again.

Months rolled on. Kuba had tired of his prey and was again raiding throughout the whole country side ; but Mathilde, in his absence, sat alone in her chamber and thought of him to whom she had plighted her troth. Once, when in the evening twilight she was thus sitting in sad solitude, her whole soul was filled with strange agitated feelings and thoughts of her absent lover. Intense yearning caused her heart to beat with quickened motion, and in her anguish she cried aloud : "Otto ! oh my beloved, where is the home of our love ?" and, as it were from the earth, there came a sad sound, as if an answering voice, that echoed with the words : "In the grave." She shuddered as she listened—her soul was strung with intensity—when at the door she heard the faint notes of harp-strings. She hastened towards it, opened it, and a strange dwarf entered, with a grey beard and honourable countenance. "Fear not," said this mannikin. "I and my brothers are indeed gnomes, and we inhabit the inner recesses of the rock on which this castle stands ; but we love the good, and, like thee, hate the evil: therefore am I come to see thee, and to urge thee to hasten and release from the dungeons beneath, thy lover, whom the savage Kuba has captured on his journey from Italy, and who now lies beneath us, even as thy brother erst did lie. His groans have reached even unto us and have awakened our pity. Save him, therefore, ere thy fearful lord returns and wreaks his vengeance upon thy Otto's head." With these words the gnome vanished, leaving Mathilde sunk in an agony of anguish and fear. But quickly she started up, hastened to the castellan, and bade him open at once the inner dungeons where Otto lay. Her imperative words he obeyed in astonishment, and her lover, Otto, stepped forth from his rocky grave out upon the platform of the castle ;

and here, oh wondrous joy ! he saw, lit by the tender light of the young moon, the soft face of his bride, wet with sad yet joyous tears.

The lovers thought not of danger—long they sat, their arms entwined in one long, warm embrace of deepest joy, far on into the night, until the grey light in the brightening east was slowly overmastering the darkness, yet still they lay enrapt in thankful peace that once more they had seen each other—when, far below, piercing the cool grey air, came ringing to their ears the hated horn that told of Kuba's return. Quickly Mathilde tore herself from her lover's arms, and pointed to him the drawbridge over which he must fly, and then rushed with tear-streaming eyes into her chamber, to sink on her knees before her crucifix, and pray for the safety of her loved one.

Kuba had returned in riotous victory with rich booty, and eager yet for more bloodshed and horrors. He had learnt on his road that the prisoner he had secured in his dungeon was erst the lover of his wife, and he would quench his blood-thirst in this lover's heart. He called the castellan and bade him bring forth his prisoner ; but, with trembling knees, the castellan told how the noble lady had set him free.

Kuba's lips foamed, his eyes flamed with rage ; as a madman, his words came not but in gurgling sounds. He rushed to his wife's chamber, crashed in the door with his foot, and tore his weeping, praying wife from the foot of the Cross. With awful, bestial rage he tore her fair hair and tender face, his passion and madness increasing as he worked his vengeance on her tender unresisting form—when with a hideous yell he lifted her up, bore her to the battlements, and with a devilish shout, that re-echoed from the towers around, dashed her body down into the rocky clefts, far, far beneath.

There in the evening the gentle gnome found the body, and with his fellows bore it away with tender mourning for one so gentle to a quiet resting-place. But no longer could they remain in their old home beneath a castle where such hellish deeds were done, and never more were their faces seen or did they give good aid to those who dwelt therein. For many a year did the white form of the murdered Mathilde haunt the walls and battlements of Streckow, that henceforth the people knew but as the Schreckenstein.

But Kuba did not escape the vengeance that pursues the evil. Mathilde's brother, Wenzel, learnt from Otto of his sister's cruel death ; and these two, who had been rescued by her loving self-sacrifice, raised the whole district round, and after many a hard fight defeated and slew the whole of Kuba's men and burned his castle to the ground.

Kuba they found not, but, like Cain, he wandered over the face of the earth, and at length sought peace in joining a crusade to Palestine; but he met his doom and his reward for all his murderous deeds by the scimitar of a Saracen.

Whether this legend really accounts for the name of Schreckenstein or not, it is a good picture of the life led in these castles in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and even at a much later date.

That the Wartenbergers knew much of this life, their history, as told in the account of Tollenstein, plainly shows. But they left our castle in the hands of a castellan, it appears, for in 1352 the Emperor Karl IV., in a document in favour of the Bürger of Melnik, commands the Burggraf of Schreckenstein not to disturb the people of Melnik in their free right of passage on the Elbe, plainly showing the use the castle was put to. In 1370 the castle was burnt down, and the whole of the archives and documents burnt with it, so that Benes of Wartenberg was compelled to ask for new writings from the king to establish him in his rights to the district. These were granted, and the castle remained in their possession until John of Wartenberg, who lived at the very similar castle of Tetschen, a lower key to the Elbe, exchanged it for the domain of Strewic and other property. John promised to pay some specie as well as Schreckenstein for this property, but once in possession the gold was not forthcoming, and the consequence was a feud between the said John and the owners of Strewic, whom, in modern language, he had swindled.

But Schreckenstein appears to have been sold or to have fallen out of the hands of the owners of Strewic; for in 1415 again Wenzel IV. sells it for 430 schock to a certain Wlasseck of Kladno, whose ownership became an important point in the history of its walls. Wlasseck was a favourite of the king, who sold or leased to him other important properties, as well as the adjoining town of Aussig.

In the year 1419, when Bohemia was split up into agitated parties, and when families were divided, father against son and brother against brother—and when the followers of Huss, led by his brother Nicholas, were beginning to feel that the sole outcome for their own defence must be war—Wlasseck took the side of the Catholic party and of the Roman king, Sigmund, and he appears to have resold the town of Aussig to this ruler, for Sigmund mortgaged Aussig to Frederick the *Streitbaren*, together with the towns of Brux, Komotau and Nimburg, for the sum of 30,000 schock of Prager groschen, and allowed him to man the towns with Meissner troops, wherewith to uphold the Catholic cause.

Wlasseck was good friends with his German neighbours and gave

them up the use of his fortress of Schreckenstein, which had become the stronghold and retreat for gangs of marauding, plundering soldiers, who raided into Bohemia, burning, slaying, robbing and enacting all the hideous cruelties that were soon so rife in the land; but on the appearance of a strong resisting body of the Hussites, hastily retreating to the river fortress and its underlying town of Aussig. They were probably largely assisted in their attacks upon the neighbouring districts, from the fact that up to 1425 the principal part of the Wartenberg family sided with King Sigmund, and as they owned the castle of Tetschen and the strange mountain fortresses of Roll or Ralsko, Schlossberg near Kamnitz and Tollenstein, that commanded the wide-stretching plateaus within the protecting mountain ranges, so the plunderers of Schreckenstein could raid with immunity whilst the powerful barons were with them; but as the Hussites' power rose in might, the Wartenbergers went over to their cause, and at length, in 1426, they (the Hussites) determined to make one supreme effort against Aussig and its surrounding castles.

The married priest, Prokop the Great, was their leader; and under him a fighting commander, Jacob of Wresowic, called sometimes Jacob Bilinsky of Wresowic, probably from the fact that he was lord of the town of Bilin. The march of the two divisions of this army may be traced by their victories over the towns and fortresses of Leipa, Weisswasser, that lay near the royal and imposing castle of Bosig, Trebenic, Teplitz, Graupen, and Dux, until at length they stormed the steep heights of Schreckenstein and captured the castle, and then the united forces lay before the town of Aussig—Jacob of Wresowic having already besieged the place, but unsuccessfully, through the vigorous defence of the German commander, Kaspar of Reichenberg. When Kaspar saw that the two Hussite armies were united, he despatched messengers to Meissen for assistance, and the whole country was moved to fear that the flood of Ketzers (heretics) would pour over their whole land, if not stayed by the towns and fortresses at Aussig. Several thousand troops were quickly collected—all Germany was aroused; for the Saxons defeated, nought would arrest the fury of the heretics.

In the lovely valley of Teplitz the advancing Meissner and Saxon troops united, and the 25,000 Hussites before Aussig were alarmed at the force so quickly collected against them.

It was on a Sunday, June 16, that the opposing forces drew near to each other, and the Hussites sent a message asking that what prisoners were made might be spared and cared for, they on their part promising like mercy. But the Germans, confident in numbers;

answered : " Not one heretic would they leave alive." Then, although it was the Sabbath, and they fain would have kept the day in peace, the Hussites fell on their knees and prayed with great humbleness and devotion, and awaited the attack, with the determination that, as they had asked for quarter and obtained it not, so they also would spare no man.

Prince Koryhut was now with them and inflamed the troops with ardour by his words and presence ; but the direction of the battle was left to Priest Prokop, who took possession of a neighbouring height and there awaited the enemy in his famous and fearful waggon-forts.

These waggon-forts are best described in the words of an old writer, who says : " Sie machten eyne Wainborg von iren eigin wainen, der vorin mehr dann VIII. schog, do zogin sie Ketin durch zwefache wayne unde ludin ire buchs in unde bestaltin ire were vortrefflich. Alzo schossin dy Ketzzer mit irin buchs in der sie ane zeal hatten under sie ; unde haltin lange hacken domitte sie dy ediln Herrn unde frommen mannen von den pherdin zcogin unde eschlugin." Which quaint, but highly graphic phrase may be rendered : " They made a wainburg, or fort, from their waggons, of which there were more than eight schock (that is 480) ; then they drew chains through each two waggons, and mounted their arquebuses, and placed their weapons excellently ; also the Ketzers (or heretics) shot with their muskets, of which they had a number amongst them ; and they had long hooks, wherewith they pulled the noble lords and the pious men from their horses and slew them."

The hooks here spoken of were most formidable weapons, and the " noble lords and pious men " at their first encounter with these heretics must have been much astounded to find themselves grappled with, worried, shaken—perchance stabbed and clawed—before they came within sword's length of their foe, and finally hauled from their horses to the ground by a stout pole some eight or ten feet long, having at its end a sharp spear and also a pointed hook.

These novel weapons and the waggon-forts of the Hussites most largely contributed to their success over the tried troops and chivalry of Europe. Another of their weapons that did tremendous service was the flail, a most terrific and formidable instrument in the hands of a stout and desperate fanatical opponent. This instrument, like the lance-hook described, was very long ; but instead of the hook and spear at the end it was bound round with iron, and slung on to this end, hung loosely by one or two rings, was a light iron-bound log with numerous projecting pointed iron knots, with which effective

blows could be dealt. Their clubs were also murderous-looking and terrible weapons—long, with iron balls at the end full of spikes, and one long spike projecting from the top.

The fight commenced before noon in a terrible heat, the Germans sweeping down with enthusiastic ardour upon the waggon-forts of the heretics and actually breaking their line at one point; but the Hussites quickly recovered themselves from the first onslaught, raised the fearful battle-cry that had ever struck fear into the hearts of their foes, shot from their waggons with arquebuse and musket, until great gaps and lines were opened in the opposing ranks, tore their riders from their horses with their long hooks and beat them to the earth; and as this unlooked-for defence threw the enemy into disorder, they fell upon these Germans with such fierceness that they were soon forced to flight. Then followed such a blood-bath that from the field even to Aussig the running brook was as it were of blood. Each waggon was an impregnable redoubt, shot-proof, against which in vain the Catholics threw themselves; then came the victorious shout: "The Germans fly!" The greater part fell in their headlong flight, so that the whole ground was thick with the slain. At the little village of Slrbowic twenty-four counts and lords knelt under their banners, struck their swords in the ground before them and pleaded for the mercy they had refused their victors; but in vain, they and all who had taken refuge in the village were ruthlessly slain and burnt alive in the cottages. More were slain in this fight than in any other battle of the Hussites, and many a foremost man of the Saxon party. Great booty fell into the hands of the Bohemians: all the waggons (which they knew so well how to use) and guns and 66 tents.¹ So that the defeated Saxons had also to endure the ridicule of the victors; for they taunted them, not only with defeat, but with having fallen under the ban of the Pope: for had they not assisted the heretics, contrary to his decree, with rich assistance?

After the fight Aussig was burnt to the ground, and for three years lay in ruins; but Schreckenstein was given back to the knight, Wlasseck of Kladno, in the following year, he having sworn fealty to the Hussites. During the reign of King George of Podiebrad it again fell into the hands of the Wartenbergers, and then once more became a royal castle.

In 1564 this important fort was in the hands of a family who have yet retained much of their power in Bohemia, for the Emperor Ferdinand I. permitted Schreckenstein to be sold to Wenzel of Lubkowic, and allowed the letters of the royal mortgages to descend

¹ One writer says 66 schock of tents, which would give 3,960.

also to his son, Adam Gallus of Lobkowicz, thus introducing the name of Gallus in the history of this fortress. But five years later we read that the then emperor, Maximilian I., permitted important repairs to be made at Schreckenstein and the cost thereof to be added to the imperial mortgages, the crown thus paying the expense. And this appears to have been the most prosperous time of Schreckenstein, for Adam Gallus was a powerful and energetic lord, whose services to the throne were so great that Rudolph II. presented him with the mortgage deeds of Schreckenstein in recognition of his services—no slight gift, as the debt upon the estate amounted to no less than 7,100 schock Meissner money. This Gallus family afterwards intermarried with the Rosenbergs and with the Wallensteins and the Thuns, and it is a Count Clam Gallus who at this moment holds Wallenstein's castle of Friedland, where many of the portraits of the Gallus family are to be seen.

The burg was again sold in 1615 with the surrounding property ; but this time for no less a sum than 35,000 schock of Meissner money, and into the hands of the principal line of the Lobkowicz family.

During the Thirty Years' War the fortress sustained no less than five sieges—once by the Saxons, twice by the Swedes under Banner, once again by the Swedes under the celebrated Torstensohn, and again in 1648 by Kopi ; but still it was in good and habitable condition, as for nearly another hundred years it remained, until about 1740 it appears to have been deserted and the present state of ruin seems to have been commenced ; but the roofs remained over a good part of the building, especially the chapel and the adjoining portion, where the seats are placed at the windows. This fact, together with its advantageous position, led the Croats in the Austrian army of the Seven Years' War to seize upon Schreckenstein when the Prussians took Aussig. From this safe height they jeered at the enemy beneath, firing down upon them, and by one shot slaying one of their generals ; but the advance of the principal body of the Prussian troops forced them to quit their stronghold, and it was manned by the troops of the Prussians under Major Emminger. This was in the spring of the year 1757 ; but in June the tide of war turned—again the Austrian army swarmed around Schreckenstein. The Croats found their old nest occupied, but determined to again possess it, and mounting a battery upon the neighbouring Schanzenberg, passed such a shower of shot into it that Major Emminger and his body of 200 men were compelled to surrender. Thus ends the history of this picturesque castle of Schreckenstein, that since that

date has stood in noble ruin proudly on its precipitous height, still blocking the swiftly-flowing Elbe, but unnoticed and uncared for, save by the local wanderer and perchance some singing-union, who may spend an hour on its plateau and make its wall re-echo once again to the song of troubadour, that speaks of love and chivalry or of bygone deeds that time has thrown its glamour over. Could but the old walls speak, or the stones of its dungeons tell but their story, one might learn from them the whole history of the middle ages in Bohemia ; but scattered and incomplete is the history that has descended to us, but yet more interesting even in its meagre details than those of many a well visited castle in the Rhine district. But to the English traveller Schreckenstein is unknown ground, and yet it is the key, not merely to the Elbe as of yore, but also to the famous plateau district around Haida that positively teems with rich historic castles and charming, wondrous scenery.

JAMES BAKER.

TWO RELICS OF ENGLISH PAGANISM.

IN January 1889, Mr. Andrew Lang, writing, as his custom is, "At the Sign of the Ship,"¹ drew attention to some verses which, he said, were taken down from the mouths of sailors in widely remote parts of the country. He suggested that they might contain "a rude *memoria technica* of Catholic doctrine or even something older than that—a reverberation from Celtic legend." He gave two variants of these verses which, he said, are sung to a tune, and I here repeat the Cornish version as published by him :

Come and I will sing you !
What will you sing me?
I will sing you one, oh !
What is your one ? oh !

Repeat.—Your one is all alone and ever must remain so.

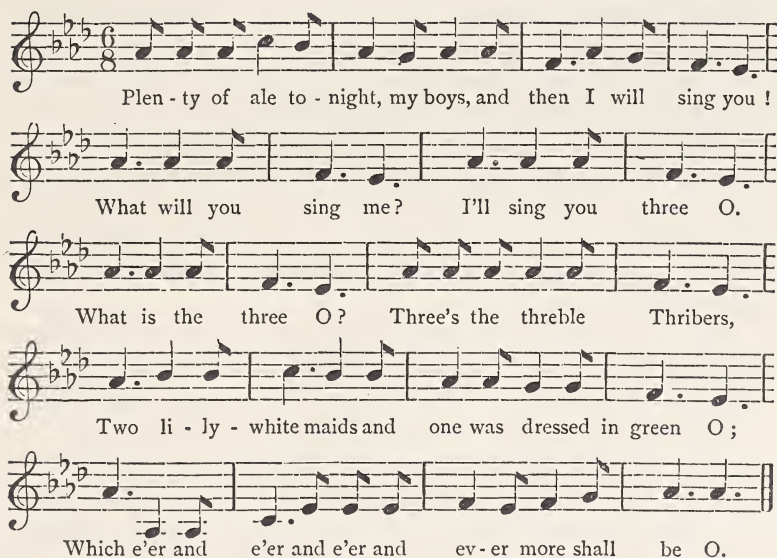
Two are lily-white maids clothed all in green, oh !
Three are the three bright shiners.
Four are the Gospel makers.
Five are the ferrymen in the boat and one of them a stranger.
Six is the cheerful waiter.
Seven are the seven stars in the sky.
Eight are eight Archangels.
Nine are nine bold rainers.
Ten are the Commandments.
Eleven are eleven that went to heaven.
Twelve are the twelve Apostles.

Mr. Lang's remarks were followed by an article² from the pen of Dr. Augustus Jessopp, who described the verses as "A Chant of Arcady," and gave another interesting version picked up at Beeston, in Norfolk, where the so-called chant was sung at harvest suppers till very lately by harvestmen at their festive gathering. Dr. Jessopp declares that he can see nothing in the chant which at all sounds like a "reverberation from Celtic legend," and thinks that we may find its source in the "Great O's of Advent," or in the seven great O's which in England were sung before the *Magnificat* at vespers

¹ *Longman's Magazine*, January 1889, p. 328.

² *Ibid.* June 1889.

from December 16 to Christmas Eve. He fails to see that the "chant" is of pagan and not of Christian origin at all, and attempts to account for the difficulties which he finds in his text by saying that "what was done inside the church after one fashion would be done outside after another fashion." "We may be sure," he says, "that a vigilant ecclesiastical discipline did not neglect to take cognisance of the wishes of the people when they, too, would fain break forth into song, and, imitating their pastors and masters, ask that they too might have their *great O's*." It is far more probable that in singing the great O's the church was merely borrowing from the paganism on the ruins of which Christianity was built, and it is certain that, as I am about to show, this "Chant of Arcady" is an ancient pagan hymn which, in its passage down the centuries, has gathered up fragments of Christian doctrine, and become at last confused with Christian ideas. I have lately met, in the north of Derbyshire, with the following version of this hymn and the tune to which it is sung :



Plen - ty of ale to - night, my boys, and then I will sing you !

What will you sing me? I'll sing you three O.

What is the three O? Three's the threble Thribers,

Two li - ly - white maids and one was dressed in green O ;

Which e'er and e'er and e'er and ev - er more shall be O.

When this has been sung another singer repeats the first two lines, but instead of saying "I'll sing you three O" he sings :

I'll sing you twelve O.
 What is the twelve O ?
 Twelve is the twelve Apostles,
 Two lily-white maids and one was dressed in green O,
 Which e'er and e'er and e'er and evermore shall be O,

the last two lines serving as a chorus.

In this manner the following lines are repeated until the singer gets to the "threble Thribers" with which the song began :

Twelve Apostles.
 Eleven Archangels.
 Ten Commandments.
 Nine Bright Shiners.
 Eight the Gabriel riders.
 Seven golden stars in heaven.
 Six came on the board.
 Five by water.
 Four Gospel rhymers.
 Three threble Thribers,¹
 Two lily-white maids and
 One was dressed in green O.

The version given to me has the words "two gaily white birds" instead of "two lily-white maids" which I have, without hesitation, inserted in their place, because Dr. Jessopp's version has "two lily-white boys," and Mr. Lang's "two lily-white maids." The chief interest of the song centres in these lily-white maids—one of whom was robed in green,—who lived for "evermore." By the mention of "the threble Thribers," otherwise the three Fates or Norns, it will be seen that the version here published differs most materially from the other versions. Hopelessly corrupt as some of the lines seem to have become, enough has been left to show that they are essentially pagan, and that they probably, in their original shape, contained an epitome of the heathen belief once current in England—a belief which, in spite of persecution and contempt, remained long fixed in the hearts of the people.

Not the least wonderful part of this ancient song is the strange music by which it is accompanied, and which, by the kindness of a friend who has carefully written it down for me, I am here enabled to preserve. It is music which falls upon the ear like the tones of a solemn Gregorian chant. If the words have changed, the music has remained as it was many centuries ago, and we have here a hymn—if such an epitome of religious doctrine may be so called—addressed, not to the Blessed Virgin, but to the three Weird Sisters who presided over human destinies, and to other sacred beings of the pagan creed. If I can prove this assertion I shall have established a point of great historical interest.

The version of the hymn which is here first published contains the line "Eight are the Gabriel riders;" Dr. Jessopp's version has

¹ One of Mr. Lang's versions has "the *three great Rivals*"—an easy corruption of "threble (or treble) Thribers."

"Nine's the gable rangers," and Mr. Lang's reads "Nine are nine bold rainers." It is obvious that the "Gabriel riders" and "gable rangers" are the same thing, and I think it will not be doubted that "bold rainers" is a corruption of one of these. In the "gable rangers" Dr. Jessopp seems to hear "the echo of the angel Gabriel," but had he been more conversant with English folk-lore he would have seen at once that "the Gabriel riders," or "gable rangers," are the well-known Gabriel hounds, or, as they are called in the neighbourhood of Leeds, "gabble retchets," "rache" being an old English word for a scenting hound. The noise made by a flock of birds in the air, the sighing of the wind in the trees, and other mysterious sounds, were long ago the cause of ignorant fears, and Teutonic mythology abounds with stories about the Wild Huntsman with his dogs, the Furious Host, Hackelblock, &c. riding through the sky. "The phenomenon of howling wind," says Grimm, "is referred to Odin's waggon, as that of thunder is to Thor's," and he also says that "Wuotan (Odin), the god of war and victory, rides at the head of this aerial phenomenon." The "Gabriel riders" of this old hymn are, therefore, the procession of half-divine beings, valkyrs and einheriar, who followed in the train of Odin, the reference in the hymn being, perhaps, to the god himself. Some German folk-tales place at the head of the wild host a white man on a white horse, and I may here mention that in the village from which my version of the hymn has been obtained—Eckington, in Derbyshire—a spectral white horse which vomits fire is still remembered, and colliers are said to have seen it when going to their work early in the morning. In the same parish it is said that children who are born at the hour of midnight have "the power to see the Gabriel hounds." At Highlow, in the parish of Hathersage, it is said that a white horse with a white rider appears by night.

The hymn, as told to me, begins and ends with the mention of "the threble Thribers," two of whom are said to be lily-white maids, and the third a maiden dressed in green. I have made local inquiries about the word "thriber," which is pronounced with the *i* long. The people who use it do not know what it means, and I have written it as they pronounce it. What, then, is this "thriber," assuming the word to have come down to us unchanged, or, at least, fairly well preserved? I take it to be the English representative of an old Norse word, þrúðr, a maid, which is found in a great number of female names, such as Elfrida and Gertrude. We should, however, expect the form to be "thrida," or "frida," instead of "thriba." But the habit of alliteration will easily explain how the letter *b* would take the place of *d*.

Whether this derivation be correct or not, it is clear, upon other grounds, that the three "Thribers" or maids are the three *Parcæ* or Fates. In ancient stories these maids are represented as beings of enchanting beauty. I am not aware that they are anywhere described as being robed in white or green, but "white ladies" are known in English local names, if not in English folk-lore, and "white ladies," white-robed women, are frequent in German legend. In German folk-myths we hear of these white maidens carrying bunches of may lilies in their hands, of white lilies plucked by them, of may-lilies offered to the goddess Ostara. If these "white ladies" are not the Fates they are nearly related to them, and it is not easy to separate the one from the other. We do not know by what names these radiant sisters, to whom the very gods were subject, were distinguished amongst Englishmen, except that the foremost of the three was called Wyrd.¹ But the memory of the Fates is not even now forgotten in the very village in which this folk-hymn was written down. In Eckington, I am told, it is still the custom on New Year's Eve for three unmarried girls to enter a room having two doors in it, and to set the table with knives, forks, and plates for three guests. There must always be three girls, neither more nor less. Having set the table in this manner they wait until twelve o'clock, exactly at which hour the spirits of their future husbands appear, coming in at one door and going out at the other. Now Burchard of Worms, who died in 1024, in a well-known passage speaks of the three sisters or *Parcæ* for whom the people of the house spread the table with three plates and three knives, exactly as the girls at Eckington do now.² Moreover, the oath "by the Meggins," meaning "by the Fates," or "by the Norns," is still heard in the neighbourhood.

Evidently the maid who was "dressed in green" was the one who told of evil to come, of pain and death. It will have been noticed that there is a deep and mournful cadence in the music when her name is mentioned, and we may be sure that there was a reason for this. Saxo Grammaticus relates how King Fridlevus went to the temple of the gods to learn the destiny of his son. There he saw the "nymphs" sitting on three seats. The first two foretold good things of the boy, but the third, who was the ill-natured one (*protervioris ingenii invidentiorisque studii femina*), said that the boy would be addicted to the sin of avarice. She, perhaps, was robed in green.

¹ In Norse mythology the Norns dwelt by Urd's well. Possibly the local name Wardsend (atte Werdesend) may mean Norn's land.

² See the original in Grimm's *Teutonic Mythology*, translated by Stallybrass, p. 1746.

It is well known that green is still regarded as the unlucky colour. A girl will not accept an emerald ring from her lover, and a Scotchman will have nothing green at his wedding, all kinds of green vegetables being rigorously excluded. The river Tees has its sprite, called Peg Powler, who has green tresses, and some streams in Lancashire are haunted by a being called Jenny Greenteeth. These sirens are said to lure men to destruction, or to devour them. Hence it appears that the Norn robed in green was the one who pronounced the evil decrees of fate. All three lived for "evermore," and the words and music of this old hymn show that they were worshipped with affection and fear.

English field names, or local names, appear to contain evidence of a widespread belief in the actual manifestation of the Fates to men. Thus, at Ashover, in Derbyshire, a steep and rugged piece of ground, at the top of which is a "wishing stone," is known as the Faybrick, "fay," meaning fate, Norn; and "brick"—Old English *brêche*—a piece of rough, untilled land. It is said that if you stand upon the wishing stone and wish something three times your wish will come true. Maybrick has probably exactly the same meaning, "may" being the maid, fay, or Norn.

Some parts of the hymn are hard to explain, and others so corrupt that one cannot even hazard a guess. I think that the "gospel rhymers" or "gospel makers" are not necessarily the four Evangelists. More probably the words refer to the spells and runes written and used by priests and magicians—spells which had power to kill and bring back the dead to life, to heal the sick, and allay the storm. The "seven golden stars in heaven" seem to be the Pleiades, the "golden hen and six chickens" of the Hungarian folk-tale. In Eckington children are still told that it is unlucky to point at the stars, and it is there said that God's eye will be seen in the sky at the last day.

It will have been noticed that the hymn is sung at night amid the drinking of ale. We must remember that in England, as elsewhere, witches are said to have held their feasts by night on the lonely heath or the bleak hill top. Thus an old book on witchcraft, which describes some of these nightly assemblies in the wilderness, tells us that "at their meeting they have usually wine or good beer, cakes, meat, or the like. They eat and drink really when they meet in their bodies, dance also and have music."¹ This was written in 1664. The same book, in describing the witchcraft practised by Agnes Sympson, mentions "her use of long scriptural prayers and rhymes, containing the main points of Christianity, so that she may seem to have been not so much a

¹ Glanvil's *Sadducismus Triumphatus*, 1726, p. 297.

white witch as an holy woman.”¹ It would appear, therefore, that our “Chant of Arcady” was an epitome of heathen belief, with some admixture of Christian ideas, originally sung by witches and their followers at their meetings by night. The fact of its existence in widely remote parts of England shows that the heathen creed was definite and well understood.

In this same parish of Eckington another hymn or carol, not less interesting than the so-called “Chant of Arcady,” is sung by children at Christmas, the words and tune being as follows :

I saw three ships come sail - ing by, come

sail - ing by, come sailing by, I saw three ships come

sail - ing by, at Christmas day in the morn - ing.

I asked them what they had got there,
 They had got there, they had got there,
 I asked them what they had got there
 At Christmas day in the morning.

¹ Glanvil's *Sadducismus Triumphatus*, 1726, p. 398.

They said they had a Saviour there,
A Saviour there, a Saviour there,
They said they had a Saviour there
At Christmas day in the morning.

They washed his head in a golden bowl,
In a golden bowl, in a golden bowl,
They washed his head in a golden bowl
At Christmas day in the morning.

They wiped his head with a diaper towel,
With a diaper towel, with a diaper towel,
They wiped his head with a diaper towel
At Christmas day in the morning.

They combed his hair with an ivory comb,
With an ivory comb, with an ivory comb,
They combed his hair with an ivory comb
At Christmas day in the morning.

And all the bells in heaven did ring,
Heaven did ring, heaven did ring,
To think that Christ was born a king
At Christmas day in the morning.

In the mysterious words of the previous hymn we have seen that "six came on the board," and "five by water," and that Mr. Lang's Cornish version of that hymn has the line "five are the ferrymen in the boat, and one of them a stranger." I take this "stranger" to be the "Saviour" mentioned in the carol about the three ships. If we examine the carol attentively we shall see that it is not a Christian hymn at all. The "Saviour" is not the child Jesus, but the boy Scaef; and if we merely read "stranger" instead of "Saviour," and "Scaef" instead of "Christ," we shall altogether eliminate that Christian element which is foreign to the carol. I do not know whether the birth of the year is intended to be symbolised by the coming of a child across the sea, bringing plenty and goodwill to our shores. But Scaef means "sheaf," which is itself a symbol of plenty, whilst the mention of the golden bowl, the ivory comb, and the diaper towel would seem to show that the new year was heralded with rejoicing, and with deep reverence paid to the godlike child who brought prosperity. As for the legend about the boy Scaef, the reader shall have the account of an eminent writer on Teutonic mythology :

One day it came to pass that a ship was seen sailing near the coast of Scedeland, or Scani, and it approached the land without being propelled either by oars or sails. The ship came to the sea-beach, and there was seen lying in it a little boy, who was sleeping with his head on a sheaf of grain, surrounded by treasures and tools, by glaives and coats of mail. The boat itself was stately and

beautifully decorated. Who he was, and whence he came, nobody had any idea, but the little boy was received as if he had been a kinsman, and he received the most constant and tender care. As he came with a sheaf of grain to their country the people called him Scef, Sceaf. Scef grew up among this people, became their benefactor and king, and ruled most honourably for many years. He died far advanced in age. In accordance with his own directions, his body was borne down to the strand where he had landed as a child. There, in a little harbour, lay the same boat in which he had come. Glittering from hoar-frost and ice, and eager to return to the sea, the boat was waiting to receive the dead king, and around him the grateful and sorrowing people laid no fewer treasures than those with which Scef had come. And when all was finished the boat went out upon the sea, and no one knows where it landed.¹

This beautiful allegory seems to describe the birth and death of the year. At Christmas children in Eckington carry a doll in a box, and go round from house to house singing :

We've been awhile a wandering
 All through the fields so green ;
 And now we come a wesselling,
 So plainly to be seen.
 O my jolly wessel,
 O my jolly wessel,
 Love and joy come to you
 And to our wessel too.
 Pray God bless you,
 Pray God bless you,
 Pray God send you
 A happy new year.

In other parts of England we hear of the "vessel cup," or "bessel cup." In my opinion this is not the wassail bowl at all, though the word is commonly interpreted in that way. It is the vessel, or representation of the ship, in which an image of the boy Scef was carried. It is rather strange that the doll in the box should not be carried round when the carol of the three ships is sung ; but probably that carol was once accompanied by the figure of a ship and child, and a little play representing the washing of the child's head in the bowl, and the combing and wiping of his hair. A custom known as "washing baby's head" still exists in the district. When a child is born it is usual for the father to "wash its head" by calling in his neighbours to assist him in a drinking carousal. It is not easy to understand why there should be three ships, and the line

I saw a ship come sailing by

would do as well as the words now used. The legend of the boy Scef was known to Matthew of Westminster, who explains that personal name as *manipulus frumenti*. It is still the custom in

¹ Rydberg's *Teutonic Mythology*, translated by Anderson, 1889, p. 87.

Derbyshire to partake of "frumity," *i.e.* wheat boiled in milk, on the morning of Christmas day. On that morning, years ago, I am told that a Derbyshire farmer used to give a sheaf of wheat, or a sheaf of oats, to each of his horses and oxen. It would seem, then, that animals were believed to share in the common rejoicing. In Eckington it is said, at this very day, that if you enter a cowhouse at the hour of midnight you will see the cows kneeling down in prayer to God.

In some parts of England the memory of heathen beliefs and practices is yet fresh and green. It needs a delicate hand to gather these tender blossoms in, for they are apt to elude the grasp of clumsy fingers. But just as the field-name, if we would understand it rightly, is often eloquent of ancient myths, so the existing folk-lore and legends of English villages are full of the spirit of that non-Christian religion which was dear to our English forefathers in the morning of their history.

SIDNEY O. ADDY.

IN A SCOTCH "SMIDDY."

THERE were three smiddies and six blacksmiths in the parish of Carglen. This was but a small, some thought a ludicrously inadequate number, when it was remembered that the area of the parish was nine miles in length by seven in breadth, and its surface dotted by a long succession of cottars' cots, cosy crofts, and extensive farmsteads. Still, these six stalwart wielders of the hammer, toiling, sweating, and struggling in front of the furnace through sultry summer days and cold, dark, wintry evenings, ministered, on the whole effectively to the wants of the rural population, in the matters of ploughs, harrows, picks, spades, pitchforks, scythes, shoeing of horses, and all the miscellaneous odds and ends in iron and steel manufacture required by the farmer, the peasant, the carter, and the hedger and ditcher.

I know not what it may have been in other neighbourhoods in the north of Scotland, but I do know that in our own parish of Carglen the blacksmith, young or old, was a noted personage. He had more robust physical strength than any one else; he was a harder worker; he was a sort of walking dictionary for the use of, and a father confessor to, the men and lads of an extensive district; he was well-to-do; he had the ear of the country lasses, if a single man; and, if married, was a douce, sober, "lang-headit chiel"; in short, he belonged to the very first grade of experience, wisdom, and tried respectability in Carglen. The local tailor, the "souter," or shoemaker, the joiner, were, each and all, creatures of inferior rank, mere sapless lumber, so to speak, in comparison with the life and vigour of the sturdier parishioner. "Prick-the-louse"—that is, in other language, the tailor—was indeed the lankiest, leanest, most woe-begone, least reputable member in the whole body of the tiny Carglen democracy.

The two minor smiddies, though very characteristic and worthy of ample description in their degree, shall not now be delineated in extended detail. Suffice it to say that one was a plain, substantial, smoke-begrimed, roadside Highland shanty, adorned with a roof

decked by gaudy red tiles, and surrounded by the smith's dwelling, a byre, a stable, and other outhouses of uncouth architecture ; the second, a place of very different feature, inasmuch as it bore every appearance of having been hewn from the solid rock at the top of a declivity known in Carglen as the Girdler's Craig. For what reason that steep precipice came to be described by this name was, I recollect, a kind of puzzle to me in early days, but I never succeeded in solving the mystery, either from inner consciousness or by enlightenment from the lore of local antiquaries ; but, in any case, Jamieson's smiddy—it cannot always have been Jamieson's, but to designate it by any other phrase would seem like transforming the cave-shop of the blacksmith into an unknown den—was part and parcel, if one may so say, of the real treasures of Carglen. Above it, on the rock, stood the attendant tenements—conspicuous objects ; but the smiddy itself, a veritable smoke-hole in summer, has been known, on occasions more than one, to be utterly engulfed in mid-winter in the folds of a huge snow-wreath.

The smiddy, however, of which I desire to speak in this paper, was placed in different surroundings, certainly of more picturesque, if less romantic, setting. It was *the* smiddy *par excellence* in our little world of Carglen, just as the main public school, albeit there were three others, was always spoken of parochially as *the school*. The smiddy, the smith's house, the trim front fruit-garden, the barn, the byre, the stable, and, above all, the high, white, round dove-cot in the rear of the court-yard, together made a picture the outlines of which, once seen and accurately marked, could scarcely ever be forgotten. I have used the word court-yard ; would that this were sufficiently indicative of the actual nature of that central square ! Alas ! it is not. What would a Highland farmstead of the olden time have been without its midden before the kitchen door ? What is a Scotch steading even now without the glorious dunghill in the middle of the cluster of farm buildings ? Amos Gibb's croft was no exception to this characteristic general feature. Right in front of the superbly shining dove-cot, under the very eyes of the sleekly plump pigeons, rose the eternal dunghheap, like a rotting flower-shrub in a fertile garden. There is a cesspool, too, at the nearest corner, of which beware, as you steer for the smiddy door on a dark misty night. Around the blacksmith's dwelling were his half-dozen patches of cultivated soil, and beyond these an extensive strip of heathy moor, terminating in an abrupt descent to a birchen dell, where

The wild rose, eglantine, and broom
Wasted around their rich perfume—

where birds sang sweet, lovers met on the Sunday, and Carglen burn piped to irresponsive ears an unceasing song, as it rushed by alders, danced through narrow fissures, dallied with innumerable tree-roots, and rumbled amid a hundred flinty rocks. Gibb's smiddy, or Tap-the-neuk, as it was indifferently known, was situated by the side of the main or toll road, at a spot where the scenery was unexpectedly charming ; a sort of little oasis in the midst of the sombre pastures, treeless slopes, and barren moorland of cold Carglen. Crossing the road, you passed into a little wood, full of oak, ash, and silvery birch trees, covering banks, crags, holms, and shady nooks, gently sloping to the Carglen burn, which here bickers through dark caverns inaccessible to human foot, save at distant intervals, and these only at spaces overlooking black swirling pools of excessive depth, from the bubbling eddies of one of which I, poor youngster! was snatched in early days, almost at the last gasp, by the strong arm of a country ploughman. Heaven only knows whether it was the tug of an over-big trout or salmon from the river S——, or simply a sunken tree-root in which the fish-hook had got entangled, that caused this disaster ; but, in either case, my foot slipped, and down I fell in the black waters of the Hag's Pot. In subsequent expeditions this particular pool saw me no more, nor have I looked upon it to this day. I have always meant to fish there again, and still mean to do so ; the black pot has a peculiar fascination, but somehow I have ever managed to shun it. Even when, a few years ago, I was last within sound of its dreamy swirl, and on the greensward, where I had first read the "Songs" of Burns, once more turned over the pages of the national poet, I left without looking on it, under protection of a hypocritical mental excuse that time had passed too rapidly and I was due elsewhere. Since the railway cuttings were opened through Tap-the-neuk den, it has come to be spoken of as the Gulley, but even the smoky engine has failed to rob the place of its surpassing charm, and scarcely a train passes in the summer season without showing from its carriage windows many faces of strange passengers, whose attention has been riveted by the picturesque gorge.

On this charming Highland spot the smiddy looked down. The smiddy itself was a plain square building, with two windows at the back, graced with somewhat shattered small squares of glass, and with a single door in front. There were two furnaces, one at either end of the room. The floor was earthen, and sadly uneven, save in the centre, where there was a paved square upon which the horses stood in the process of shoeing, or "shoddin'," as it was always

denominated in those parts. The contents of the smiddy were of the most miscellaneous description. In addition to the usual instruments required in the blacksmith's art, such as bellows, stithy ("studdy," as they called it), vice, lathe, hammers, shovels, pincers, tongs, &c., the rafters and the sides of the gaunt square building were covered with bars of iron and steel fresh from the foundry of the country town, in intricate conjunction with the accumulated rubbish of two generations of Carglen peasants. There were twisted old horse shoes, broken sickles, and scythes of curious antiquated type, disused pitchforks, bits of saddle chain, coils of rusty fence-wire, innumerable old spades, or fractions of them, a heap of out-worn rings from rotten cart-wheels, socks, coulter, and other portions of disused ploughs, in ample abundance; in short, a veritable *olla podrida*, if one may so say; a mixture as curious in its way as that of the immortal Captain Grose, who

Had a fouth o' auld nick-nackets,
Rusty airn caps, an' ginglin' jackets,
Wad hold the Lowdiens three in tackets
A towmont guid;
An' parritch pats an' auld saut-buckets
Afore the flood.

Outside the smiddy, just by the door—take care, once more, if you go there of a mirk winter evening, in case you split your shins against them—stood one or two gaudily painted new iron ploughs for sale, and, perchance, one or two more sent by their owners to await repairs. It may be asked by what means this curious stock of ancient lumber came to be piled up in the smiddy, occupying, as it did, even to the unpractised eye, an amount of space altogether disproportioned to the exigencies of the rural blacksmith's shop. The explanation, like most explanations in far higher and more important matters, is very simple. It was the custom of the good farmer, or struggling cottar, whenever any agricultural implement, such as a pick or a spade, a hoe or a harrow, was out of order, to take it to the smith's, to see if it could be repaired. If he could mend it, good and well; if not, what on earth was the use of taking it home again, burdening either the human shoulder or the back of a horse? So it came to be left in the custody of the blacksmith. "It's ower far gaen," Amos might declare. "Na noo, ye dinna say sae," would be the reply. "Fac as death," solemnly adds he of the hammer. "Mak' us a new ane," would the customer jauntily respond, as he pitched the dilapidated implement into a heap of neighbourly rubbish.

Amos Gibb was a busy man, on his croft, in the late summer and early and mid-autumn. He, too, was a bit of a farmer in his way, and neither threat nor temptation would move him from the mowing of his clover patch, or the ingathering of his scanty oatmeal harvest. He was a pious man, and a ruling elder to boot in the Free Kirk, and, as such, was known all over Carglen as a shining light of the first brilliance. Strong language was therefore as foreign to him as strong drink in excess; judge, accordingly, of the state of perturbation into which the worthy Cargleners were thrown when it was rumoured throughout the parish that something like the following conversation had passed between George M'Queben and Elder Amos Gibb:

George (who had a big job on hand in delving fuel from the peaty bog): "It's a braw day, smith; come awa' in and gae a mend to this spaad. I'm fairly at a loss without it."

Amos (sweeping the scythe in the lush clover): "Na noo, ye dinna say sae, George; *it is really a guid day.*"

George: "True as God made me, smith, I canna' get along without it."

Amos: "Troth an' its gae like."

But still the scythe went swish, swish, in the precious green clover.

George: "Ye'll be comin' awa' in, then, Maister Gibb."

Amos: "Eh, fat for, man?"

George: "As sure as auld Nick, noo, smith, are ye na provokin'?"

Amos: "Be quiet, George; ye ken it's said in the guid Book, 'Evil communications corrupt good mainers.'"

George: "Mayners! little care I for mayners; they're for chiels aboon me; mend my *spaad*, say I."

And George laid his horny hand on the blacksmith's muscular shoulder. Swish—chirr! went the scythe, abruptly coming to a standstill in the middle of the "bout." "George," said Amos, looking him straight in the face with a penetration like that wherewith the Ancient Mariner held the wedding guest; "George," said he again, "ye mind the text last Sunday, 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

"Weel, weel," said the peat-digger, "what in all the warl' has that tae dae wi' the mendin' o' my *spaad*?"

"Deed, a muckle bit," quoth the smith; "for see ye here, 'There's a time,' saith the Scripture, 'for cuttin' my girss [grass], an' there's a time for replenishin' your spade.'"

George: "Jest the vera thing I was sayin',"

"Na, na, jest the preceese opposite," was the laconic rejoinder ; and swish, swish, once more went the scythe.

George fairly lost all patience. "Ye donnart auld deevil, that I shud say sae—wunna ye dae the needfu'?" said he.

"Swear not at all," cried the smith ; and still swish, swish, went the keen-edged scythe.

George stood on the juicy new-mown sward, boiling with indignation, yet scarcely knowing what to say or do. Poor McQueben, drunken, ne'er-do-weel as he was, had little notion of a correct theology ; but, all the same, some rude ideas were floating in his confused brain. At length these gathered shape, and said he, "Amos, I've heard tell that Ane aboon has said, 'inasmuch as ye have done it to the least, ye've done it to me' ; and 'the wicked shall be turnit into hell.' Eh, man, it's a glum ootlook for some. 'Depairt from me' was the text nae lang syne."

This was too much even for the sedate elder. Swish went the scythe no longer ; erect stood Amos Gibb leaning slightly on his scythe. "Dam' ye, George McQueben," said he, "ye're the deevil's ain son. Gang to the ither smiddy."

Without a moment's delay George trudged from the clover-patch, spade on shoulder, and made for the high road ; nor did he stop till he reached smiddy number two in Carglen, where he found smith number two, and had his wants instantly attended to. He did not fail, however, to tell his story, garnished, it must be confessed, with much additional strength of language. This was the only time upon which Amos Gibb was known to have forgotten himself, and used words very unbecoming a sedate man and ruling elder of the Free Kirk. All in Carglen were alike surprised and shocked ; the profane professed to see in the occurrence a convincing proof of the fact that "We're a' tarred wi' ae stick" ; the professors, good, honest folk, gave a more charitable explanation of the lamentable outburst of temper. It was Jeems Newton who was the cause of the circulation of this less satirical version. Jeems was a mountain shepherd, dwelling in a solitary turf hut within a sheltered cleft of cold Ben Ulen, and it was pretty generally known in Carglen that somewhere in the vicinity of his little cot there was an underground illicit still, which supplied the worthy peasants with many "draps o' the critur" of the daintiest flavour. Ill news travels fast and travels far, and it was not long, therefore, before tidings of the smith's downfall were carried to the hearthstone on the hillside. Jeems was greatly perturbed in spirit ; tumbled up and down in his own mind, as John Bunyan quaintly phrases it ; but at length he unburdened himself.

"Deil be in me—wha' would hae thocht it?—haith that's jest it ; eh ! mon, its a real awfu' owerturn for Amos Gibb."

"Ay, deed is it," chimed in his visitor.

"An' there's mair to blame than him," continued the shepherd ; "the deil's aboot, say I ; look to yersels."

"Ye havna SEEN him again, Jeems, hae ye?" whimpered the superstitious Carglener.

"Na, its nae *him*, it's the whisky."

"The whisky, Jeems ! what mean ye?"

"Ow, mon, its vera seemple," quoth the shepherd ; "see here. Ye'll maybe hae a kind o' glint that I supply Amos frae time to time wi' a gallon or sae o' the dew. That's neither here nor there ; but nae to deceeve ye, I'm free tae tell that short syne I sent Maister Gibb twa brown jars o' a stronger drap than I had iver done afore ; an' may the auld carle get me, if it hasna brought about puir Amos's doonfa'."

"Weel, an' there noo !" half whistled the man from the farm.

So that the short and the long of the story is this : All Carglen was very speedily divided into two camps, cleft by a parting line as distinct as that which separates Protestant from Catholic, Whig from Tory, Home Ruler from Unionist, pre-Millennialist from post-Millennialist, and so on and on. Here, a large and voluble throng swore that "Amos Gibb was fund oot at last ; he wus jest as bad as ony o' us—*only warse*." There, a large number—and they, strange to tell, the sober sort—gave it as their opinion "that it wus nae Amos Gibb at a' that was at fault, but jest that ower het drap o' whisky." But, oddest of all, one man was strangely silent, and he the *fons et origo* of the whole problem. George McQueben had nothing but good to say of the smith ! The reason of this transformation was somewhat hidden, but I believe it may be accounted for in this way. Amos had found means of propitiating the outraged peat-digger. A spade of finished workmanship was put into the hands of the hard drinker of usquebaugh, and rumour in my time had it, that whatever little jobs were done thereafter for George in the smiddy of Tap-the-neuk, no accounts were ever known to be rendered at the close of the half-year.

But, as yet, we have scarcely seen the inside of the smiddy. It was a cosy place in winter, especially when the snow, driven by the fury of the nor'-eastern blast, had swept over the shoulder of Ben Ulen, to fall in wide-covering and scattered drift on the heathy moors, the sloping fields, the level meadows, and desolate glens of the hi hland parish. A weary struggle was it for the ploughman in

the fields upon such bleak, chill, winter days; but, with the fall of early evening, a genial respite supervened to his spell of dismal toil. When his supper, taken somewhere between 5.30 and 6.30, had been duly despatched, he shouldered his "sock" and his "cou'ter," and set forth, amid the thickly falling snow, for the smiddy of Tap-the-neuk. Many of the country fellows, moreover, who had no personal business to transact with the blacksmith, found themselves attracted by the force of association, confirmed habit, and pleasure of genial gossip, to the same rendezvous; so that by seven o'clock, or thereabouts, the grimy room was fairly packed with men and youths from every part of the lower end of Carglen parish. Some were squatting on the floor, others sat on the rough benches; some leant on the edge of the water-tubs, and yet others manfully stood in the middle of the earthen floor, smoking their cutty pipes, and resting now upon one leg and anon upon the other. Many a happy winter's evening have I spent in that rude and sooty shelter, and, indeed, so frequent were my visits, that by a sort of prescriptive right I invariably claimed as my *coign* of vantage the cosiest—albeit the dirtiest—corner in the ruling elder's smithy. This was the heap of burnt cinders on the furnace bench, close by the great fire blazing under the nose of the huge dusty bellows. It was a place where the hot sparks fell fast and thick; but, somehow, one did not mind these, so familiar had they become upon intimate acquaintance. School was a dreary place at the best; preparing Greek and Latin lessons was a weary grind; but when the hour arrived to don an old suit and race to Tap-the-neuk, all such things were forgotten in the inspiring excitement. Oh! for the pen of a Walter Scott, or, on a lower scale, of a Robert Louis Stevenson—or even of a J. M. Barrie—to describe these nights, so full of fun, frolic, gossip, and healthy human bucolic wisdom. One remembers them with a haunting feeling that more was to be learned there than from all the books of all the sages.

We will travel back in imagination to one of these glorious nights. It is an evening in mid-winter, and the snow lies deep on all the lowland fields. A nipping wind drives in blinding swirls the powdery snow, as we trudge to the smiddy, whose ruddy light shines welcome and cosy through the broken window-panes, the chinks of which are, in these cold times, plentifully stuffed with bits of brown paper and old rag. Pity the poor shepherd on the lone hill-side in such a night, say we, as ever and again the blast sweeps past with teeth keener and chill more snell. There is a wildly dancing moon in the northern sky, whose scant beams occasionally

light up the path, so that we are able to steer clear of yawning Scylla as we make for the smiddy door. Safe within, we are in another world. Like Dante emerging with joy from the gloomy shades to look once more on the sweet earth and the beautiful light of heaven, we feel a pleasure, of different kind, but equal degree, in the welcome heat and foretaste of social pleasure, which drive away all memory of the howling night wind.

We mount to the old seat on that cinder-heap and survey the company. Smith Amos Gibb at this end of the room, and smith Amos Gibb's assistant at the opposite, are hard at work. Now is the busiest part of the twenty-four hours for them. Clink, clink of hammers, an everlasting clink seems to be going on. There are perhaps a score of persons in the smiddy, and for a time conversation is kept up by the country fellows in scattered groups. An occasional guffaw from stentorian lungs partly renders inaudible the interchange of soul which is going on in the little group nearest to us, just there by the well-worn turning-lathe. Yet, on the whole, we gather the drift of the dialogue. The speakers are Tam o' the Croft, Andrew frae Claypots, Sandy o' the Tanzie, and little Pat frae the Mill.

"It's trying weather for the horse," cries he of the Claypots.

"Ay, an' ye may say it," declares the man from the Croft.

"It's nippin' tae the han's," murmurs the lad of the Mill.

"Deed an' ye'r richt," adds the fourth in this quartette; "but hae ye heard the news?"

Tam and Pat give a knowing wink the one to the other, as much as to say, "We could an' if we would;" but Andrew, slightly more ingenuous, hazards the assertion, "It's maist like I have; but tell yer tale, man."

Then declares Sandy in a sepulchral voice—gazing on the dingy roof and the curling smoke amid the rafters, at the same time mechanically shaking the ashes from his coal-black pipe—"Kirsty's gone."

"Dead!" cry they all.

"Ow na, nae deid, but only lost," responds Sandy with a mighty expectoration.

"Lost on the muirs!" exclaims little Pat with a wild shriek, just as a huge spark, struck by the fore-hammer, leaps into his left eye.

Sandy refills his pipe, lights it with a red-hot iron, remounts the lathe, takes three whiffs at the cutty, and says he, "Na."

A few moments' silence, and then Andrew interposes with "Ye darena say it's the sojer."

"What, Loup-the-Dyke, o' the Cameron Hielanders ! Nay, noo yer aff the gleg again, man. The lassie never care't a prin for him. She's tramped wi' Donal Beg the revival preycher, fac as death."

"Whew !" sounds through the smiddy from Pat o' the Mill ; "this comes o' prayin' an' preachin'. To steal honest men's dochters, an' the light o' their father's hoose. Past redemption an' doon the tither side for some, I'm thinkin'."

"Ne'er fash yer thumb," interposes the philosophical and phlegmatic Sandy ; "they were merryit by the U.P. Kirk minister in Boriff on Friday last."

"Haith, an' that maks an unco difference," says Tam o' the Croft ; "but cherity becomes us a', I think, an' may Guid A'mighty pity the lassie's ears, for her joe has a lang tongue. Ye may a' hae it as ye like, but I'se maintain that a hetter chield I never met than that birkie. Lord, how he roar't oot the text, 'Blessit are the peacemakers, for theirs is the kingdom o' God.' True as the mune's in the lift, it frichtent the vera kye ayont the hallan."

"Wae's me, freens, but the warst's nae tell't yet," groans, rather than speaks, Sandy, the narrator of this strange love tale.

"Weel !" "Ay, ay !" "Na !" are the varied exclamations of the listeners.

"It's a queer set-to, sirs, but the up an' the lang o't is this : Kirsty's faither's in bed, an' the doctor's sent for."

"Deil tak' him !" cries Tam, with a heavy thump on an uneven portion of the lathe.

"Nae the auld man, ye mean ?" smoothly inquires Andrew frae Claypots.

"Dae ye na tak' me, men ?" roars the now bellicose Sandy ; "it isna the feyther I'm thinkin' aboot ;" and thereupon he gives a hitch which makes the wooden stand creak in all its ancient timbers, and somehow causes him to lose his balance and, falling head foremost, measure his full length upon the floor.

"Bravo, Tanzie !" interject we, as the muscular giant arises, shakes his moleskin-covered body, and resumes his position on the turning-lathe. "It's the doctor loon I was speakin' o', freens," solemnly testifies he.

"Dr. Shanksbane !" murmurs our friend Tam.

"Richt ye are there, Tam. That's the man. He may be a vera guid doctor, but he killit my auld mither, an' she no seventy-twa." And again he thumps the lathe with his horny fist, emphasising the action with a loud oath.

"Swear not at all," cries smith Amos Gibb, in his well-known phrase, pausing in the midst of his toil and pointing with a red-hot bar of iron to a legend written in rough and partially-illegible characters on a large board suspended by a couple of tiny chains from the roof of the smiddy. The inscription originally must have been "Swear not at all, but let your yea be yea, and your nay nay, saith the Lord," but it now reads "Sw—ar not at all, but let your yea be — and your nay na— saith —."

"Ay, ay, smith, I understan' ye weel; remember George McQueben, ye would say," quietly declares Sandy, with a nod which is meant for the general assembly and produces a faint sound of applause from us all.

"Na, Sandy, it means 'Soil not yer mouth wi' foul words, in case yer teeth are dang doon yer throat,'" responds the blacksmith, fairly turning the tables upon our stalwart ploughman, whose jaw had been broken at a market fair, his nose bruised, and certain of his teeth knocked out by an irate gamekeeper of athletic powers, whose wrath had been provoked not so much by Sandy's poaching on my Lord's estate as by the furious onslaught of his tongue.

"Clean speech in this smiddy, say I," adds the smith, as he again manipulates the iron on the stithy. Dead silence ensues for a time; and then the smith calls, "Gie's a stroke at the fore-hammer, friend Sandy." Sandy, thus honoured above all present, strides into the middle of the floor, seizes the heavy instrument and smites with all his strength. "Sandy, there's hope for ye yet," says Amos. "A man that can strike like that 's nae met wi' every day." Sandy's favours are now complete, for praise from the redoubtable smith is like that from Sir Hubert Stanley, which is praise indeed.

Meanwhile another voice is heard in the throng. It is that of Jock Watt, from the knowhead farm of Cauldwells. In bygone days Jock had been a fell chiel among the queans, a sort of Carglen Don Juan; but, under the influence of a reforming impulse, he had taken to himself in grim earnest the sentiment of the sweet old Scotch chant—

We'll gang nae mair a-rovin',
A-rovin' in the night;
We'll gang nae mair a-rovin',
When the moon shines bright.

In other words, Jock had gone over to the Free Kirk, the centre, I must confess, of the only strong and aggressive Christianity that was to be found in clay-cold Carglen. And here it may be well to put on record, in case a certain bias may be suspected, that I, the

recorder of such veritable history as is herein contained, was not numbered with the good people of that powerful and earnest sect, but, on the contrary, trudged every Sunday, as the American would say, in rain or shine, to the venerable parish church, intent upon hearing the Word, first from the veteran lips of time-honoured Reverend Elijah Cargill, and then, in more degenerate days, from the glib tongue of the sleek-haired Reverend Alexos Grant.

Jock Watt is not a revivalist, but he is a stubborn pillar of bucolic Free Kirk orthodoxy. His soul is greatly troubled this evening—"gae near burstin'," as he himself might assert; and it is his voice we hear, loud as the neighing of his own fore-horse:

"Smith Amos Gibb, what's your opinion o' effectual callin'?"

"Fore-hammer again, Sandy," bellows the blacksmith, as he snaps a horse's shoe, white hot on one side, from the fire, and casts it on the stithy with a fierce stroke, causing a radiation in the immediate neighbourhood of many a blinding irony spark. Whack! whack! whack! sounds through the sooty smiddy, till we of the younger and less-informed generation begin to think that this is the ruling elder's evasive answer to the query as to effectual calling. It appears, however, that, in our simplicity, we are wrong. By-and-by the brawny arm of the smith begins to relax in its efforts; and when, through slow degrees, he at length ceases to hammer the cooling iron, we hear him saying: "In answer tae yer question, Jock Watt, I'll tell ye a wee bit o' my ain expeerince." Back goes a side of the horseshoe into the blazing furnace; loud roar the bellows once more under the impulse of the blacksmith's arm, until, in the space of one or two minutes, during which three or four of the company whose business is over, and before whose minds a long journey in the snow unfolds itself, quietly leave the smiddy with a jerky nod of the head, in lieu of the more common loud "guid-nicht," Amos Gibb turns round and begins his narrative:

"It may be known to maist here that when I was a laddie I did a little bit at the fishin' in the Firth doon by the port o' Invergavin, workin' in ane o' my feyther's boats; but some o' ye may no be awaar that ae nicht, in a wild wind and onding o' rain, I nearly lost my life in the skerries off Dunsrag head. The yawl struck a rock and three o' us were pitched head forrit into the yelpin' waves. Ane was lost; it was lang Will Bagster, o' the Fish Wynd; but the twa ithers, in the mercifu' providence o' Heaven, were washit ashore. My feyther was an auld sea-dog, and he was ne'er a prin the warse, but I was sair hackit aboot the head, and the cauld got in my bluid, and I lay in bed for fower weeks wi' the influenza; an' dae ye know,

chiels, I thoct an' I thoct an' I thoct, an' I could na' keep frae thinkin' o' thae gruesome twa three minutes in the cauld waves o' the Firth. Ye'll tak me, freens, whaun I tell ye, that in that kittle strait I was conscious o' my hail life passin' afore me, and aye a feelin' was in my mind, 'Amos Gibb, ye're nae fit for the guid place.' I feel the cauld at my hert till this vera day. Weel, as I lay in my bed, the same thing haunted me: 'Amos Gibb, ye're nae the man for the guid place; an' if ye had gaen that nicht wi' your head to the mud, whare would ye hae been?' It was a fell time wi' me, I tell ye, an' I fairly shook as I lay in my bed. My feyther the fisherman had sax books—nae mair—but haith, I declare that few amang his mates had sae many. There was a family Bible, a common Bible, and a Testament; and then there was three other volumes which the guidman aye spak o' as 'the ithers.' 'Put it aside the Bibles an' the ithers,' he would say if anything had to be placed near the books. These 'ithers' consistit o' a play-book, designit 'The Gentle Shepherd,' or some sich name, the 'Scots Worthies,' and a powerfu' treatise by John Bungan, callit 'Grace aboondin' tae the Chief o' Sinners.' Weel, ae cauld efternoon—it was the bleak time o' March, the air was clear and sharp, and, as I lay upo' my back in bed, there cam on a sudden a sweet glint o' sunshine through the back window and glanced upon my hand an' the white sheet. 'Sae bright withoot an' sae dark within,' thoct I to myself. Then the sunshine glintit on the fadit letters o' the 'Grace Aboondin',' an' thinks I to mysel', 'I'll hae a look at that'; an' up I gat, fetchit the buik, an' back I lay in my bed an' read. What I did read in that true history o' a wild sinner and a worthy saint I'll nae say, but what I will testifi is, that niver since that day hae I been in ony doot in my ain mind as to effectual callin'. Wad ye like to read the buikie, Jock? if sae, it's at yer service this nicht."

Jock, who had evidently desired to draw the smith into a high and dry theological argument on the basis of the "Shorter Carriches" (*i.e.* "Shorter Catechism"), does not quite relish this way of disposing of the problem, and yet, seeing no direct outlet from the dilemma, rejoins, somewhat demurely, "Ou, I, Maister Gibb, I'll nae question it's a guid story, an' I wud like to read it."

"That 'll be the same Bungan that wrote the 'Pilgrim's Prohgris,' interjects half-witted Daniel Geddes, from the Mains of Cairntil. "I've been followin' that queer peelgrim for three month gane by, but deil be in me if I've got him farder yet than thae hills o' diffeeculty; but I'm determinit e'er the short nichts set in to bring him clean through it a' to the shinin' shore an' the black river, whilk is the last end o' 'im, I'm tauld."

Just at this moment a sharp knock is heard upon the smiddy door, which has recently been closed to keep out the bitter cold wind that still howls with fierce fury around the otherwise cosy shelter—and safely thus closed, inasmuch as no other customer or visitor is expected after such a late hour in the evening. But the expectation proves to be for once false, and so this thud resounds upon the upper portion of the smiddy door (it is cut evenly into two parts) ; and, on the fastenings being removed, there rushes into the midst of the throng a person who is well known in Carglen. It is Francie Kemp—the “politeeshun,” as he is generally characterised by the rural folks, to distinguish him from another Francie Kemp who follows the beggarly profession of mole-catcher—a man who is the centre of light and leading in all matters of public concern, amongst the local ploughmen and other country people. His soul is big with eventful news, and as he shakes his sides, and kicks his toes in order to clear his boots of their snow-accumulations, he struggles hard to repress his emotions, but without much success, for he abruptly gasps, “Willie’s dune it !” “Dune what ?” cries one ; and “What Willie ?” humbly inquires another. “What Willie ?” says he !” screams Francie, giving a final kick with the point of his boot, and turning at the same time upon this interrogator a look of infinite contempt, as if to say, “Could there be but one Willie ?” Half a dozen other astonished faces blaze their fury in the same direction, the good people manifestly being aghast at the mere thought that any one but the “people’s William” should be spoken of in Carglen as “Willie.” There is Willie Angus and Willie Jack and Willie Ennie, it is true, but only one “Willie.” Meanwhile the blacksmith at one end, and the blacksmith’s man at the other end of the smiddy, pause in the midst of their work to listen. Even we, on the cinder-heap, feel our hearts beat quicker, and we await with anxiety the announcement as to “Willie’s” latest doing.

“Ay, sirs, he’s dune it,” says Francie in a melancholy key ; “perliment’s dissolvit, or, as ye may say, killit, an’ a’ the langleggit meimbers are returnit clean back to them that sent them to Lunnon. An’ richt glad I am that it is sae,” he adds in a livelier tone.

“Glad ! an’ what for ?” says Amos Gibb.

“Weel, ye see, first and foremost, for the guid o’ the hail kintra, but mair in especial for thae—ehem !—mangel-waarsels, as they ca’ them.”

“The mangel-waarsels, Francie ! hoo will perliment effek them ?” says Amos.

“Gae direk, smith,” replies the accomplished politician. “Dae

ye nae see that now the Viskent, wha will pit up on the ither side, will be fairly dang into smithereens—lang will he rue the day that he plantit the bonnie rigs o' the Hame Fairm wi' the new fanglit English rubbish, instead o' the honest neeps [*i.e.* turnips] tae which we hae a' been sae lang accustomit. Deil be in me if I dinna heckle him till he's blue in the nose at ilk ane o' his meetin's about these same mangel-waarsels." Then Francie produces a grimy newspaper from his pocket and reads. The conversation proceeds from turnips to other matters of parochial interest, and so on through questions of ecclesiastical and general Scottish interest, to the concerns of nations and the fate of empires ! Most of us in that bucolic throng are keen for the conflict, and sanguine of the result; but perhaps we should be a little less sanguine if we could look four weeks ahead. What tongue can be bold enough to declare, what pen so steeped in prophetic gall as to announce, that, after the election, the obnoxious "Viskent" will be returned at the head of the poll? Of this unexpected event, Francie, like most interested politicians, will have his own explanation. "It was a' the d—— hielanders frae Inverkirgaig that turnit the scale. Nae mair do they care for the guid o' Scotland than a ham-eatin' Southron; they think alane o' their dirty sea-dyke—braakwater, as they ca' it, foul fa' them!" Thus, the champion of the anti-mangel-wurzel throng !

The hour is getting late now, and the smith has little heart to resume his toil. "Time's up," he therefore roars in his loudest key. Slowly the country yokels slide from their various resting-places, find their legs, shoulder their implements, and wend their various ways. We, too, jump from our cinder heap, and race through the snow. Our ploughmen friends we shall likely meet again, but not so the smith. His end, at any rate, was peace. Eight years ago he was gathered to his fathers. It was a Saturday night, and he had finished his labour in the old smithy in his usual manner, looked into the byre to see if the "kye" were all right, fastened the lower door of the pigeon-house, quietly walked into the spacious kitchen where his wife was still busied with household duties, sat down in his own arm-chair, and gently passed into a still sleep from which he never awoke ! This was the last of smith Amos Gibb. That he was much beloved is beyond question, for after his funeral a meeting was held in the smiddy, Francie Kemp in the chair—or, to speak correctly, on the furnace-bench ! After much discussion and many eloquent speeches, it was unanimously agreed that a marble slab should be erected in Carglen Kirkyaird at the expense of the farm-servant community, with this epitaph : "He was a good man, and did good." Pray,

Mr. Thomas Hardy, did you, in the course of a Highland tour in which you found yourself in Carglen Kirkyaird, find out these words carved by Peter Simpson's own hand, and like a freebooting plagiarist put them into the mouth of that truest of your female characters, the ill-requited Marty South in the "Woodlanders," when she spoke of her dead Giles Winterborne? or is this one of those coincidences in which beautiful and appropriate words seem to have an undying youth and an international use?

ALEXANDER GORDON.

AN INDIAN CRIME.

“The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.”—*King John.*

THE crime it is proposed to briefly describe certainly exists in Calcutta and in Bengal generally, and is not unknown, report says, in the South of India. But the circumstances attending it, as here related, are taken from record, or founded on observation, in the North-Western Provinces. The adjective Indian is, however, not inappropriate, because, as far as the writer is aware, the particular offence is unknown elsewhere ; and, indeed, is suggested and led up to, chiefly by habits and associations existing in that part of the East. A social outrage so striking very forcibly impressed itself on the writer's mind, when he was commencing magisterial work in a district near Agra, many years ago. And an account of it was written, entitled “Foul Play in the Jungle,” which—published in an ephemeral magazine, and long forgotten by its author as well as by everybody else—is only mentioned because some of the facts here put down were doubtless put down there also. It may be safely affirmed, however, that not a letter of that account has ever reached England.

The crime is that of the murder of children for their ornaments. And three strange points have been noticed about this terrible outrage. First, that it is generally committed without due provision for its concealment, and often with circumstances of extreme folly. Secondly, that the crime appears to be almost always discovered and punished. The writer has never heard of missing children supposed to have come to violent ends, about whom nothing further was known ; for the people are with the authorities in this matter, and will do their utmost to bring the suspected to justice. The third point is that this especial offence does not seem materially to diminish. And here it may be just said, that murders, if found out, do not necessarily reflect discredit on the police. Many women are put to death in India, as in other parts of the East, from motives of jealousy. If a man wishes to destroy his wife, and does not fear dying for the act, Vidocq himself could not prevent him. And so with this destruction of children ; a law could be passed prohibiting their

wearing ornaments, but, if they *do* wear ornaments, no law can prevent, and no vigilance hinder, persons who will risk being hung from murdering them.

It will, doubtless, be remembered that, amongst Hindoos, the son has the duty of performing the religious rites to his dead father, and male children are on this account, amongst others, much valued and indulged. And affection often displays itself by placing necklaces round their throats, charms and horoscopes cased in silver upon their arms, and bangles on their wrists.

The first instance of the crime that came to notice was one in which the perpetrator was a herdsman, named Choonee. He was employed by a farmer to take the cattle out to graze ; and usually drove them to pasture in the early forenoon, and home again at sundown. The farmer had a lad aged some five years, who was very fond of Choonee, and after the child had had his midday meal he would go out to find his friend on the Common Land. Hindoo boys of this class and age, from good supplies of farinaceous food, get little bow windows in front ; and with their rose-coloured turbans, linen jackets and loin-cloths, look very innocent, foolish figures. But besides his decent clothing, this lad wore a silver necklace, and bangles on his wrists. One day the two friends were sitting together in the shade cast by the broad leaves of the Butea, a stumpy tree growing in copses. The rains were over, and even before they had commenced the beautiful red flowers of the Butea had disappeared, but it was in full foliage. Near at hand, the cattle were grazing. Choonee, from time to time, moved a stone into the sun, because he could judge by its shadow how the day was speeding. The herdsman's eyes glittered as they fell on the silver worn by his small companion, and after greedily watching it in silence, he asked the lad if the necklace came off. It was easily undone, for it was secured only by a loop passing over a button of twisted cord. The child took it off, and put it in the young fellow's hands. "Now," said Choonee, "it would be funny if I could get the bangles off." So he used gentle pressure and forced them open, saying it was a joke. He promised to give them back directly, but, as if suddenly thinking of it, exclaimed, "You have not seen the pigeons !" The child was very eager, and gladly accompanied the other to a disused well, at a short distance. There was water far down, but the sides of the upper part of the well were of rough brick-work, and where bricks had fallen out, pigeons had made holes for themselves. Choonee went first, and peered into the dark shaft. "Look down," he said, and the child looked but could see nothing. "Stand quite close, and

I will throw in a clod ;” so the little boy leaned completely over, and Choonee, close behind him, threw in the clod. A hollow, echoing sound and a splash, and then a flutter of wings, a fusty smell of birds, and the lad, all excitement, saw a pigeon emerge, and craning to look for another, received a treacherous push, and down he went head-long. Not, however, into the black water, but falling irregularly, alighted on a ledge perhaps twenty or more feet below. The herdsman, having done the cowardly act, made off towards the cattle ; but on the way he caught a shrill voice calling from the shaft, “Choonee, Choonee, I am not hurt !” This slender, forgiving cry suddenly smote the black heart with remorse. And Choonee returned to the well. He had a length of old rope lying by the Butea-trees, and fetching this, he augmented it with his turban opened out ; and letting it down, the lad in the well, agile as a small animal, got a good hold and was drawn up. But the thief could not bring himself to give up the silver, and strictly enjoined the child to say he had slipped into a well, where his necklace and bangles, detached by the accident, had been lost, and kind Choonee had helped him out. When, however, the child got home amongst the women, they wormed the true story out of him. It was the more sweet of the little fellow to have been so forgiving, because he was quite aware of what a bad turn had been done him. Choonee was arrested, and gave up the silver ornaments. It was clearly an attempt at murder, but, under the circumstances, the culprit got off with imprisonment for a term of years.

In another case, a young carpenter had his workshop in the street of a village. It was the end of January ; the sugar-cane was cut, and the presses were all at work in the fields. The spring crops of grain were ripening for the sickle, and the harvest would begin in a week or two. A very busy time ; the women who could work were wanted as well as the men. And a married girl who had a boy three years old, had more than once taken him down to the carpenter’s shop and left him to play there, or fall asleep in a corner, if he pleased, whilst she went out to the labourers to lend a hand at the cane, or to frighten the birds off the corn. One morning she again asked the young workman to look after the child, and he, good-naturedly enough, promised to do so. Unfortunately, the child had silver bangles on his arms, and when the woman came home in the afternoon she found the carpenter working away, but her little boy not there. The carpenter, when interrogated, said he was very sorry, but, intent on his work, he had for a little while forgotten his charge, and when the recollection suddenly came back the child was miss-

ing. He, the carpenter, could only search in the immediate vicinity, which he had done, without effect ; and he conjectured the little thing had toddled home. But no, he was not at home, and the distracted mother imagined every misfortune : he had fallen into a well ; a wolf had carried him off ; or kidnappers—who pursued their trade in that part—had whipped him away with them. At night a bullock was often tied up in the shed where the carpenter worked, and a heap of chaff was stored in one corner for its use. This evening the bullock would not be secured in the usual place—snorted, started back, and tried to wrest its head loose from the herdsman in charge of it. They turned over the chaff. Alas ! the lost little child was lying there dead, strangled with a wisp of green long-grass, and without his ornaments. The carpenter subsequently confessed the ill-contrived crime, and produced the stolen silver. It will be observed that the culprit had really made no provision whatever for exculpating himself, in case of suspicion, or for hiding the traces of his offence. For a few ounces of metal, which he could not change into money without the greatest risk, he sacrificed an innocent life, and closed his own career just opening to its honest activities. He was sentenced to be hanged, and behaved rather strangely before his execution. He sent for his mother, and told her he desired that his body should be thrown into the Ganges—the disposal of the body is left to relatives in Indian jails. His mother, a poor widow, excused herself on the score of expense, for the river was nearly twenty miles distant. But the young man got angry, and exclaimed, “If you do not carry out my wish, I will catch hold of your hand, from *there*.” This dreadful word settled it, and his mother, in genuine alarm, promised the Ganges.

It is certainly mostly boys who suffer this shocking cruelty ; but an instance of a girl is recollected. Of course, there were bangles again, and this time anklets as well, which are often worn by female children. And in the village where the girl’s home was, an old woman lived, whose habit it had long been to visit the edges of fields to cut grass. Going on this task one early afternoon, the crone asked the child to accompany her, and this the little thing gladly consented to do. There is a tree, common in Indian spinnies, called the *Arbor tristis*. It is a member of the Jasmine order, and perhaps derives its sorrowful name from the fact that it loves the night, and chooses the “sleep-time” for unfolding its flowers. They are fragrant, and load the air with sweet, faint odours. When the morning comes, and the sun shines out, then the prodigal casts away its blossoms, and they carpet the ground beneath. The tree is inconspicuous enough ; but

the small flowers are white and star-like, and have an orange tube—from which, indeed, a dye is made. The old grass-cutter led the child to one of these *Nyctanthes*, and bade her form garlands from the fallen blossoms. For the little ones string them there, as they do the cowslips with us. With patient industry on one hand, and this pleasant sport on the other, the hours were passed through by the two companions ; but when the sun was setting, the old woman paused from work, and sat still awhile as if enjoying the calm of evening. But she was only waiting for it to grow a little darker, and to allow all stray labourers to disappear. For the glamour of the accursed ornaments had dazzled her eyes, and bewitched her reason and conscience. There was a field of the huge millet, six feet high in places, close by, still uncut. And into the privacy of the overshadowing stalks she beguiled her playmate of the afternoon, and then and there, with the rough sickle she had used for the grass, severed the little creature's throat. Such black treachery—such diabolical cruelty—seems scarcely credible ; and one wishes that human nature could be relieved of the stain of so foul an instinct, as they would have relieved it in the art of the middle ages, by depicting evil spirits, distinguished in their horns and tails from wholesome mortals, and whispering into the hag's ear—nay, directing her very arm !

Later on, a case occurred in which a boy of sixteen, blind from his birth, planned a very deliberate crime. It appeared that he had for a companion an unprincipled young fellow of his own age. This depraved youth, with every desire of wickedness, was wanting in courage and determination ; and might, if left to himself, through this very defect, have been kept out of mischief. His sneaking eyes had noticed a handsome necklace round the throat of a neighbour's child, and though he was covetous enough to desire it, he was unequal to inaugurating any plan for obtaining it. He, however, informed his friend of the ornament. The blind boy, active and strong for his years, and of iron nerves, told the other if he would only decoy the proposed victim into a solitary place, he would be answerable for the rest. The child accordingly was enticed, by promises of sweetmeats, into a disused hut, and by the coward youth stretched out, under playful excuses, on his back in a convenient place. The blind boy, feeling his way, and using coaxing words, managed, when he had got near the little fellow, to kneel on his chest ; and with a short knife, carried in his loin-cloth, took the innocent life. He then undid the necklace, and gave directions to his accomplice, who was outside, to conceal the body with brambles.

The coward, when the uproar arose, betrayed by his trembling lips and haggard features the dreadful secret ; and the whole matter came clearly out. It may be recorded, without animadversion, but in frank ignorance of the principle recognised, that the Superior Court commuted the sentence of death passed on the blind boy to transportation for life, in consideration of his infirmity.

A note, however, taken from a French paper, records that an old blind assassin who had, a few years back, murdered his wife through fear that she meant to poison him, was saved from execution at the Court of Assizes of the Basses-Alpes. “ Il doit ” the journal said, “ à son infirmité, il doit à ses cheveux blancs, d’obtenir les circonstances atténuantes.” The youth of the Indian criminal might count for as much as the age of the French one—and then, perhaps, the affliction just turned the scale.

It has been said at the outset that there is reason to fear the crime under notice does not materially diminish. This opinion is supported by a newspaper of considerable weight—the *Pioneer*, of Allahabad—which, in giving the details of a most singular instance, dating so lately as the spring of 1889, commences with this remark : “ The murder of young children for their ornaments is so common in India that little public interest can be taken in any new case.” Unless, of course, it is exceptional in its features ; and that the story now to be related is so, few will perhaps deny after learning the circumstances. Facts are taken from the *Pioneer*, but they have been re-arranged, so as to be more easily followed. The reader is asked to notice, or may be told, that all the parties in this little tragedy were Brahmins ; the gentle priestly race to whom the fiction of the last century loved to attribute all the benevolent virtues—in contrast to the ambition and violence of the West.

A little girl named Luchmee had a playmate Toolsia, and the latter lived in the house of her father, with her mother, her aunt, and her maternal grandmother. Luchmee had been dressed up for certain funeral ceremonies, and wore silver wristlets, silver anklets, and an imitation coral necklace. She, of course, was anxious that her little friend should see her in her finery, and, being asked to play at Toolsia’s home—the two families were Panday, a priestly tribe—had got leave to go there, with her ornaments in full shine. The hours passed in harmless frolic, but as evening fell Toolsia and her mother and aunt had occasion to go down the village ; and Luchmee, who was to be sent for, remained with the grandmother. When the lamps in the little bazaar were lighted, Luchmee’s father came to

fetch her. He was told by the women she had gone home. But this was not so ; and the father searched the village, visited every friend, and looked high and low, but Luchmee was not to be found. Then he called on the head farmer, who ordered fresh inquiries, and, these not availing, bade every one keep a vigilant attention to cries or footsteps in the night. About the mid-watch, when the moon was setting, a barber, living in a narrow lane, and at the time lying on his housetop, heard some one stealthily passing below, and could just catch a figure keeping to the wall, and presently was aware of a sound, as of a dropped package, in the court of a house nearly opposite. He gave the alarm ; lights were obtained ; the figure had, of course, disappeared ; but in the court lay the body of Luchmee, with the cord round her neck that had ended her life.

The females at Toolsia's house were examined, and the mother and aunt admitted that when they returned from the village they had found that the old grandmother, going on for seventy, had strangled Luchmee, and taken her ornaments. Caste pride had closed their mouths, and Toolsia's father, when he came in, had also consented to say nothing. In the night, with the knowledge of the others, the grandmother, taking the little corpse from a grain-pit, into which she had thrown it, attempted to shift suspicion by putting it into some one else's house—without success, as we know.

This case surely presents a singular problem in human nature. The old creature was not in poverty, nor even in straitened circumstances : the ornaments were of no use to herself. Possibly she may have thought of Toolsia ; but still, she must have known her granddaughter could never wear them in safety. She had made no provision for the disposal of the body, nor for concealing the murder from the household. No suspicion of any accomplice came out. Alone the grandmother did it. Toolsia's mother and aunt were prostrate with shame and fear, though they remained culpably silent. These remarks leave the question of compassion or humanity out of consideration altogether. But had the old woman no tenderness for a child—no pity for the innocent and confiding ? Could she, in her tottering age, withhold all sympathy from that other weakness unable to defend itself against her cruel old hands ? No remembrance that she herself was once helpless, and likely soon to become so again, unless death forestalled her second childhood ! No respect for her caste, whose members profess to look on life as a sacred thing ; scatter sugar for ants, place milk for snakes, sigh over a sick monkey, and revenge a slaughtered cow !

The grandmother was imprisoned, with suitable labour, for the probably brief term of her life.

It has often been recommended that an Act should be passed, prohibiting the ornamenting of such children as are allowed to play or wander outside their homes. But sumptuary laws have again and again been tried, and, generally, without effect ; and, moreover, the idea of making vanity a crime is repugnant to modern feeling. The custom is one of those social questions for the settlement of which we might reasonably look to enlightened natives themselves. The spread of education in the sea-board towns brings to this country many superior young Indians, and the British public is deceived as to the extent of barbarism still existing in the Dependency. Vast tracts of our possessions in the East are scarcely civilised. The tendency of the cultivated Bengalee—the chief representative of modern India—is towards politics, and politics perhaps rather of an abstract than a practical character. The temptation is intelligible ; for the Bengalee has a turn for platform speaking, and, with some drawbacks, for even writing leading articles.

But our position in the East scarcely admits of public politics. The submission of foreign policy to general discussion is, for obvious reasons, impossible. And for the common executive functions of Government, advice is really not wanted. Every honest and sensible Indian knows, and would admit, if he spoke his real convictions, that for warding off aggression, keeping the peace, administering (at any rate) criminal justice, for engineering undertakings and sanitary movements, the rulers are infinitely more efficient than the ruled could, under any circumstances, become.

But in social questions the natives are giants ; and we—infants. The frightful cruelty, for instance, involved in child-widowhood—its conditions, disabilities, and consequences—is a matter unfit for legislation. We look on with pained and incompetent faces. Educated native opinion alone can remedy the evil. The observation applies to many other customs and abuses, condemned by modern civilisation, but not to be reached by the Statute Book.

It applies, surely, to the crime we have had under review? If the women could be shown that the sending forth of their children decked with silver is a foolish and, under the circumstances, dangerous ostentation, they might be trusted to discontinue the practice, or the male heads of the families might prevent it. When once the habit is dropped, these dreadful murders will cease, to be heard of again no more.

THE MAGPIE CATERPILLAR.

THERE is a class of animals which are allowed to pass their lives in comparative peace, because they are not good to eat. Many gaudily-coloured caterpillars, for example, remain unmolested by insect-eating birds for this reason ; and it has been very ingeniously suggested that their bright colours have been acquired for the purpose of advertising their inedibility. A bird is supposed to be capable of the simple arithmetical feat of putting two and two together. It sees a bright-hued caterpillar flaunting its colours in a most open way, and it at once concludes that that caterpillar had better be left alone, as it will not prove to be by any means a pleasantly-flavoured morsel. This somewhat complex piece of reasoning is believed to be due to experiments made upon the ancestors of the caterpillar by the bird's forefathers, which resulted in a general impression that a conspicuous appearance was associated with a nasty taste. Now this is obviously of advantage to the caterpillar : it has a soft and tender body and the least peck would injure it mortally. From its own point of view the caterpillar might just as well be swallowed at once ; and a disagreeable taste would be of no use unless there was some way of letting the world in general know that it was there, without having recourse to these fatal experiments.

All authorities are agreed that the currant moth (*Abrascas grossulariata*) is an excellent instance of a "warning" colour ; not only the caterpillar, but also the chrysalis and the moth are uneatable, and they are all three conspicuously coloured. The black, yellow, and white of the moth is repeated in the caterpillars, and the chrysalis is yellow and dark brown.

I accordingly endeavoured to test the value of the theory in the case of this caterpillar, with the help of some of the animals at the Zoological Gardens.

One of the most inveterate eaters of insects is the little marmoset ; in fact, monkeys in general are not addicted to fruits so much as people think, although we associate them in our minds with nuts. Never did any animal express such lively gratification as a marmoset did when offered a magpie caterpillar ; he ate it up down to the last

bit ; and he had already only two hours previously enjoyed a wholesome and liberal breakfast. A capuchin monkey was next presented with a caterpillar, which he took, it is true, with a somewhat languid air ; but, finding it good, he sucked out the juices and threw away the empty skir, just as a boy sucks an orange and disposes of the peel. The same thing happened with a pair of capuchins which dwelt in a cage by themselves remote from the common herd ; indeed, here the male monkey declined to allow his wife to receive any of the good things that were being dispensed. But it must be admitted that this capuchin, and perhaps the other one too, sniffed rather suspiciously every now and then at the caterpillar as they were eating ; perhaps, however, they were merely enjoying its fragrant bouquet.

Anticipating that the refusal to eat brightly-coloured larvæ without tasting them might possibly be due to their smell (and smell is often a much more important sense in animals than sight), I had provided myself with various substances which appeared likely to prove agreeable ; it was proposed to anoint the caterpillars with solution of decaying meat, with fish oil, and such like substances. But this precaution, as will be shown in the sequel, proved unnecessary.

The birds, on the whole, fought rather shy of these caterpillars than the monkeys did ; but with one exception they all tasted the proffered dainty.

An American robin seized a caterpillar with great eagerness, flew off with it to a spot at some little distance, and possibly ate it ; but this conclusion is put forward with some hesitation.

The large ground-cuckoo of Sumatra, in the insect-house, swallowed one after shaking it in its beak once or twice ; but then cuckoos, at any rate our English cuckoos, will eat almost anything in the way of a caterpillar.

Several species of tanagers, those often very brilliantly-coloured little South American finches, tasted and tried sometimes repeatedly, but finally declined to carry out my wishes completely. None of these birds were pressed by hunger. Even the most advanced advocate of the theory of warning colours would hardly deny that the animals in the Zoological Gardens are well fed ; but on the other hand it might be urged that they have acquired, through the generally too kind attentions of the visitors, a habit of picking and snapping at anything presented to them on the off-chance that it might turn out to be edible. It may be remarked, incidentally, that the stomachs of some of the animals contain a curious and miscellaneous assortment of articles: the stomach of an ostrich was filled with copper coin of the realm to the amount of over one shilling ; a

rhinoceros had swallowed one of its own teeth, a stone or two, a thimble, a part of a penholder, and a half-penny. By-the-by, would this latter be regarded as treasure-trove? It was certainly buried. To return to the subject of this article : a caterpillar was thrown into a cage containing a number of small British birds ; eventually, after a slight struggle, a hen chaffinch proved the conqueror—but, as she flew away with the caterpillar to a dark corner, her subsequent proceedings were invisible.

A little “white-eye,” in the parrot-house, which is greatly addicted, as many of these small birds are, to “meal-worms,” chewed away at a magpie caterpillar for a long time. I think that it ended by swallowing it, but the actions of a bird in the next cage drew away my attention at the critical moment ; anyhow, the caterpillar had disappeared—but it may have been jerked away. A little finch in the western aviary positively declined to have anything to do with this uncanny-looking beast. But this is not much evidence for the warning colourists ; it had previously noticed, with observant eye and head cocked on one side, the expressions of disgust exhibited by a brother finch who had tasted the larva. Now all these facts are in the way of proving three propositions. The first is the familiar one, that “one man’s meat is another man’s poison” ; the marmoset and the cuckoo relished what was evidently caviar to the rest. In the second place, the bulk of the creatures—nearly all the birds—did not thoroughly enjoy, to say the least of it, the flavour of the caterpillar ; but (thirdly) they all with one exception (which could be explained on other grounds) endeavoured to make use of what Providence had put in their way ; they were not in the least daunted by appearances. And so the caterpillars came off rather badly, although they were not eaten outright. Oddly enough, however, in one or two cases, particularly with specimens that had been offered to the curassows, the caterpillars were apparently uninjured, and after a bit crawled away in their usual uncertain fashion. The safety of these favoured few was simply insured by their thick skins.

It might be objected to these experiments that foreign creatures, which had had no previous acquaintance with the caterpillar, were selected. But this is no objection, because the theory of warning colours does not assume experience on the part of each individual bird ; inherited distrust of brilliant colours, particularly of combinations of yellow and black, is what is assumed. Still, one instance to the contrary does not upset a theory ; it may be the exception that proves the rule.

A simpler explanation of the presence of bright colours in uneatable

creatures has however been proposed by Dr. Eisig ; this explanation has been largely ignored by writers on the subject, and has never been popularized.

The colour of the magpie caterpillar and of others are due to certain chemical substances in the skin and to its opacity. A very simple biological experiment will render this clear—merely to squash the caterpillar, the skin will be then seen to retain the same gaudy and contrasting tints that it had during life. Now, these pigments are excretory products, and it is quite conceivable that they have a nasty flavour. So the conclusion is that the uneatableness of such a caterpillar is due to its bright colour, *i.e.* to the abundant presence of disagreeable substances in the skin ; not that the bright colour is independent of the taste and has been acquired as an advertisement of it. The distinction between these two ways of looking at the matter must be carefully observed, though they are not necessarily antithetical. If this way of looking at the subject be the right one, it will be obvious that strikingly-coloured caterpillars need protection in other ways. It would be extending this article unduly to go into this question at length, so I shall restrict myself to the instance selected. I have a flourishing colony of the caterpillars on some shrubs, as have probably most other persons who possess a suburban garden. It is a creature of most catholic tastes, and will feed on many different plants with equal zest ; this partly accounts for its abundance. Unkind fate, in the shape of birds and spiders and ichneumon-flies, may be accountable for a very considerable mortality, without greatly lessening the average numbers of the insect. During the day time my caterpillars hide themselves, but in the late afternoon they come forth and crawl about pretty actively ; at that time of the day the persecution of some of their foes at any rate has ceased. The least touch caused them to drop from the branches, and it is quite intelligible that the shaking of a branch by a bird would be quite enough to warn them that it was high time to seek for refuge by dropping on to the ground. Besides, as already remarked, a peck or two may do no harm. These are some of the reasons which may explain the abundance of the magpie motn.

FRANK E. BEDDARD.

A WALK UP THE VALLEY OF THE CONWAY.

IF any of our readers wish to spend a week in exploring a remote and primitive valley in North Wales, by all means let them leave the Chester and Holyhead Railway at Llandudno Junction, where, on quitting the station, they will find themselves face to face with one of the most beautiful relics of other days, the far-famed Castle of Conway. The town which that castle was built to guard bears the name of the beautiful river which here debouches into the sea ; and the course of that river is well worth pursuing up to its sources in the mountains of Carnarvonshire and Denbighshire, far away inland.

For the first ten or twelve miles the river is a somewhat shallow estuary, flowing under banks which rise abruptly on the one side, while on the other they are level and sandy. As we get further from the sea, the river grows smaller but more rapid, and here and there the valley narrows, the sides of the hills on either side being planted with larches, firs, and beech-woods, while peaks of granite tower above, bare and naked and grey. Here and there upon the river we may still see a descendant of the ancient Britons using his coracle as he fishes or crosses the stream ; and if we are travelling on foot, there are few better turnpike roads, even in England, than that which follows the course of the valley ; while if the tourist should find himself tired, there is on the other side of the valley a railway to fall back upon.

On the west bank of the river, on the road between Conway and Llanrwst, is Llansantffraid, otherwise known as Glen Conway ; but it need not detain the tourist long, as it has no very great attractions, though near this place, at a spot called "Cymryd," or "Crooked Ford," was fought a sanguinary battle between the Prince of North Wales and Eadred Duke of Mercia, in which the Welshmen gained a complete victory.

The first place of importance that we reach as we make our way up the valley is Treffriew, pronounced locally Trevor ; it is some two or three miles short of Llanrwst. It was formerly a place of some

importance, as nearly all the slates from the quarries around the valley were brought hither for shipment ; but the opening of the railway has carried most of this trade to other seaports. Fifty years ago a single local merchant used to export from 40 to 50 tons of slates from Trevor for North America. In the summer months little steamers ply on the river daily between Treffriew and Conway ; and so from a tiny village it has grown into a town. At one time it was a place to which only a few visitors resorted, for the sake of drinking the waters of a mineral spring ; but now Treffriew abounds in lodging-houses with "apartments to let," new roads have been made, trees have been planted, and seats for the weary pilgrim or the lounging idler have been placed at intervals—thanks to the agents and managers of the Gwydir estates. Near Treffriew are several large mountain lakes, abounding in trout—not easy to be caught, except by the most experienced of Isaac Walton's disciples. We may be pardoned for mentioning here that Taliesin was a native of this place ; the traditional remains of his court are still to be seen near Geirionydd, where a monument was erected to his memory by the late Lord Willoughby de Eresby ; but, as Taliesin lived in the sixth century, when records written, to say the least, were scanty, we cannot be very sure of the truth of the tradition.

Continuing our walk in the direction already indicated, we approach Llanrwst, in our way passing by the romantic district of Gwydyr or Gwydir.

There is an upper and a lower Gwydir Castle, the one perched high up on the rocks among the woods, while the other, which is the seat of Lord Willoughby de Eresby, stands at the foot of the mountains in a pleasant park, which is quite level ground and is washed by the river, which here flows broad and deep. It is said by some that Gwydir¹ is derived from a word signifying water-land, and a more watery place it would be hard to find ; but others ascribe the name to two words denoting a sanguinary battle, referring to a contest said to have been fought here between Griffith-ap-Cynan and Trahaiarn-ap-Caradoc.

At the roadside near Gwydir, at a spot where four cross-roads meet, is a tree known as Pren-Gwyn (the Blessed Tree), under the spreading branches of which the poorer classes were in the habit of meeting in primitive folk-mote, to discuss their wrongs, their rights, and their general interests. In its side was a slit, like a letter-box, into which they could drop any statements of wrong or claims for redress, or requests for interviews with the Lord of the place, the

¹ Gwy or Wy is the ancient Welsh word for water.

head of the Wynnes. There, too, they made agreements and ratified contracts, much as was done in mediæval towns under the shadow of the market cross.

One of the chief retainers of the house of Gwydir was a notorious robber and outlaw, David-ap-Jenkin, of whose prowess and craft all sorts of strange and romantic stories are told. He was at one time a strong partisan of the royal House of Lancaster, and in that capacity he wasted the town of Denbigh and its suburbs with fire and sword, in return for which Edward IV. ordered William Earl of Pembroke to lay waste the mountain country of Carnarvon and Merioneth. Fancying that the foe was slain, or at all events suppressed, the troops under the Earl were feasting in the park, when they were suddenly alarmed by showers of arrows sent down upon them from the mouth of a cave high up in the cliffs which tower over the river Conway. The conquerors had to retreat pell mell, and David-ap-Jenkin, though outlawed and proclaimed a traitor, led for many years a charmed life in the fastnesses which he knew so well, and probably died peaceably in old age, as neither the time nor the place of his death is recorded.

Early in the eleventh century the site of the market town of Llanrwst was covered with dense scrub and brambles. A little later, though the exact time is rather uncertain, it seems to have been held by nine landowners, all farmers, and a few fishermen, who occupied huts or hovels, thatched with straw or reeds, on the river bank. The farmers having more corn than they wanted, but no customers, resolved to hold a market at a place called Bryn-y-Botten, on the spot now covered by the Market Hall, and they invited their neighbours as far northward as Llansantffraid, and as Festiniog southwards, to come and exchange their wares for corn. But, alas! the good people found to their cost that the "Taffies" of Festiniog were "thieves," for the latter returned home carrying off half the cereals and leaving nothing in their place! So keen was the recollection of the wrong that no fair was held at Llanrwst from that day down to the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it was revived by the Lords of Gwydir under the name of the New Fair, and it still continues to be held on June 20. The story goes that on the revival of this fair the men of Merionethshire brought to it large flocks of sheep and goats, while those of Denbighshire came attended by scores of black dogs, and that hence arose the nick-names of "Merioneth Goats" and "Denbigh Dogs."

The Town Hall of Llanrwst, an old-fashioned building, raised on arches, stands in the middle of the market-place; it was built in

1661 at the cost and charge of Maurice Wynne of Gwydir. The upper floor was at one time used as a sessions-house, and is still occasionally used as a lecture-room and concert-hall.

The town contains its Grammar School, two hotels, several chapels and sundry public institutions; but its chief pride is the parish church, which was built in 1470-80, on the site and in place of an older structure which had been burnt in the raid of the Earl of Pembroke on Gwydir and David-ap-Jenkin, as related above. It consists of a perpendicular nave and chancel, to which a southern aisle was added in 1633 by Sir Richard Wynne of Gwydir, to serve as the Gwydir chapel. This chapel contains several curious monuments and relics, such as the stone effigy of Howel Coetmore and the huge stone coffin of Llewelyn the Great, besides some very curious brasses of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, let into panels on the eastern wall, among a quantity of fine oak carving, mostly of the previous century. In the body of the church is a very fine and perfect rood-loft between the nave and the chancel. It is made of dark oak, and richly carved with niches for small images. It was brought hither from the neighbouring abbey of Maenan, when the latter was demolished after the Reformation.

At the confluence of the Conway and the Llugwy nestles Bettws-y-Coed, whose name denotes "a warm place of shelter." This place was first made known to tourists by David Cox, who used to come here every summer on sketching tours, putting up at a little inn, the "Royal Oak," where he was glad to pay his score by painting a sign.¹ Even down to half a century ago Bettws-y-Coed was chiefly famous for its summer and winter cattle fairs, and, between those times, as the place to which cattle of North Wales were taken to be shod before being driven up to London for Smithfield. "At that time," writes an old inhabitant of the place, "I remember that the work of shoeing was carried on here for several days at a time, and that none but very strong men were employed in the operation, as the poor beasts were not shod while standing upright, as is the case with horses, but were tumbled over and shod by main force as they lay on their backs. Dealers and drovers were the only visitors, and artists and tourists were unknown."

The new road between Bangor and Shrewsbury, made by Lord Penrhyn to spite Sir Robert Williams of Anglesey for defeating him in

¹ This sign was painted in the course of a single day, and, long after Cox's death, the goods of mine host having been seized for debt, it became the subject of a law suit, which was ultimately decided in favour of the late Lady Willoughby de Eresby, of Gwydir Castle, as owner of the freehold.

1783, passes by Bettws-y-Coed. It was opened in 1815, the new bridge across the Conway being called Waterloo Bridge.

The old bridge, Pont-y-pair, means the "Bridge of the Cauldron," and is not misnamed, on account of the water flowing down into a seething abyss, out of which no living creature, we fancy, could escape alive. Another old bridge, dating from the fifteenth century, scarcely less romantic in its situation, bears the name of the "Brewer's Pool."

Here, within the memory of living persons, stood a few old houses which clearly dated back to the Tudor times, and perhaps were as old as the days of Owen Glendower. In some of these the beams which supported the roof were curved, and came down on a bend to the floor, thus doing away with the necessity for walls. The tradition believed at Bettws runs that at the time of Owen Glendower's rebellion Henry IV. issued an arbitrary edict that no Welshman was to be allowed to build a house higher than that the rafter-beams should reach the ground—in other words, should not have side walls at all. But even at that date it was found possible to drive a coach and four, not only through an Act of Parliament, but through a royal edict. So the cunning Welshmen hunted the woods on their shaggy hillsides for crooked timbers, which they utilised craftily, shaping their abodes like the hulls of boats turned bottom upwards. It is only quite recently that the last of these primitive abodes has been swept away.

The old church of Bettws is dedicated to St. Michael, and, as the story goes, suffered severely from a visit paid to it by the troops of Oliver Cromwell. But this is doubtful in the extreme.

About a mile and a half off is Elsi Lake, which is very deep, and the trout that abound in it are very difficult to catch. The lake's bottom is said to be covered with pitch pines; if this be really the case, it is a proof that the temperature of the climate in Wales must have been considerably warmer some centuries ago than it is at present. The rivers hereabouts used to be largely netted by poachers, and the residents used to build basket-traps to catch the salmon and trout which frequented the Conway and its tributaries, the Llugwy and the Ledhr, which meet here; but these have been abolished by the Commissioners of Fisheries, except in one or two instances where the landowners were able to show their possession of an ancient and long unchallenged right. The Llugwy comes from the south-east, rising on the mountains of southern Denbighshire; but the Ledhr springs from out of the boggy sides of Moel Siabod and the other monarchs of the Snowdon range.

The falls at Bettws are known to every tourist in North Wales, and have besides been so often painted and described that we need

not dwell on them here. The good people round about, in spite of their long-established Nonconformity, still believe that the spirit of Sir John Wynne is pent up in a watery prison in the basin of this fall, on account of his wickedness in persecuting the Roman Catholics in the days of the Tudors or the Stuarts.

In the neighbourhood are to be seen several cromlechs and other antiquities, to each of which some weird legend has been attached till now, when the railway and the constant visits of English tourists have knocked out of the good people hereabouts so many of their old faiths and superstitions.

The valley of the Ledhr, and all the hills and mountains which enclose it on either side, are wild and weird to a degree that can hardly be conceived. Almost every peak has its name, or, if not, is associated in the minds of the natives with stories of robbery and violence, or with some "uncanny" incident. At that lone farm on the side of yon mountain tarn lived an old miser, with his still more niggardly housekeeper, who was bedridden, but he suddenly disappeared, and has never since been heard of. In that dark pool below yon waterfall lie at an untold depth the bones of a man who years ago ground the poor to death; at that ford was fought a bloody battle between the Welsh and the Saxons, when the former, on gaining a victory, burnt the leader of the invading troops on a cromlech as an offering to Moloch. On that farm the horses were houghed or killed, and the oxen burnt alive in their stalls, by a villain who lived by deeds of robbery and violence, his hand being against every man and every man's hand against him, until he came to an untimely end, being found dead on the road in a fit.

The first place of note which we reach, still journeying south-westward, is Pont-y-pant, where the little river Ledhr tumbles down some rapids between most picturesque rocks, shut in on either side by a lofty range of mountains. Here has lately been erected an hotel—quite a "hall in the wood"—which is much frequented in summer by artists and fishermen, and by honeymooning couples also during the rest of the year. If they wish for isolation, tranquillity, and picturesque scenery, here they can reap all three advantages.

Our next halt is at Dolwyddelan, one of the most primitive places in all North Wales. There are great doubts as to the meaning of the name, some seeing in it the name of a Saint Gwyddelan, who is said to have lived in the seventh century; but they give no proof of her existence; while others more probably interpret it as marking the thickness of the forest—the Trees of Elan, or Elen. The south-west portion of the parish was crossed by a Roman road, which led towards Capel Curig; this has caused the authorities of the railway

to call a station just beyond Dolwyddelan by the absurd name of "Roman Bridge," the bridge over the Lledhr here being quite modern. On the side of a spur of Moel Siabod—a noble mountain which towers over Dolwyddelan—is a spring of water, a bath in which, according to the local folk-lore, will make weak and infirm persons young again.

In a glen to the south of the parish there lived early in the eighteenth century an old lady—the wife of a farmer named James—who was a noted harper, and who used to play on her harp while her cows were being milked, and afterwards danced on the hill-side with her men and maidens as part of her devotional exercises.

The castle of Dolwyddelan is ascribed in the guide books to the fifth century of the Christian era. But whatever may be the actual age of its foundations, the walls of its superstructure are clearly of Norman date; and they confirm the story that Owen Gwynedd, who died in 1169, left the building as a bone of contention between his sons. The elder, Iowerth, was not thought worthy of the kingdom and crown because he had a broken nose, so he was partly dispossessed of his rights by his brother David, whose notice he escaped by occupying the remote fastness of Dolwyddelan Castle, in the wild woods. Whilst living here Iowerth's wife bore him a son, who was christened in Dolwyddelan church, and became known in aftertimes as Llewelyn the Great. The spot is still shown, near the castle, where he practised his military exercises. The history of his life has been often told, and it is worthy of note that in his turn he became the father of another Llewelyn, the very last Prince of Wales of the ancient Celtic blood, the same who was betrayed and killed at Builth in 1182. Three centuries later, namely, in 1485, the Castle was purchased by one of the Welsh race of Ap-Meredith, who removed the parish church from its old position to a meadow near the bed of the Lledhr, where it still stands, surrounded by yew trees, probably of the same day, though it is now used only for funerals, having been superseded by a new church built between it and the site of its predecessor. The church has still its rough-hewn open benches, coeval with its walls, and a fine monument on its north wall to its founder Meredyth.

But Dolwyddelan is famous chiefly for the slate quarries by which the entire valley of the Lledhr hereabouts is surrounded. These quarries are pretty much of the same type, and, save in exceptional instances, as at Penrhyn and at Festiniog, are of about the same size, seldom covering more than four acres.

Lord Willoughby de Eresby, as the owner of the Gwydir estates, grants leases on a royalty to persons who like to try their fortune in

a slate quarry. These leases are usually of five or seven years, and the terms are a royalty of half a crown per ton raised—in other words, of about 4 per cent.

The slaty earth lies between and under the huge boulders of granite which project from the sides of the mountains. In its construction it is simply mud, indurated in the course of ages by the intense pressure of the rocks ; and it is found in layers which, singularly enough, always run east and west, and are never found running north and south.

The mines here, unlike the coal mines of Wales and of Cornwall, are not sunk by perpendicular shafts, but by horizontal adits driven into the hillside. Into this they are carried for distances varying between three hundred and four hundred yards.

The solid masses of slate are got out of the mountain by the simple operation of blasting, which has to be directed, of course, with much care and discretion, for fear of accidents. The huge masses of native slate, when they first reach the yard, are rough and shapeless, but they are quickly reduced into shape and form by being placed under a large saw worked by water-power. They leave this machine in oblong squares about three feet by two, and from four to six inches in thickness, and are then split by hand, each block according to its depth, after which they are cut to the exact length and breadth required, according to a measure, some by the operation of a revolving saw, and others, of the coarser sort, by hand. A skilled workman can turn out as many as ten dozen slates in a day.

Those slates which, owing to some flaw or imperfection, do not come up to the full measure required are put aside in a separate stack, reduced in size, and sold at a cheaper rate. Occasionally the slate quarries of Dolwyddelan are rather slack of work, and the number of hands employed is consequently not so large as usual ; but, when the times are busy, it is not an uncommon occurrence for a single quarry to turn out twelve tons—in other words, about 150 dozen of slates in a day. Of all the slates that are being used in the building trades about London and our large centres of industry, in all probability four-fifths or five-sixths come from out of the hill-sides of Carnarvonshire and Denbighshire ; and of these, again, a very large proportion are natives of the valley which we have now traversed, and at the head of which we find ourselves almost at the very foot of that monarch of Welsh mountains, Snowdon, which has lately been purchased by Sir Edward Watkin, doubtless to be made the subject of some engineering experiments.

FINES.

I N the good old days, which some of us with æsthetic or antiquarian tastes regret will never again be restored, there were certain customs and exactions in vogue calculated to damp the hilarity of that "merry, merry England" which people, utterly ignorant of the past, so often love to talk about. Our ancestors, it is true, were not bothered with the decrees of county councils, the rules and regulations of local boards, speeches in the House of Commons, the Irish question, the investigations of the income-tax and other inspectors, the shrieks of the locomotive, or the expressive strains of the barrel-organ. Yet their condition, like that of the policeman in the burlesque, was not on the whole a happy one. If we compare the past with the present few will decide that the former "takes the cake." Englishmen are given to grumble at the interference of Government and of the upper classes on certain occasions, with their comforts and pleasures, but, as a compensation, let them be thankful that the extortions and restrictions which once existed have been abolished for ever. In the present nineteenth century the most fruitful of Belgravian mothers can dispose of her daughters in marriage without let or hindrance, and without propitiating the sovereign with a handsome fee. The neediest dandy might petition the Crown in vain for the hand and estates of some great heiress. Hodge can till his lands, if he have any, without being compelled to pay his landlord a heavy tax upon all that he produces and consumes. His son can marry the girl of his choice without that unholy interference of the amorous squire. If a peasant snare a hare or shoot a pheasant he is pretty safe to get his six weeks from the "great unpaid," but he will not have his eyes put out, or be boiled alive, or be burnt in the hand, or strung up on the nearest tree. If a scoundrel commit a crime he will assuredly be sent to prison; and, in spite of being able to read like Dr. Johnson or Lord Macaulay, he can no longer claim "benefit of clergy." All Houndsditch, nowadays, can safely flaunt its wealth and gems in the very face of the most rapacious monarch, without anticipating any rough visit from the dentist of the period. Jack

Tar and his brother, Tommy Atkins, need dread no longer the gag and sudden seizure of the press-gang, or service in the fever-stricken plantations. In these days, peer or peasant, though he may have to pay smartly for it, is certain to obtain justice ; nor can either ever be called upon to contribute to any aid or exaction unless sanctioned by the laws of the land.

Yet these immunities were the exception in those good old days of yore. On all sides the peasant was oppressed and overworked ; he had to serve his lord in the wars ; he had to have his corn ground at the manorial mill and was taxed for the privilege ; if the son of his lord got married he made him a present, if the daughter entered into the nuptial state she also received a present, or if nothing was offered the lord seized a horse or cow, or a litter of pigs, or anything that the wretched "villain" possessed ; on the other hand, if the daughter of the peasant got married, the only present she might receive was a visit from the squire. The yeoman and the apprentice, though their slavery was not so degrading, were severely restricted as to their movements, their dress, their diet, and on all occasions when called upon had to contribute either in money or in kind. Nor were the country gentleman, the gallant knight, and the noble lord entirely free agents. They had to arm and keep their retainers to serve the Crown or against it ; they had to pay a convenient tax, yclept "reliefs," to their sovereign, for leave to fortify their castle, for leave to come into their property and for leave to bequeath it, for leave to marry their daughters, for leave to send their sons abroad, for leave to act as guardians—in short, their pathway through life was strewn with leaves from the crown. Occasionally these burdens were so severe that the much oppressed subject rebelled altogether and found it easier and more profitable to roam at his own sweet will throughout the forests of the country as an outlaw.

To those wishing to examine the truth of these statements the parchments of the past need only to be studied. Upon their well preserved membranes will be seen what was the nature of the gift handed over to the sovereign, the fees to be paid for the custody of lands and wards, the work that the labourer had to give gratis to his landlord, the tithes demanded by the monasteries, the dues for knight-service and the wearing of armour, the sumptuary and dietary laws and the rest. Among these documents, so full of the life of our early history, the valuable collection of Fine Rolls occupies a prominent place. To the historian, the antiquary, and the genealogist they are of the greatest service. Running from the sixth year of the reign of King John, 1204, to the end of the reign of our fourth Edward,

1483, they contain matters touching the domestic transactions and fiscal economy of the kingdom not to be found in the pages of the most observant chronicler. The entries on these rolls which are of the first importance are those touching the dues which had to be paid to the sovereign on the death of the tenant who held his lands from the Crown ; and as in those happy feudal days the sovereign was the one great landlord of the country, the revenue he derived from this source was pretty considerable. If Sir Alured Vavasour de Brascebrige passed over to the majority, a writ was at once issued to the sheriff or some other official, commanding him to take into the king's hand the lands, tenements, or chattels of the deceased. Should Sir Alured have died without an heir, all that he possessed reverted to the Crown ; should his heir at the date of his death be a minor the Crown was the ward and trustee ; whilst if the heir was of age he was called upon to pay a fine for the livery of the inheritance. Supposing Sir Alured to have been a rebel and to have abjured the realm, his lands were forthwith forfeited to the Crown, when they were either given to a favourite or sold to the highest bidder. Thus, the sovereign, what with the death of tenants, the wardship of minors, the liveries of heirs, and frequent seizures in turbulent times, managed to keep his coffers fairly filled. Occasionally the death of a tenant was anticipated and the mandate issued to the sheriff to take possession before the breath was out of the moribund's body ; also it appears from various entries that the sheriff often acted upon his own responsibility and took into the king's hands the lands of a deceased tenant without even waiting for the writ.

Upon this subject of succession to property the Fines throw some new light. From one entry we learn that a tenant quitting the country to undertake a pilgrimage to the Holy Land was considered dead in law from the day of his departure, and the next heir succeeded to the property. Thus, Henry de Scales starts for Palestine, and at once the sheriff of the county is directed to grant livery of his lands to Geoffrey, the brother next in succession. Occasionally we find instances of heirs obtaining possession of the inheritance before they are even out of their minority ; for instance, Hugh de Albing, brother and heir of William de Albing, late Earl of Arundel, makes a fine of 2,000 marks—about £20,000 of our money—to enjoy the lands of his brother, and also those which descend to him from the Earl of Chester, until he shall come of age. A young man was of age at one-and-twenty, and a young woman at sixteen. When a tenant died, the custody of whose heir belonged to the Crown, the king, as we have said, when the heir was a minor,

either retained the profits of the estate till the heir attained his majority, or else, if it so pleased him, sold the wardship or granted it to some favourite. The value of such wardship, of course, depended upon the nature of the estate and the duration of the minority, and when sold large sums were often paid for it. Thus we read, in one of the entries, that Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, paid to Henry the Third 10,000 marks (say about £100,000 of our money) to have the custody of the lands and of the heir of Gilbert de Umfraville, with the marriage of the heir.

The Fine Rolls not only contain a variety of matter touching the succession to property, but numerous entries relating to the marriage of heiresses and widows, assignments of dower, pardons and forfeitures, aids and taxes, affairs of the Jews, and to similar subjects. Some of the entries throw a strange light upon the customs of the day which is not shed by our printed authorities. *Place aux dames*. Marriage and giving in marriage was among the favourite resources of the exacting sovereign to swell his exchequer. The tax was as simple and as easy to collect as our income-tax. For in those days no heir could marry without the royal consent, whilst the heiress was entirely in the power of the sovereign, who could offer her any husband of her rank he thought fit ; should she refuse her lands were forfeited. Occasionally these fines were most exorbitant. Thus we read that Geoffrey de Mandeville paid Henry the Third 20,000 marks that he might marry Isabel, Countess of Gloucester, and possess all her lands. In addition to fines being paid by guardians for the right of disposing of wards in marriage, widows who were well left prayed that they might marry whom they pleased, pledging themselves that the men of their choice should not be enemies of the king. These petitions of course were always accompanied by the necessary number of marks. Apart from marriage, there was a regular tariff for the granting of other privileges. Fines were paid to be exempted from knighthood, either entirely or to a certain date ; for the recovery of lands forfeited to the king, because the owner 'came not to be bound with the belt of knighthood'—*non venit ad regem ut eum cingulo militiæ cingeret* ; for leave of absence from sailing with the king in his expeditions to Normandy and other places beyond the seas ; or for exemption from bearing arms in the service of the king. Then again fines were paid because a man had no heir by his wife from whose estates such service was commanded, or because another man did not possess a certain quantity of land, or a third was a sub-deacon, and other excuses ; for grants of fairs and markets, for leave to trade, for license to hold or abandon certain offices, for the favour of the

king and the like. In short, everything could be bought, from an heiress to a judgment, from the remission of a sentence to an offence against the forest laws. Nor was money only accepted—palfreys, falcons, hounds, cloth, &c., were as welcome as marks.

The Fine Rolls are in an excellent state of preservation, the parchment clean and flexible, and the ink unfaded. But the handwriting, like that in all our earlier documents, is minute, the contractions are numerous and far-fetched, and consequently the entries on the membranes difficult to decipher. Fortunately the student need not irritate his brain and damage his eyesight by endeavouring to ascertain the information recorded on these rolls. Two volumes, containing extracts from all the more important matters to be found in the Fine Rolls, have been edited by Mr. Charles Roberts, with an exhaustive and scholarly preface, and published by the late Record Commission; their pages well repay perusal.

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

TRAMPS AND THEIR WAYS.

THE ways of the ingenious tramp, like those of the no less ingenious "Heathen Chinee," are peculiar. Indeed, they are past finding out, if we may judge from the ludicrous failures of those inquisitive persons who attempt to explain them to a suffering public. How often have I laughed, how often have my brother tramps laughed, at the grotesque assertions and "revelations" of those who imagine that a casual conversation with a stray tramp or two is sufficient to enable them to indulge in a dissertation on the manners and methods of tramps in general ! I once knew a young lady—of course since I abandoned the "road" for a more conventional mode of life—who fell head over ears in love with an itinerant phrenologist. He was not a tramp, mark you ! A genuine tramp would scorn the connection, for even in these degenerate days tramps have not sunk to the level of phrenology, nor any other ology except "copology," which, for the benefit of the ignorant, I may explain is equivalent to "take," and is therefore indispensable to the vagrant vocabulary.

This said feeler of bumps was not remarkable for manly beauty—far from it. He had a dumpty body and a pair—I suppose they were a pair—of short bandy legs. He also carried a squint in his left eye, which I verily believe was rather acquired than natural, for he was a sly dog and seemed to be always winking at someone. Of course the young lady in question did not fall in love with him on account of these physical embellishments. What was the cause of her infatuation, then ? Simply this: he could speak seven languages, in all of which he had, as she declared, made love to her. Here was a maiden with a soul—more soul than sense.

Now, I happened to know that if this young lady possessed any strong points—and, being a woman, she had many—language was certainly not one of them. Of course I refer to quality as distinct from quantity. As a matter of fact she resembled most of our popular novel writers, in being unable to string together six decent English sentences. I therefore asked her, not unnaturally, how she knew he could speak seven different languages. "Oh," replied the lady,

greatly piqued, "I have heard him." What could I say to that? She was too logical for me, so I gave it up. It ultimately transpired that the fellow was a perfect dunce, possessed, as most dunces are, of more than sufficient impudence to compensate for his lack of learning. He succeeded in feeling my lady friend's bumps, as well as those of one or two decidedly weak-minded gentlemen friends; drew five shillings from each of his patrons, *subauditur dupes*; and decamped without giving them their promised "charts." Thus we have at least one instance of phrenology teaching practical wisdom, for these people were wiser after the lesson, though they did not appear to take kindly to the method of instruction.

This story has suggested itself to my mind more than once when I have read or heard the remarks of "flatties" on the curious doings of tramps. Quite recently the Rector of Rettendon delivered a lecture at the Chelmsford Museum on "Tramps," and the *Daily News* thought the subject of sufficient importance to call for comment in its leader columns, under the title at the head of this paper.

There is no doubt a growing interest in the doings of that nomadic portion of our population that rejoices in the name of "tramp." This is probably the natural outcome of an increased regard for the well-being of humanity in general, which is a characteristic of our times.

At the present moment we have at least one Member of Parliament devoting his entire energies to the passing of a Bill intended to give the authorities some additional control over the children of our perpetually moving population—those who live in vans, and so forth.

We have also a somewhat novel movement, started by the "Church Army," for putting an end to tramp life, or, at least, for reducing the number of tramps. It is proposed to regenerate the itinerant band by getting them to enter the "Church Army Tramps' Labour Shelter" on certain conditions. It seems that the tramp who desires to forsake his old life must satisfy a committee of three working-men evangelists that he is sincere in his aspirations after respectability. To prove himself a *bonâ fide* penitent, he must work for one month at chopping wood at twopence a day, another twopence a day being banked to purchase him clothes. I wish this movement success; but at the same time I warn the public against depending upon the "Church Army Tramps' Labour Shelter" for its supply of wood.

Perhaps it is only natural that people who undertake to describe the lives of tramps should make the funniest possible mistakes. They cannot be expected to know much of what they believe they understand. I am inclined to think that if the reverend lecturer at

Chelmsford knew what a probation is necessary in order to acquire even a passable knowledge of the subject he would hold up his hands in pious horror.

The method of this enthusiast is characteristic. He sees a tramp consult some mysterious marks upon a post, and choose his road accordingly. Curious to ascertain the meaning of these marks, he examines them, and to his astonishment he finds that some are Greek characters. Here is a discovery indeed. Fancy the woe-begone tramp being a dabbler in the classics as well as in buttons and tapes and "needles that will not prick!"

Having deciphered these Hellenic hieroglyphics, Mr. Webster—that is the reverend lecturer's name—arrives at the popular, and therefore natural, conclusion that they are intended to guide tramps who may subsequently travel the same road to the "good cribs," warn them against the bad ones, and so forth.

Now, it is one of the most common errors to suppose that tramps take pains to inform each other of those houses which are "good for" something in the way of "scran" (food) or "rhino." The truth is that, if tramps take pains at all—and they will take no more than they can help—it is in precisely the opposite direction. The only occasion upon which the tramp will impart information to another is when two are "travelling" together and go shares.

I will recount a curious and perfectly true incident in illustration of what I say.

"Mickey the Moucher"—I never knew him by any other name, and I believe that was the only one he himself was aware of—was looked upon as one of the best "cadgers" on the "road," and, like all his class, he resented any poaching on his preserves—that is, at his "good cribs." He had the reputation of knowing every house that was "good for a cowld pratie" in the counties of Oxford, Berks, Wilts, Somerset, or Gloucester.

He was travelling through Berkshire, a county well known to the fraternity for being "gammy" (bad). The J.P.'s of Berkshire were extremely unpopular in the common lodging-houses, and no one knew so well as Mick where they were located.

One day he became aware that he was being followed by a great hulking fellow who had passed the previous night in the same lodging-house as himself. The fellow was new to the "road," and was ignorant of the method of going to work. Mick saw his game at once. The man was following him with a view to seeing to what houses he went, and then calling after him.

On coming from a large house that stood on the road side, Mick stopped and allowed the man to overtake him.

"Top of the mornin' to ye," said Mick.

"Mornin'," replied the man.

"How are ye getting on?" asked Mick.

"Bad," was the reply. "Ain't had a blessed bit o' grub this mornin' yet."

"Ah, thin, it's sorry I am for ye, my lad," cried Mick sympathetically. "May be ye'd like to be put up to a good crib?"

"I would, indeed," replied the man hopefully; "I'm starving."

Assuming a tone of great confidence, Mick said, "D'ye see that big house ferninst ye, beyond there?" pointing to a large white house that stood some distance from the road in a spacious park.

"I do," replied the man.

"Well, me honey, jist ye go there, now, and pitch a good yarn. Go to the front dhure and ye'll see the old gossoon himself, may be, and if ye do ye'll get a migit (shilling) as safe as Moses. Thin go round to the coachman, and he's good for an old miltog (shirt) and may be a pair of kicks (trousers). Oh! it's a noice man that same coachman is—— Here, stop a minit!"—the man was already hurrying in the direction of the gate leading to the house, and Mick had to shout. "Thin go to the kitchen dhure and axe to see the cook—Hivin bless her soul!—and ye'll be afther gittin' grub and lush, toke and panem, mate and praties, and the full o' a foiné basin o' broth."

The man was far away up the drive leading to the house, and Mick continued his way till he reached a "boose crib" (public-house), and there he ensconced himself to await the development of events.

In about an hour he had the pleasure of seeing a trap driven by, in the back of which was seated the poor "greenhorn," handcuffed to the local police-constable. The trap was driven by old squire Copem, J.P., one of the "hottest" magistrates in the whole county of Berks, who was taking his prisoner to the nearest lock-up.

Now, with reference to the marks observed by Mr. Webster, if he had followed the tramp whom he saw to the next house visited, in all probability he would have acquired a more accurate knowledge of what the man was doing. The man had been preceded by a colleague, but that colleague was not "cadging." The forerunner was preparing the way, in all truth, but not in the manner commonly supposed. The fact of the matter is simply this—there were two tramps in partnership, and those two tramps were "dropping." I

will venture to predict that this term is *not* included in Mr. Webster's vocabulary of padding-ken' (lodging-house) slang, and I will therefore hasten to explain it.

"Dropping" is a most ingenious system of getting a living on the "road." It was invented some forty or fifty years ago, by whom I cannot say. For years it remained one of the most profitable callings to which the tramp fraternity were accustomed, for, strange to say, it was practised by comparatively few, and those few took the greatest care to keep their trade-secret to themselves. The *modus operandi* was as follows. Suppose a tramp—say the son of a tramp who had "run away," for they invariably run away as soon as they are old enough to earn a living—finds himself with five shillings wherewith to start in life. And let not the reader, by the way, think five shillings at all a large amount to be possessed by a youthful wanderer of this class. He sends three shillings and fourpence to Birmingham, whence tramps at one time got most of their wares, commonly called "swag," and for that sum he gets in return four thousand needles. He pays tenpence per thousand for them, and the sizes are sixes and sevens—two thousand of each. There are twenty-five needles in each packet and forty packets to the thousand. He thus has one hundred and sixty packets, which he retails at one penny per packet, and the four thousand needles bring him in thirteen shillings and fourpence—just four times their cost. This is good profit, and would soon make his fortune if he could practise his calling on a sufficiently extensive scale.

Now the tramp does not take these needles from door to door and ask people to purchase them. If he did he would probably sell sixpennyworth in the course of the day. He "drops" them, and thus sells three or four shillings-worth. He cuts some brown paper—or white, if he is a fastidious worker—into square pieces, about five inches by four, and these he folds down on each side so that the folds overlap. Then each end is folded, and thus a small package is formed, about two inches by one and a half in size, one end being inserted in the other so that it will not fall open. In this package are placed two packets of needles side by side, one packet of sixes and the other sevens. A little strip of paper is then inserted in each package, bearing the following formula: "The bearer, who is out of work through impaired sight while working at his trade of needle making, will be thankful to the purchaser.—Price one penny per packet." Thus each little package brings twopence if the customer buys it; or one packet of needles only may be taken and the other returned with the penny for the one kept. As the needles, or "snells" as these

wandering merchants term them, are sold, more are sent for, and thus the stock is kept going.

In cases where two tramps travel together, say chums, or father and son, one goes on in advance and "drops" the packages. That is, he leaves them at every suitable house. The other follows two or three hours afterwards and "picks up"—that is, the second calls for the packages "dropped" by his colleague. The road they shall travel is roughly mapped out beforehand; but the first man uses well-known signs to guide his follower, just as a runner in "hare and hounds" scatters bits of paper as he goes to keep up a trail for those who follow. At many houses where "dropping" has become well known, and is considered tiresome on account of frequent calls to the door, the servant will refuse to take the little package in.

"Is it to be called for?" she demands, and the "dropper" is practically bound to answer "Yes," or he runs the risk of having his "snells" put on the fire or in the dust-bin. If he confesses that it is to be called for—"Then we don't want it" is the reply, and he has to take it back. In order to let the "picker-up" know where there is a package and where not, the mysterious signs noted by Mr. Webster are used. The common material for making these marks is a bit of chalk or pipeclay; but where this is not forthcoming the stem of a pipe, a knife, or anything handy is used as Mr. Webster points out.

Now it is natural that Mr. Webster, being a man of classical attainments, should come to the conclusion that these marks used by tramps are Greek letters and mathematical signs, for one of them resembles the Greek *theta*, that is the small letter θ , not the capital. There is another which is an exact imitation of the small *psi*—that is ψ . The *delta* Δ is also used, and sometimes the ψ is written in such a manner as to be easily mistaken for the Greek *epsilon* (ϵ).

But I have never yet come across a tramp who used these signs as Greek letters. The resemblance to Greek letters is quite accidental. This is not conjecture, but absolute fact. The manner in which the resemblance to Greek characters is brought about needs only a brief explanation.

If a man who is "dropping" leaves one of his packages at a house, he places on the gate-post, door-post, wall, or in some conspicuous place near the door, a mark in the form of an "O," or a crescent moon. This informs the "picker-up" that a package has been left at that house. If the package has not been taken in, or from any cause none has been left at the house, then a straight line is drawn through the "O" or the crescent moon,

thus forming θ (*theta*) or ψ (*psi*), as the case may be. This is called "crossing out" a house.

When a journey is being traversed from one town to another it is necessary to indicate the road which the "dropper" has taken, and for this purpose larger and somewhat different signs are used. Again, a house, or a group of houses, may lie off the high road some distance, down a lane or across a field. If the "dropper" turns out of his ordinary course he places a mark to indicate this. At the point where he has branched off he selects a gate, a post, a large stone, or any object that will hold a mark, and makes a sign similar to a shepherd's crook, with the long tail or stem pointing in the direction he has taken (\hookleftarrow). The "picker-up" follows the course indicated by this sign, sees at what houses the packages are left, and then shapes his course according to the signs he observes. For instance, if the "dropper" has gone further down that same road he indicates the fact by a mark similar to that which he left at the commencement of it; if he has returned to the main road he places on the last house he visited a mark similar to a half-moon or semicircle in a perpendicular position, and from the inside of this draws a straight line, pointing back in the direction he has gone, thus: (—). If this straight line be shortened it becomes ϵ (*epsilon*). These marks undergo much modification. Sometimes o — is used, and the o being elongated (thus: θ), and the straight line drawn through, makes θ (*theta*). Other marks are: $\text{—}^\circ\text{—}$, — , — , $\text{—}^\circ\text{—}$, and so on. The reason for these modifications is that two men working quite independently of each other have been known to cross each other's track, and thus confusion, and sometimes considerable strife, has arisen. Different "droppers," therefore, use different marks for the sake of distinction.

It must not be thought that needles are the only wares sold in this manner—linen buttons at one penny or twopence per dozen, according to size, tracts, and a variety of small articles have been made a source of profit.

Some eight or nine years ago, when Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons first published their penny "Portrait Gallery," a series of chromo-lithographs of statesmen, soldiers, and other celebrities, the little *carte-de-visite* pictures were placed two and two in envelopes, with a neatly-written "ticket" or invitation "to the purchaser," and retailed at threepence each instead of one penny as they were marked in the shops. Gladstone and Disraeli were brought face to face in this ingenious way more often than ever before, and the pair of political antagonists sold freely at sixpence, that is threepence each.

To my certain knowledge as much as twenty shillings have been thus taken in one day, and when Beaconsfield died the 'cute vendor ran him up to sixpence, and continued to sell at that price till the publishers ceased to supply the portrait separately, and thus crippled the lucrative business. These portraits cost only eight shillings per single gross, and three gross were supplied for twenty-one shillings. Thus, what cost twenty-one shillings brought a return of no less than £5 8s., and when the retail price of Beaconsfield was doubled this became, of course, £10 16s.

The particular "dropper" who "worked this lay" dressed well, and frequented only towns, and those the most fashionable, as, for example, Bath, Cheltenham, Leamington, Tunbridge, Southampton, Portsmouth, &c.

"Dropping," pure and simple, has gone very much out of fashion with tramps recently, the reason being that it has become "stale," except when done upon some novel plan. The "dropper" to whom I have alluded above never left his packages at the door in the ordinary way. He dropped them through the letter-boxes, and the portraits were always enclosed in clean, cheap envelopes, and thus found their way into the hands of many who would not have touched the old-fashioned package to which I have referred.

I do not wish to make any random assertions, but I do make bold to say that to this curious system of "dropping" commercial men owe the origin of the present system of "billing" and "circularising" their customers, and of advising shopkeepers of the advent of their travellers and agents.

There is, or used to be, a type of tramp that is rarely met with now. I mean the "shallow bloke," commonly known as a "dry-land sailor." Not that "dry-land sailors" are not to be found even now, but it is rare indeed that one of the real old-fashioned sort is met with.

To "run shallow" meant to go about the country half naked. A genuine "shallow bloke" knew not the luxury of a shirt; he scorned to encase his feet in boots, always preferring to "pad the hoof," *i.e.* go bare-footed. Frequently these "shallow blokes" travelled in "schools," that is, in companies of four, five, and six, and wherever they went they made the streets hideous with their unearthly howling of nautical ditties, in which the refrain, "And the stormy winds did blow—ow—ow!" was always conspicuous.

These men were anatomical curiosities. One would be *minus* an arm, another would lack a leg, a third would exhibit a withered limb done up in tight bandages. Scarcely one of them would be found physically perfect. They would stretch in a line across the

street, the two extreme men pushing their hats in the face of every passer-by, and sundry curses, sometimes loud as well as deep, followed the "uncharitable" pedestrians, while all the blessings of Heaven were invoked on the head of the "kind gentleman" who dropped a copper in the obtrusive *chapeau*.

These "shallow blokes" were a terror to the ordinary tramps. They were noted as being the greatest blackguards travelling. Their blasphemous talk was simply hideous, and shocked even old and well-seasoned tramps. Happily they are now nearly an extinct race. It is a fact, though not generally known, that scores of these vagabonds mutilated themselves for the purpose of working upon the feelings of a charitable public. One of the most common methods of "acquiring" a withered limb was to bind it tightly with strips of linen, and thus stop the circulation of the blood. Loathsome looking wounds were manufactured by inserting in these bandages an old copper coin, which gradually eat into the flesh.

A somewhat pleasant contrast to these itinerants were the "lurkers," more intelligibly described as "begging-letter gentlemen," a class of men not unknown at the present day. They would carry a neat little roll of pictures, two or three gentlemen's combs in a little satchel, or any other light and fancy article, just to "take the granny off"—in other words, for the sake of appearance.

Their object was not to sell these articles, but to beg "over them." They usually had a plausible tale to tell of better days, they could produce letters from this gentleman and from that clergyman. They did not go in for coppers, but for silver and gold. It was no unusual thing for one of these to receive from a sympathetic old gentleman or credulous old lady a "half a thick 'un" or a "thick 'un" (half-sovereign or sovereign). Clothes they used to get in plenty, and they were always well dressed, for which reason they were often dubbed "flash blokes" in the common lodging-house. Some of these men had really seen better days. I have known broken-down University men, occasionally an officer of the army or navy—and these men made no end of money by visiting old retired officers of the Services.

One old man I used to know always begged in French. I remember him rushing up to a gentleman who was riding on horse-back down the Pittville Road at Cheltenham, and astonishing him with—"Ah! monsieur le négociant: je suis bien aise de vous voir!" and the old chap rattled away at the rider with such Gallic volubility that the latter at length gave him a half-crown to get rid of him.

A very funny incident occurred in Southampton in the year 1871.

An old Frenchman, born and bred in Paris, but who was exiled a number of years ago for some political offence, used to get his living by calling upon French residents in this country, schoolmasters, tutors, ministers, and any others who were likely to be useful to him. His wife was an Englishwoman, but, having been reared in France, she spoke French like a native.

There used to be a French minister in Southampton, and I believe there is one there at the present time. I know there is a French place of worship there to which the Gallic sailors are wont to go.

This old French *curé* was a soft-hearted, gullible sort of man, and when Henri called upon him he sent his broken-down countryman away rejoicing with a piece of gold, though I believe the good man was by no means rich.

Now, it so happened that Rachel, Henri's better half, called not two hours after her husband had been, and even the innocent *curé* "smelt a rat." But Rachel was an adept at her craft. She soon talked all round the charitable old man, disclaimed all knowledge of the "man who had called previously," and succeeded in getting sufficient money from her victim to "pay her passage back to *la belle France*."

Henri and Rachel so enjoyed the recital of their mutual adventures that they got decidedly "elevated" that night. On their way to the lodging-house at which they stayed Henri was attracted to the window of a picture-shop by a beautiful engraving of the "Capitulation of Paris" which was there displayed. He became riveted to the spot. The surrender of Paris, which had so recently taken place, was fresh in his mind, sundry nips of brandy were still fresher—or, perhaps, fouler—in his stomach, and he danced, cursed, raved, and cried in front of the picture-shop. He shook his fist at the engraving, he vowed vengeance against the Germans, he cried: "*Vive la France!*" "*À bas les Allemands!*" and all to the intense amusement of a considerable crowd of people who had collected.

In vain Rachel, almost as "tight" as himself, essayed to lead him away. He would not go, he wanted to *verser le sang* of all the Germans in creation. All at once Rachel felt a smart blow on her shoulder, and at the same moment a squeaky voice cried out: "Ha, ha! ha, ha! Je vous connais maintenant, madame; je vous connais, je vous connais. Non, non, vous ne connaissez pas cet homme, cela n'est pas votre mari. Ha, ha! Je vous connais, je vous connais." And the little French *curé*, for he it was, danced about quite as much as Henri, prodding Rachel with his umbrella all the while.

Rachel and Henri passed that night and the next fortnight in durance vile.

TABLE TALK.

A ROUSSEAU OF THE GUTTER.

AMONG the long series of reprints of early French literature, undertaken in Paris, the most noteworthy was the "Bibliothèque Elzévirienne," which, after passing through the hands of various publishers, was supposed to have expired with the latest, M. Paul Daffis. With "difficulty and labour huge," I obtained, in the course of thirty years, a complete collection of these works in their red-cloth covers, bearing the Leyden sphere of the Elzevirs in gold. Between two and three hundred volumes, including editions of Rabelais, Corneille, Ronsard, Villon, La Fontaine, Brantôme, early French dramas, chronicles, romances, *chansons de geste*, &c., &c., and a complete collection of the works known in England a couple of generations ago as the Shandean Library, rest on my shelves, and are pretty often taken thence for perusal or reference. To my great surprise the series has this month recommenced under new publishers, MM. Plon & Nourrit. The latest addition to the series is before me, and marks the opening out of a fresh interest. It consists of a MS., hitherto unpublished, of Restif de la Bretonne. It is possible that I may some day deal at some length with this curious and interesting—albeit not wholly edifying—eighteenth-century celebrity, who has been called the Rousseau of the *ruisseau*, or street gutter, who was himself a printer, and has left behind books enough—often-times set up by his own hands—to justify a bibliography to himself in the shape of an octavo volume of over four hundred pages.¹ If ever autobiographical revelations deserved the lately invented term of "human documents," they are those of Restif. I am now concerned only with the appearance in an old series of the book entitled "Mes Inscriptions," a *journal intime*, which has been discovered in the Archives of the Bastille, now in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal. This work, obviously seized by the police, covers the years 1780–1787, and is, assumably, a portion only of a longer work. It is a curious and useful supplement to the autobiography published

¹ *Bibliographie et Iconographie de tous les ouvrages de Restif de la Bretonne* . . . par P. L. Jacob, bibliophile. Paris : Auguste Fontaine, 1875.

under the name "Vie de Monsieur Nicolas," and other works of the same author, and will attract the attention of all collectors of Restif, who are not confined to France, but exist in this country. Copies of his best known works brought from six to eleven guineas in last year's sales. The record of the proceedings of Restif is from day to day, and the entries show signs of the decadence of his physical and moral qualities.

THE BULL-FIGHT IN PARIS.

VERY far from groundless prove to have been the fears I expressed as to the possible establishment of the bull-fight in France. The shows, barely less revolting than those in Madrid or Seville, which have been tolerated in the Amphitheatre in Nismes and in other southern cities, have now extended to Paris, where they have been established with a distressingly small amount of opposition or protest. Already the sickening details of horses gored to death by the bull have been sent over, and a man even has narrowly escaped with his life. Some of the facts narrated are too horrible for mention. No steps whatever appear to have been taken to arrest this national degradation. I am no prophet of evil. I make bold, however, to tell our neighbours that the establishment of the bull-fight in France will inevitably lead to national and political decay and ruin. We ourselves, in common with other nations, are hurt by what is now being done. Spain, even in these days of quick travel, is still remote, and those Englishmen who can be corrupted by the worst form of moral leprosy surviving in Europe are few, and belong principally to classes so used to sport as not easily to be shocked. To Paris, however, all classes of Englishmen are attracted, and a percentage of these is certain to be lured to whatever is deplorable or vicious. I urge upon every lover of animals and every believer in the degrading influence of cruelty to abstain from these shows, and so far as in them lies to cover the shame of their nearest neighbours.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1890.

CHAIRS BY THE RIVER.

BY J. FIELD.

I.

“YOU’LL be stopped at Sultanpur, you see if you’re not,” said my host, Major O’Kelly, R.E., as he stood with his arms resting on the window of the carriage in which I had taken my seat. “If that Ghorwara bridge stands the flood that is on its way this minute, why, I know uncommonly little of bridges, that’s all. The travellers’ bungalow is a sty—and the food—— ! So I dropped a line yesterday to Marston. Trust him for looking after you. Time up, guard ? All right. Good-bye, old man, and good luck at home !”

It was before the days of unbroken railway communication between the North-West of India and the great western harbour. Wide gaps still made the journey too inconvenient for general adoption, and in the rains the uncertainty of getting through in a given time was heightened by the not unfrequent collapse of one or other of the great bridges which span the streams down which the rainfall of Central India runs its wasteful way to the sea. It was August ; the monsoon was more than a month overdue and had at last broken over the great plateau with a vengeance. Engineers had long shaken their heads over the Ghorwara bridge, which dated back to a time when architects and contractors had little practical experience of the force of a river which rises forty feet in a night. As I looked at the flooded country through which the line to Sultanpur ran, I began to have doubts of our even reaching that terminus, from which all ought to have been plain sailing to Bombay. It would have been wiser to take the other route.

I was a captain at that time, and was going home on sick leave

after an attack of cholera. It had been a bad year, and I had left more than one comrade in the sandy burial-ground of Alikot. The new route tempted me—it looked so short on the map compared with that by Calcutta and Point de Galle. But now I began to fear detention and reckon up the number of days to the departure of the P. and O. steamer that I wanted to catch.

Sure enough, at the very next station to Sultanpur, I caught the word “Ghorwara” in a conversation that was going on between the station-master and the guard, just outside the window of my carriage. Yes, four spans were gone, and now there was nothing for it but to wait at Sultanpur until the Company might be able to organise arrangements for getting passengers and luggage across—three or four days at least.

The travellers' bungalow was not so bad, after all. The rains had washed away a twelvemonth's accumulation of unconsidered garbage from the compound, which was further embellished by a delicate green veil of three-days-old grass, not to mention splashy pools, their margins garnished with frogs as yellow and as noisy as canary birds. The inside might certainly have been cleaner ; but, by the time I had tubbed and established myself in a crazy old Chinese chair in the verandah, I felt little disposed to grumble. Old Ahmed, the servant with me, was pretty certain to be able to do *something* in the way of dinner, and the luncheon-basket, which O'Kelly's hospitality had stocked with a supply intended to meet the not very improbable contingency of a break-down, had put me in a position to await the result of his exertions with comparative equanimity. I had hardly yet regained my strength, and no lotus-eater, “stretched out beneath the pine,” ever enjoyed his inaction more than I did as I lay at length on the shaky wickerwork and delighted my weary eyes with the tissue of green and gold which the rays of the declining sun were weaving with the young leaves of the tamarind-tree which shadowed the porch.

The road ran just outside the compound, and I remember watching with some interest a large horse, evidently ridden by a European, which came along at a sharp, level trot. It disappeared for an instant behind the tall edge of gaunt cactus, then the sound of the clattering hoofs turned to a quick thud as they left the metal and swung round through the gate with unslackened speed. The horse was reined up just in front of where I was sitting, and I saw that the visit was to me.

It is not often that one sees in India man and horse so well turned out. The horse was an Australian, a “waler,” as we call them there—a big chestnut thoroughbred, with a coat like satin, and a head as fine as a Nedjd Arab. He seemed to be used to standing with the reins on

his neck, for the rider dropped them as he pulled up, sitting far back in his saddle with his boots stuck out in front and his hands in the pockets of his short flax-cloth jacket, with a perfect *sans gêne* which in anyone else would have been considered to have a touch of swagger in it. But it was impossible to look at Marston's burly figure, with its grand chest and shoulders, or to listen to the frankly dominant tones of his cheery voice, without accepting his manner as the outcome of a thoroughly genial nature. The whole man was in harmony with himself: the perfection of his semi-sporting costume (he had just come from a meeting of stewards on the race-course), the silver gloss of bit and stirrup-irons, the elaborate curl of his heavy brown moustache—it was all part and parcel of a certain inborn completeness, which expressed itself spontaneously in all his belongings.

"Captain Hillyar? O'Kelly told me to look out for you. Well, you will have to make the best of it with us for a day or two. I hope your journey has not been a very fatiguing one. You look very far from well yet."

There is a right divine in natural superiority which makes its familiarity flattering. Just so a good-natured fifth-form fellow might speak to a youngster fresh from home, confident that his condescending notice cannot fail to be welcome. Marston's manner was more than taking—it took possession of you, placed you under his wing, and assured you that your weakness was in good hands. Strange to say, I felt only pleasure in his patronising interest.

"A little done-up with the worry of getting from the station," I said. "I hoped to have got through straight."

"A day or two's rest will do you no harm. You will be in heaps of time for the mail. But instead of coming down for you with a carriage, I have only come with an apology. A friend has quartered a couple of babies upon us for the night. We want you to come and dine this evening, and then, to-morrow morning, you must come and stay as long as the river will help us to keep you."

Of course I said I was very much obliged.

"That's all right. My wife will pick you up in the tonga on her way from the band. And now I must be off. Come up, you red brute!"

He gave the horse a friendly tap on the shoulder with the toe of his boot, without picking up the reins, and the beast was round and off like a shot. He could train his horses to do anything with next to no trouble, I have heard. Some men can.

II.

It was hardly dusk when Mrs. Marston turned her pair of grey Arab ponies into the compound. I had not expected her so early; but by good luck I was ready.

From nothing but my couple of minutes' talk with Marston, I had got an impression that his wife would be as perfect as the rest of his appointments. A failure in that item would have infallibly left on his manner and bearing some certain trace of non-success; his assurance would not have been complete had it not rested upon a conviction that his supreme triumph was in the central enterprise of his life.

Was it, I wondered at the first glance I gave to the little equipage, by some humorous design of making the beautiful creature I saw still more suggestive of a princess in a fairy tale, that her husband had given her an ogre as an attendant? The native groom who went to the horses' heads was certainly one of the most uncouth specimens of humanity I ever chanced to behold. He was, I imagine, an Afghan—short, squat, bow-legged, with an enormous chest, and a head that might have belonged to a giant. His beetle-brows, nose, and one cheek, were divided diagonally by a sword-cut that must have sliced his skull like a pumpkin, to judge from the scar it had left. The expression was not malign: the submissive good nature of a brute that hardly knows its own strength, or the surly surrender of a bear to its tamer—which is it? I can never think of Mrs. Marston without that grisly figure at her side.

She was only a girl, hardly one-and-twenty, I should think. Very beautiful, more so perhaps than any woman I had ever seen, but with a certain simplicity of grave girlishness in look and bearing that struck me even more than her beauty. If she was shy, her shyness did not take the form of embarrassment. She was perfectly composed, and yet I do not think I ever knew anyone get through the necessary formalities of greeting with so small an expenditure of words.

I hoped she had not left the band-stand earlier than usual on my account.

"Harold told me when to come," she said as I took my place at her side.

She drove well, keeping her ponies up to their work, and standing no nonsense. They had no blinkers and next to no harness, and were spirited little beasts enough. When one tried playfully to

bite his comrade's ear off, she administered correction with great decision.

"Harold says that must be checked," she explained.

I was amused at her speaking of her husband by his Christian name. It seemed to place me at once among their familiars. But her manner was that of a person on duty, impersonally polite—no more.

"He told me you were coming to dinner," she said presently. "Are you coming to stay afterwards?"

I suppose she wanted to know, and took the shortest way to find out. It was direct, certainly.

"Colonel Marston was good enough to ask me to stay until I can get on. It will not inconvenience *you*, I hope."

"Oh, no!"

She spoke with a little surprise, and then smiled—by a second thought, as it were. Her smile came doubtfully, as though in sharing her amusement so far with a stranger she were going a little beyond her limit. I think she understood that her question might not have seemed hospitable and wanted to efface the impression, for she began to talk.

"You have come from the North-West, hav'n't you?"

"Yes, from Alikot."

"That is where they have had cholera so badly?"

"Yes; I have been ill with it, and am going home on sick leave."

She said no more for a minute. I thought the subject was dropped; but no—the tone of her next question showed that she had been considering me from the new point of view my words supplied, and had decided that a certain relaxation of manner was permissible.

"Is it very bad to have?"

"Not so bad as to see other people have, perhaps."

"No? That is our house, by the little mosque."

We drew up under the porch, which was already beautiful with creepers, stephanotis, and the sweet, misnamed Indian honeysuckle, and I followed her through large, cool rooms, exquisitely fresh and fragrant, to the verandah on the other side. Then I saw that we were on the high bank of a river, across which one looked over the great plain, already grey and indistinct in the twilight.

Chairs had been placed outside on a carpet spread almost on the edge of the sandy cliff, below which the river spread wide in flood. She did not pause in the verandah, but took me straight out, giving an order to a servant as she did so.

"Harold said you were to lie down in a long chair until he came," she said, and I thought I could perceive in her tone the satisfaction of a person who has found a clue to a puzzle. "And you were to drink a glass of sherry. They will bring it in a moment."

There was something so simple in the literal way in which she acted up to her *consigne* that I felt, and I dare say looked, a little amused. It was like being taken in charge.

"He will not be long," she said deprecatingly, as I obediently took the chair and the attitude imposed on me. It was fortunate that I have no prejudice against a glass of sherry before dinner. Like it or not, I imagine I should have had to drink it. Until her husband came, I was an invalid and under orders.

Then she sat down in a low chair nearly opposite, and seemed, I thought, a little at a loss. She had probably been told to amuse me until he came in, and did not quite know how it was to be done. I was inclined to help, but was curious to see how she would manage. So I acted up to my *rôle* of sick man, lay quiet, and sipped my sherry in silence.

By-and-by she began, rather shyly :

"Do you like India ?"

"That is rather a large question, Mrs. Marston. I must localize my answer a little. I like a long chair on an evening like this very well."

It was one of the evenings that only come in the first break of the monsoon—perfectly still, the air heavy with the scent of wet air and teeming vegetation, and almost palpable in its luxurious oppressiveness. Below, the river slid along full from bank to bank, a broad band of weltering silver, with a strange, hushed whisper of solemn sound. The sky was clear, but far away beyond the darkening plain the faint flicker of distant lightning showed intermittently what seemed pale phantoms of cloud. It was quite dusk now ; under the trees that shut us in right and left the gloom had gathered and spread, and seemed to be crawling out upon the little open space where we sat.

Perhaps I was still weak ; my voice showed it, I dare say, for she went on :

"You must have been very ill. I am afraid you are very tired."

"Your husband is determined to make me an invalid, so I have resigned myself, you see. I had made up my mind that I was quite well again."

"A great many people died, didn't they? Harold told me how bad it was there. I hope none of your friends——"

"Every one is like a friend in a small station, you know. The man I missed most I knew least of, perhaps. But how do *you* like India, Mrs. Marston? Is it like what you expected?"

"Just at this moment—not before."

I asked her to explain.

"I thought death would always be very near," she said quite simply. "People talk so much of snakes and things—and cholera too. Like a book with pictures—'The Dance of Death'—I saw once. And everybody has been so well and so gay since I came out. But it must have seemed like that where you have been."

"Yes, rather, at one time. Death is not a bad companion after all, when you get used to him. There is another picture I dare say you have seen—'Death as a Friend'—where he comes just as the sun rises and the night goes away. Perhaps some people make him as welcome—as your husband is making me," I said, laughing.

It was so nearly dark that I could hardly see more than her white dress vaguely blurring the gloom. There is something strangely impersonal in a talk in the dark. One forgets the person behind the voice when hearing is not helped by sight. Mrs. Marston had ceased to think of me in trying to realize the experience I had gone through.

"That is awful," she said, as if to herself; "more awful than being afraid. I think I could be brave about dying, if *he* were with me. But to wish to die and to be glad when death comes—are people so unhappy as that—*good* people?"

"When the day has been a very long one, don't you think one might be glad if evening came a little sooner than one expected? He was not unhappy, I think, the friend who was in my mind when I spoke. He had carried a heavy load very bravely, and death lifted it off his shoulders, and he could lie down and be at rest."

"Will you tell me?" she said very gently. "Not if it pains you, you know."

Che sarà, sarà. I felt I was doing an unwise thing; and yet I did it. She wanted to hear a sad story, poor child, that her own happiness might taste the sweeter afterwards, perhaps; perhaps the still gloom and silence of the gathering night made her thoughts find a fearful pleasure in hearing of death and sorrow. And I—the thing itself was so fresh in my memory, and yet my weary journey made the scene seem so remote. And then, explain it as you may, I have felt since that a compulsion was upon me.

III.

"I WILL tell you if you like," I said.

"When I rejoined the regiment at Alikot last year, there was a man a few years senior to myself who had been transferred to us in my absence. He was under a cloud. They said he had misbehaved in action in the Crimea ; but no one seemed to know what the real story was. He was a very quiet, reserved fellow, with a tongue that could sting when he chose to use it, which he hardly ever did. A man who might have been popular ; brains, good looks, everything in his favour—only that old story against him. But that was enough. He was one of the best officers in the regiment ; but it was only discipline that made the men obey him, and only civility that made him tolerated at mess.

"I need not tell you the chance that made us house-mates. We lived under the same roof for four months, and I got to like him and to believe that there was something wrong about the story. He was not the man one could ask, you know. His manner kept off impertinence ; but, perhaps, it kept off goodwill as well. But I was curious about it, and I set myself to find out the facts. I have a largish acquaintance, and it wasn't difficult.

"It was in the June of 1855, just over fifteen years ago. He was then a lieutenant with his regiment in the Crimea. They had the advanced trenches guard one night, and there was a sudden attack—one of those sharp little brushes the Russians used to give our fellows now and again, I've heard, just to make their own youngsters keen. No possible use, you know, but trying enough to our men's nerves, coming in the dark and as sudden as an earthquake. It was all over in five minutes ; and then it turned out that my friend was missing. They thought he had been made prisoner or something of the sort for a moment, and then all at once he appeared. He said he had been sent by the officer in command with a message to the battery in rear of that part of the trenches. They were firing shells from howitzers into the town, and these shells it seems every now and then burst at the muzzle of the guns and made it very uncomfortable for the trenches they were firing over ; some men had been hit. This was quite true. I believe the fuses had been in store ever since the Peninsular War.

"As had luck would have it, the officer who sent him had been killed. I don't suppose any one would have doubted the truth of the story, if he had not mentioned that another officer was standing

close by when the order was given. Indeed, he said there had been a question which of the two should be sent. So, almost by chance, this man was asked what had passed.

"He said he had heard nothing of the sort, in an off-hand way enough at first, as if he did not choose to be mixed up in the matter; but when he was pressed on the subject he asserted distinctly that the order had *not* been given. My friend had not reached the battery; he had turned back on hearing musketry firing, he said.

"Well, there was a private inquiry, and the result was that the thing was hushed up, passed over without my friend being formally exonerated. There had been a sort of rivalry between him and the other fellow: but it was incredible that any man could be guilty of a falsehood under such circumstances. The whole thing was in the regiment, and the commanding officer was able to burke it. He probably thought the young fellow's nerve had failed him, and wanted to give him another chance.

"In stories, you know, a man always retrieves himself by some brilliant bit of dare-devilry or another. I don't know if it really does generally happen so; at any rate, in this case it didn't. The poor fellow was sent home sick almost directly; indeed, I believe he was too ill to have much voice in the matter of the inquiry, and I don't believe he was under fire again to the day of his death.

"Half a dozen years later, the two men met in the most unlucky way. It was in Madras somewhere, and this time there was a lady in the business. She had come out in the same ship with him, and there had been talk of an engagement. As Satan himself would have it, the other man turned up, fell in love with the lady, used the old story unmercifully, married her, and nearly succeeded in driving his unlucky rival out of the service. I believe he had to withdraw from the club; but he was too dogged to flinch, and he was certainly at the same station with the couple when the lady died, not two years after her marriage.

"That is what I learnt. Now for my own share in the business. Cholera, you know, sometimes strikes a man down like the blow of a tiger's paw. He may be about and well at sunrise, and dead by mid-day. My poor friend and I had our tea together at day-break; when I came in from the butts he was past speech. I asked to look over his papers. I knew nothing of his affairs or his family; but I had been more with him than any one else.

"It sounds strange when one thinks of the free-and-easy way men generally live together when they share a house; but I had never been in his rooms till I was called in to see him die. They were

as bare as they well could be: the barrack-furniture he had had for his outfit when he joined as an ensign, I dare say, poor fellow—next to nothing else. I noticed one thing. On the white wall, just close to where his face must have turned as he slept on the little pallet-bed, a cross was traced in charcoal. I did not know he was at all given that way, and so looked at it, I suppose. It was not accidental; the lines were doubled, and cross lines scrawled to mark the ends, so that there was a star at each point. A damp sponge would have made an end of it in a moment, it was so faint. But I remembered the shape.

“There were next to no papers—nothing to tell us who ought to be written to. Hardly a letter—bills docketed and notes about regimental matters. But in the only box his servant said he kept locked there was an envelope with a couple of letters in a lady’s handwriting; and there was a long tress of chestnut hair. I didn’t like to read them, and took it all to the Colonel. But he said they might give us the information we wanted. So I took them out of the envelopes in his presence, and first just glanced at the signatures.

“The name was that of the man who had brought such ruin into my friend’s life. They were from his wife.

“She was a good woman, Mrs. Marston; what the letters told was horrible enough, but her part was as clear as God’s sunlight.

“I suppose her husband had met with some dangerous accident. She wrote in a kind of passion of supplication, entreating my friend to write one line of forgiveness to his poor dying enemy. He had confessed to her, she said; all he wanted was to make his confession public, but there was no time. The doctor had told her he would not live to see the sun rise. As she wrote, he was lying as white and as still as he would lie in a few hours in his coffin; and then it would be too late, then he would be beyond the reach of forgiveness. He could understand her still; perhaps he would still be able to hear her read the message she knew the answer would contain. She knew it, because she had injured him too—it was the memory of that wrong that made her *sure*.

“It was like a cry for mercy, written all in a breath, as it were, at her husband’s bedside, I dare say. I can fancy his eyes following her as she wrote—eyes with the terror of death looking out of them.

“The other letter was different. The handwriting was laboured, as though every letter had cost her a struggle; and the expression was quite cold and simple. She wrote, she said, with a feeling of the deepest humiliation. At the first moment that it was safe to do so, she had reminded her husband of his promise. He seemed to have

forgotten what had passed between them, and declared that he must have been speaking in delirium. It was the duty, he said, of people who nursed the sick not to pay attention to ravings which only showed that the brain was off its balance. He had forbidden her to refer to the subject again. 'My own duty is clear to me,' she ended. 'You have my letter ; my testimony is ready when you call for it.'

"Inside the paper which held the hair was traced feebly a cross with stars at the points, like that on the wall. Perhaps they had stood together on deck and watched the Southern Cross.

"The hair must have been cut off when hope of recovery was gone. There could have been no thought of how that thick, silken strand would be missed. He had refused to strike his enemy through her, and he went on carrying his burden of shame.

"But she knew it, and she thanked him.

"The Colonel and I talked the thing over and sealed up the letters. While we were waiting the result of the inquiries we had made about my poor friend's relatives, came my own illness. Afterwards we arranged that I should take them home and explain the matter to his brother, who, it seems, is in rather an influential position, and he can do as he pleases about it. But the other man has left the service, his name is no longer in the Army List. So I don't see what can be done to him, even if the thing were capable of proof, which it isn't.

"But I think it was as a friend that death came to him, Mrs. Marston."

IV.

WHILE I was telling my story, lights had been brought into the verandah and the table laid for dinner. Servants were moving to and fro, the hush and darkness in which I had begun were gone. Mrs. Marston was silent for a minute when I stopped.

"And did she—did she *stay* with him afterwards?" she asked.

"Till she died, I believe. It was not more than a few months."

"I can believe it all," she said, after a pause, "all but *that*. To go on living with any one guilty of baseness like that! It seems impossible."

"You could not have done so, Mrs. Marston? It was her duty, I suppose."

"I don't think so," she said, with an energy of conviction which startled me. "Nothing in the world should have made me go on breathing the same air with such a wretch! I would rather—*Harold!*"

Marston had come up quietly as she spoke, and was standing close to her chair. He laughed with great enjoyment.

"Whom are you denouncing, Alice? I did not give you credit for half that amount of energy. And now, if you are composed enough for the ceremony, perhaps you will permit me to introduce Captain Hillyar. Hillyar, my wife pretends to be very shy with strangers, so I sent her to fetch you without any information, except that you were to be found at the travellers' bungalow—just to make her learn to trust to her own resources. Has she been going on like this all the time? You must be exhausted."

I had noticed that she never called me by my name. She looked up to him like a child, her face full of delight.

"Captain Hillyar made it very easy," she said. "I didn't *quite* know what to do if he wouldn't drink the sherry."

"And whom were you vituperating in that way, if you please? Hillyar, you must tell me how you managed to raise such a storm while I wash my hands."

I followed him into his dressing-room. It was exactly as if I had known them all my life.

"Well, what was it all about?" he said, laughing, as he stood bare-armed and -throated, and stooped to plunge his head into one of those enormous copper vessels that serve in that part of India as wash-hand basins. "The little woman was fairly under way for an oratorical display, when I came up and spoiled sport. I didn't know she had it in her."

"We had been talking about the cholera, and I was telling her about the death of poor Morris, my house-mate. Did you ever meet him?"

Marston's head was pretty well under water as I spoke. He kept it there for half a minute, and had to clear the water from his eyes and moustache before he could answer.

"Morris? Met him somewhere or other. What about him? Yes, I heard he was dead."

"I dare say you may have heard the story that stood in his way all through the service. I believe it was all a lie, got up by an infernal scoundrel."

"Stories are always true," said Marston, indifferently. "There is always something in them. That's my experience, at least. There was a good deal against Morris, I fancy. What was this one?"

I told him in half a dozen sentences, as he stood brushing his hair before the glass, with his back towards me. He was just the practical, common-sense person whose advice would be useful.

And I felt, too, under a sort of obligation to disabuse him of a prejudice which he shared with so many others of poor Morris's acquaintances. Not to have mentioned the names would have been absurd in this case. Marston probably knew the circumstances, as I did myself, and might possibly know what had become of Howcaster, the man whose name had disappeared from the Army List.

"And so you are taking letters home?" he said when I stopped. "I should like to see them."

"Old Forster and I sealed the packet," I said. "I have it, with notes and so on, in my pocket-book."

"Hardly a safe place to leave money in, that travellers' bungalow," he said carelessly. "It hasn't a very good name."

I touched the breast-pocket of my coat.

"No; three or four hundred rupees are a temptation, and servants always know what is in a portmanteau."

We went in (*out*, rather) to dinner. It all comes back to me like a picture—not as a scene in which I was an actor. The dark table, just touched with points of shimmering light, where silver or crystal caught the glow of the lamps which stood at a distance, each brilliantly illuminating the white napery below it, and attracting irresistibly the winged legions of nocturnal insects; the depth of soft colour of the great crimson flowers that decked the black polished surface of the table, like offerings laid upon an altar to the night, within whose boundaries we seemed to be intruders; the tinted alabaster of Mrs. Marston's beautiful child-like face, luminous in the transparent gloom—I can *see* it all; but without the power of realising my own presence. It is incredible to me that I should have been there without some premonition of the future, and everything I can remember of what passed has to be detached by an effort from the knowledge which came later.

The dinner was perfect in its unpretentious *recherche*, and admirably served, despite the difficulties which the first rain never fails to occasion. Our talk was of that effortless and superficial sort, into which it is natural to fall when the thermometer is at 90. Mental exertion at such a time is even more exhausting than bodily, and silence is very apt to induce premature somnolence. Marston had the secret of that light, half aggressive word-play which makes rejoinder inevitable. Recent sickness had left me little energy for conversation, and Mrs. Marston seemed to be habitually silent; but I cannot remember a single break in the succession of pleasant nothings which went on as long as we sat at dinner. I have often tried to recall the sequence of what was said among us, curious to

discover the moment at which Marston made up his mind to action, and I have never succeeded in determining it.

I think Mrs. Marston would have liked, directly after we sat down, to go on with our interrupted conversation. But he stopped her with a word.

"No, we won't have any burning subjects. We want to make Captain Hillyar forget the bad time he has come through."

I noticed then, as I noticed more than once in the course of the evening, that her compliance with whatever he desired, although the wish might be conveyed in the slightest and most casual way, was so instant as to be more like the correspondence between the nerves and the will than mere mechanical obedience. The tone he employed in speaking to her was invariably that of very affectionate *badinage*. He was constantly practising upon her gravity, and it was pleasant to watch the hesitating relaxation of her beautiful features as her smile responded to his, trustfully, and yet with a sort of reluctance that made every success seem a triumph. It was impossible to see them together without feeling that her very soul was subject to his. Her belief in him seemed absolute, and it is in it that I find the explanation of what he did.

He had probably bent his whole power to the task of making his wife's faith centre in himself. And the very completeness of his success held him bound. Little by little, her conscience had taken the place of his own and imposed its law upon his outward life. He was living in an enchanted palace, held up by the faith of one kneeling child. If that wavered, all went to headlong ruin. Marston was a strong man, but that hour must have put his strength to a terrific strain. He had heard his doom pronounced; he knew that only one awful hazard could save him from that sword of white flame which his wife carried in her innocent hand.

After dinner we went out to the chairs by the river. Marston said he had a letter to write—a letter that might take him ten minutes or more—and we must have coffee without him.

"Now, no more tragedy," he said, laughing. "Hillyar, this young lady is not to be excited; her natural vehemence of disposition makes caution absolutely necessary."

I laughed too, and so did Mrs. Marston, looking up to him and blushing. Perhaps she would have preferred that he should not have given me that little warning. There was a reason for avoiding anything that might agitate her painfully. It was not likely that our conversation would be of a very disturbing sort, and yet it was only natural that he should be careful.

Oddly enough, as I thought afterwards, the first thing that occurred to me after he was gone was a remark upon the appearance of the groom who had accompanied her to the travellers' bungalow.

"Colonel Marston must have chosen him for his looks," I said. "He quite doubles the value of those pretty little Arabs. They look like a pair of King Solomon's horses guarded by a Djinn. They are his especial charge, I suppose?"

"I think I am his *especial* charge," she said. "He is head man in the stable, but he thinks he belongs to me. When Harold gave me the ponies for my very own, he told me that he was given too. He quite believes it. His orders come through me. Harold will not say a word when I am there."

"That cut across his head must have been a heavy one."

"It was through that that Harold got him. He was escaping from a blood feud in his tribe, up on the frontier, and Harold found him, gashed like that, and sewed up the cut himself. He is rather mad, I think, you know. He believes he is only safe as long as he stays with us."

"He is a sturdy escort, Mrs. Marston."

"Yes," she said, with a little well-satisfied smile. "I hope he may never have to strike anyone in my defence. He would strike hard."

Then we talked of other things—her riding, and the big game she had seen her husband shoot. He seemed to have shared everything with her, taking her about with him, and giving her a real, practical part in all he did. She had carried his second gun, and had seen a charging tiger drop almost at her feet.

"He says he feels safe with me behind him," she said, with evident pride. "A native once got frightened and let off his second gun, and the bullet went through his shoulder and all but killed him. No, I never feel afraid. Harold does not make mistakes."

"We all do sometimes, Mrs. Marston," I could not help saying.

"Harold does not," she said, simply.

That is an instance of her tone in speaking of him.

I should think that, as far as her own claims were concerned, it would be hard to find anyone of less assumption than Mrs. Marston; but in speaking of him her manner took at once an air of assured superiority which I almost wonder that I did not feel amusing. She not only took off her own shoes, as it were, before mentally entering his presence, but she expected others to do the same, and would

have felt her religion outraged by a refusal. And I did not refuse. I knew nothing of Marston, of course ; but faith is terribly convincing, and my voice fell involuntarily into the same reverential key as her own.

To be believed in like that must have something terrible about it. A man's life is but a flawed and seamy business at the best, and a saint would feel like an escaped convict with the dread of detection dodging him, in the presence of such absolute faith. I wonder he did not give it up and say, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man." Imagine the strain of living constantly up to an ideal self held before you in the mirror of a stainless mind.

By-and-by he came back and sat down. I was to be driven home in his buggy at half-past ten, and it was close on that now. A servant came up and said something to him in an undertone.

"Call him here," he said in Hindustani. "Darya Khan sends to say that old Stanby has gone lame again, Alice. Your ponies will have to come out."

I protested. I felt that the walk would be pleasant, and said so. It was not three-quarters of a mile.

"Well, we will hear what my wife's retainer says. I dare say it is nothing : an excuse to come up and be scolded. There is no keeping that fellow away."

The man came into the little circle of light. Grim, hideous, shambling in gait, with something in his look I had not noticed before—a look of abject fear. If he had been a dog he would have been grovelling and whining. He stood silent, shifting from foot to foot, and awaiting his orders from Mrs. Marston.

"Speak to him, Alice," said Marston. "Ask him what is the matter."

Her Hindustani was very imperfect ; but she had received her order, and she spoke without the least embarrassment. The man knew hardly more of the language than she did. I translate their conversation literally ; it was, of course, limited to the simplest words.

"Darya Khan !"

"Sahib !" (In a growl of abject humility.)

"What has happened to the horse?"

"Lame."

"When?"

"I took him out of the stall ; then it appeared."

"Much?"

"Does not put the foot to the ground."

"Make ready my horses."

"Sahib!" (With a side-long look to Marston.)

I interposed. I really meant to walk, I said. Mrs. Marston turned to her husband for instructions.

Marston told the man in an off-hand way that I did not want the pony-carriage, and intended to walk. The creature hesitated, looking from him to her with a sort of helpless terror. Marston laughed.

"My authority is not enough for him without my wife's. Alice, say in your best Hindustani, 'Do what the Sahib tells you to do.'"

She paused for an instant to construct her sentence. Then she produced it, very seriously, of course, with the little stress on the last word which the form of the language necessitates, so that what she said really was:

"What the burra Sahib tells you to do, that do."

"Your order has been given."

He louted low and disappeared in the night; but as he went he looked at me. It was so strange a look, that I glanced inquiringly at my host.

Mrs. Marston had noticed it too.

"Did I say that right, Harold?" she asked. "He looked at Captain Hillyar so oddly."

"Very nicely indeed. There was a gravity about it that impressed Darya Khan a good deal. I dare say he thought that you were much offended at your order being set at nought, and holds poor Captain Hillyar responsible for your highness's displeasure."

"I really should not wonder," she said. "He is very odd. But I will try and learn to speak like other people."

I think she waged constant war against the natural chill of her manner. Her farewell to me was quite cordial, poor child. She stood up to wish me good-bye.

"I wish you would have had my ponies, Captain Hillyar. We shall send to fetch you to-morrow quite early. Be sure you are ready to come directly."

Marston wanted to walk back with me, but I would not let him. As I turned, the two were standing together in the little circle of light, his hand on her shoulder.

V.

My way home was straight—a raised road with trees planted on the slopes of its embankment so as to form a continuous avenue.

Very dark it was, of course, under them; but there was no losing the way. Fire-flies are not very common up there, but the heat following the heavy rain had brought a few out, tiny flecks of green fire flashing and vanishing in the blackness. Everything was very still; the sound of my own footfall was all I heard.

As I walked along I thought of the evening I had just passed. My mind had worn crape so long that happiness took me by surprise. Life seemed a brighter thing than I had fancied it. Of course the board was chequered, but after all there are only two pieces in the whole thirty-two whose destiny it is always to move on black squares. I had come away with my memory full of pictures—scenes of sweet domestic enjoyment, vignettes in which little details of the pleasant past, which was so soon to be repeated, were reproduced with photographic minuteness. Years and years afterwards I chanced to pick up an “Arabian Nights,” and, in the scene between the good spirit Maimoune and the accursed Djinn, I saw the grave loveliness of Mrs. Marston as she laid her fatal command on her brutish vassal.

Suddenly I heard, close to me, not a footstep, but a deep-drawn breath. I turned, my left arm thrown up in instinctive defence. The next instant it received a heavy blow, and I was pitched over the embankment, on the edge of which I had been walking.

Something followed me headlong like a wild beast, and blundered over me in the darkness. I was left the higher on the slope, and regained the road before my assailant could grapple with me. Half a dozen yards are not much of a start when one is handicapped with a broken arm, but that instant saved my life. I suppose I shouted for help; all I can remember is the sound of horses' hoofs coming up at a gallop, and the fear lest they should come right upon me as I lay in the road. I had half parried a second blow with my walking-stick, and was nearly stunned. I can vaguely recall the talk of my rescuers as they helped me along to the travellers' bungalow, and then, clearly enough, my arm being set by the doctor who was hastily fetched. The whole thing must have been over in twenty seconds. I had not even been robbed.

By-and-by I was in bed with a splitting headache and my arm in splints, trying to sleep, and only falling, over and over again, into that miserable intermediate state in which dreams and realities intertwine themselves in an endless maze of painful consciousness. A dozen times over I was convinced that I was lying in a long chair, telling some strange story to Mrs. Marston, some story in which her husband bore a leading part. And then the chair changed to a railway-carriage, under which I was lying crushed, and Marston stood

looking at me with his hands on his wife's shoulder. Whenever I turned in my uneasy sleep, some variation of the same nightmarish vision presented itself—always the same actors and always the same concluding tableau.

Waking up after a night so passed is uncomfortable enough. I felt feverish and wretched as I watched the grey light of a rainy morning struggle through the venetians. Presently my servant brought me a cup of tea. A sahib had come in the night, he said—a friend of mine who wanted to see me. By-and-by he came in.

It was Holroyd, of the 104th. He was returning from leave, and had managed to get across the river somehow and come up on an engine. He was going on by the line I had come by. But the train was to wait for the mails, and did not start till the afternoon.

My head ached hideously; but I was glad to see him all the same. Of course he had heard of my adventure. There was nothing very much out of the way in it, and nothing for conjecture to build upon. Some scoundrel had thought a sahib might be worth knocking down and looting, on spec.—and there was an end of it.

So we dropped the subject after a few minutes, and began talking over our acquaintances and all that had happened since we met a couple of years before, as men do. Holroyd was rather amusing in his comments. He was full of prejudices, and no respecter of persons, with insight into character enough to make his criticisms pungent. Me, personally, he had always treated with kindly commiseration, as a poor thing not to be blamed too severely for natural limitation of intellect; and in this character I came off so much better than most of his acquaintances, that gladly I accepted a compromise not very flattering to my *amour propre*.

I was not in the least surprised to hear that he had the lowest possible opinion of Marston, who, I dare say, reciprocated it cordially. Holroyd was just the man to totally disregard Marston's assumption of superiority, and this must have fretted him like a hair-shirt.

"I hav'n't seen the fellow since the race-meeting at Bangalore in '63," he said. "I knew he was up here. Go and call! Not if I know it. So he's married again! Well, what sort is she?"

"Quite a child. Very pretty and nice. I didn't know he had been married before."

"I dare say he doesn't exactly *insist* upon talking of her. They didn't hit it off. She was a good woman. There's a bad drop in that chap. This won't turn out well, neither. You wait a bit and see."

"Well, they're very fond of one another now, at any rate. And he seems a hospitable fellow enough. Come, you hav'n't seen him for the last half-dozen years. You might be charitable, for once."

"Hospitable ! As vain of his house as he is of his boots, that's about all of it. Never at peace till he can get some fool to tell him how much better his horses are than other people's, and his dinners, and his wife. *She* carried a lot of vanity for him for a bit, just at first, till she found him out, poor soul. I wonder which of my friend Howcaster's villainies it was that she came to know of. He sailed *uncommonly* near the wind in his racing matters in those days. But a woman would hardly understand that."

"Howcaster ! I thought you were talking of Marston here !"

"Same thing. Changed his name four or five years ago. Got a pot of money with the new one, I hear. I hope it may have made him decently honest. It's more than he was when I knew him."

"Do you mean to tell me that Marston's name was Howcaster six years ago ? Did he marry in Madras ?"

"He did so," said Holroyd, indifferently. "Seems to interest you. Lie down again. What is wrong now ?"

"Holroyd," I said, "for Heaven's sake, let's have no mistake. Are you *sure*—absolutely *certain* ? This is the Devil's own business. *Who* is that riding into the compound ? Holroyd, for Heaven's sake, don't let him come in here. My arm's broke, I can't defend myself. Keep him out, in the name of God."

Holroyd stared for a moment ; then he said quite imperturbably :

"If you don't choose to see him, he won't come into *this* room ; make your mind easy about that."

He went out upon the verandah. In another moment I heard their voices.

Marston had recognised him, and some short greeting had passed between them. Then I heard him speak to his groom as he dismounted. Then—

"How is Hillyar ?" His voice was quite close, he was on the steps of the verandah.

"Arm broken and knocked about the head. Can't see you ; asked me to say so."

"Some mistake," said the other, now on the verandah. "He *expects* to see me. If you will be so good as to stand aside" (with some asperity) "I will go in."

"Captain Hillyar asked me to tell you that he could *not* see you," said Holroyd, doggedly. "I don't suppose you want to go in against his wish."

"Be so good as to let me pass," said Marston. "My business with him is connected with duty." (This with great hauteur.)

"Now look here, Howcaster," said Holroyd, coolly, "what is

the good of making a row? If you like to bring the doctor, he may take the responsibility of letting you interview Hillyar. That is his look-out. *Till then, you don't enter that room."*

Silence followed. Then I heard a horse ridden away.

VI.

THAT day has left an impression of profound wretchedness on my memory. I came out of the panic of sudden terror in which I had appealed to Holroyd for protection with a strange feeling of remorseful shame. The conviction under which I had spoken faded away, effaced by the memories of the evening. Marston had come down the moment he heard of my accident with offers of help and hospitality, and he had been turned away from my door. It sounds absurd, but I believe I cried in thinking of the little hospitable preparations Mrs. Marston had doubtless made for my reception, and of what she must feel when her husband told her he had been in my hearing refused admission to my room. Bodily weakness makes us terribly conscious of the pathetic. In my suffering and exhaustion, the question whether Marston had or had not planned my murder seemed of small account; and all I wished was that what I had done could be recalled, that I could close my eyes and open them again to see him standing at my bedside—*quand même*.

I thanked Holroyd, of course; and to this day the thought of him is odious to me. He asked no questions when he saw that I did not volunteer an explanation. It was an X quantity added to the column of figures Marston had on the wrong side in the account he kept against him. He closed it finally that evening, and I have no doubt gave full weight to that mysterious item when he summed-up and struck the balance.

The doctor looked in in the course of the morning—a grave, sad, silent man. There was more fever than the injuries accounted for, he said, and he promised to call again early in the afternoon. I heard Holroyd ask him if he had seen Colonel Marston. No, he had not met him that morning.

And so the day went on, wearily and painfully, as it does before one begins to adapt oneself to new conditions. My thoughts had begun to flow back and busy themselves in arranging and weighing evidence. A great indignation against Marston slowly took possession of me—not on my own account; strange to say, my own injuries counted for hardly anything in my anger. No, it was the shameless

effrontery with which he had suffered his wife to build up the fabric of her happiness upon the foul morass of his life, to embark all that she possessed in a ship whose rotted timbers only hung together by paint and varnish. I considered what could be done to save her—what poor Morris and the woman he had loved would have wished. At last I made up my mind that I should be justified in destroying the letters. I determined to write to Colonel Marston and say that I should do so, at the same time declining all further acquaintance with him.

My resolution was taken too late. About three the doctor came in. His depression seemed deepened into gloom. He examined my injuries silently, and then asked the usual routine questions with a strange abstracted manner.

I thought something was going wrong, and asked him point-blank what was the matter.

"No," he said, "no. There is fever, but that will pass, I trust. No, your arm is doing favourably."

He was hardly listening: his mind seemed to be preoccupied. How it all comes back to me!—the dull, grey light in the empty room and the unceasing rush of rain on the roof.

All at once he said, as if with a sudden resolution:

"Captain Hillyar, you dined with Colonel Marston last night. Did you remark anything strange in his manner?"

I stared in surprise.

"Colonel Marston shot himself an hour ago," he went on, without waiting for my reply. "His wife is raving mad. Poor child! Poor child!"

I have passed through Sultanpur since, but I have never had the courage even to look from the window of the passing train at the group of trees that shelters Marston's house, or at the cross that marks the cemetery where he and his wife lie side by side. They stand together in my memory as I saw them last, the light of love on their faces, and all around them a blackness of great night.

THE FUTURE OF AFRICA.

“**I**S civilisation a failure?” asks Truthful James, beset by a horrible misgiving; “and is the Caucasian played out?” Without yielding an unqualified assent to the latter half of this double-barrelled query, we may—while emphatically negating the first—still admit the possibility of the fact suggested by it. History repeats itself—and that not once or twice only; and if we compare our own era with others which have preceded it, it may seem more than likely that, in one sense at least, “the Caucasian is played out.” Nations and races have their rise, their period of dominance—overlordship or hegemony, whichever we like to call it—and their decline. But civilisation—which I take to mean that progress of the race which, halting, blundering, frequently recoiling and returning on itself, has yet been, on the whole, an onward and upward one—still goes on. One race reaches its height, sinks, and falls, and, in its fall, hands on the torch to another, whose day is only just beginning. Such—as a survey of history shows—has been the general course of social evolution, by which we mean the Divine education, through mistake and failure, of that complex, enigmatic, helpless, and yet all-achieving being we call Man.

Attention has often been drawn, sometimes in bitter cynicism, sometimes in deepest sadness and despair, to the unmistakable analogies to be perceived between our own country during the latter half of the present century, and the Roman Empire from the days of Tiberius onward. It is foreign to our present purpose to follow out in detail the various points of resemblance: the unwieldy extent of dominion abroad, the social discontent at home—the crumbling of old faiths and old ideals, the spread of intellectual knowledge, and the weakening—real or seeming—of moral obligations—all these have been dwelt upon again and again. I would only remark, in passing, that while no doubt a great deal of what has been said on the subject is true, it seems to me the outlook is by no means so hopeless as it has appeared to some among our noblest and best. George MacDonald, I think it is, who has pointed out that the

progress of the world, apparently a circle, as it were, is really a spiral ; so that, when we seem to have come round again to the same point we reached a thousand years ago, we are really above it. Our epoch corresponds, alas ! only too well to the age of Tiberius. Yet in some points it is better, if only in that we are ashamed of doing things which then no one felt to be wrong ; and it is these points which represent the advance, the higher plane to which the spiral ascent has brought us. So that, even granting—which we are by no means prepared to do—that the present age has exhausted all the possibilities of Europe, we see that the world has not been left where it was at the beginning of the Christian era ; it has advanced, and though the advance may seem trifling, God's Providence, which has all Eternity to work in, can afford to wait.

Again, the decadence of the Roman Empire, hopeless as the outlook may well have seemed to a St. Augustine or a Sidonius, was not the decadence of the world. Out of that seething Medea's cauldron—as Charles Kingsley puts it—of the wrecks of kingdoms and the dross of nations, new states were even then springing into being, and the Empire, already dead, lived again in their life. Rome gave them their law and their civil institutions ; she handed on to them the religion which she had received, but in her decrepitude could not worthily assimilate ; she supplied them, in some cases, with a language to be moulded into fresh shapes by their own young and living thought.

The question suggests itself : Who is to carry out the parallel ? Where is the raw material to be found, out of which, moulded by our stored-up experience, the civilisation of the future is to be shaped ? Who is to work out in nobler, truer practice, the theories we have so imperfectly acted up to ? The great Oriental Empires have had their day, so have the Latin races ; the Teutons have seemingly passed the zenith of their glory. Whether the Slavs are to come on the European stage, to play out the last act of the drama which began with Alfred and Charlemagne, remains to be seen. Personally, I think it very probable, though it is hard to say what they will make of it. America is, so far as regards its white population, merely a replica of old-world civilisations, more vigorous in its Teutonic, less so in its Latin elements. Whether the aboriginal stock dying out in the Northern Continent, is equally so in the central and southern, seems at present an unsettled question.

Whether Japan and China—now, after centuries of seclusion, modifying their national characteristics by intercourse with the western world—are destined to see any vigorous life of their own, it

is difficult to decide. It may be that the activity shown at present is but a reflex from the stirring life of the West, and may turn out to be the last spasmodic struggle which precedes dissolution. Both contain, socially and morally, elements of decay which have been fatal to societies in all ages. These evils are not, so to speak, crudities incident to the raw-material stage of society, which will disappear with growth and culture—they are deeply-seated diseases, exceedingly difficult to eradicate, and, unless eradicated, fatal. But this is a point on which I would speak with extreme diffidence; and it is, after all, foreign to my main purpose, which is, to inquire whether there exist, at present, any races which can properly be termed raw-material, and which stand in the same relation to Europe of the present, as the Alemanni and the Gauls, the Goths, Saxons, Jutes, and Vandals did to Rome of the past.

It seems to me that we must look for an answer to this question to the much-discussed and hotly-debated Dark Continent. "What can be made of Africa?" is a query which has often been put, with varying connotation, according to the questioner's standpoint, by Englishmen, Germans, Belgians, capitalists and philanthropists—missionary and other. We think of Thomas Clarkson exhibiting his collection of West-Coast knives, "country cloth," and palm fibre baskets, to the Czar Alexander, in order to prove that the African was an intelligent and even rational being, perfectly capable of legitimate industry and commerce, and to induce the capitalist with money to spare, to speculate in india-rubber and gum-copal rather than in slaves. He of course—in deadly earnest, if ever man was—had the welfare of the African for his chief consideration, but he was not above appealing to the pocket of the Guinea merchant; and he tried to demonstrate, with this object, that a great deal could be made out of Africa. The same has been asserted, over and over again, by English explorers, with practical suggestions for Manchester consideration, and German explorers with dreams of "*Kolonialbesitzungen*," and by a Belgian Company which waves "a banner with a strange device," and has sounded its trumpet before it pretty loudly for the last dozen years or so. And, all the same, there is a prevailing impression that, as a whole, "Africa doesn't pay"—even strenuous, much-tried, hard-working Cape Colony (which, after all, one somehow scarcely realises to be part of the Dark Continent), though Witwatersrand shares may be up in the market, and speculators making a big thing of it out on the reefs.

Well, and if not? Has that awful mysterious land, girt about with darkness and wonder, with its mighty lakes and mountains and

table-lands, where the bare bones of the earth seem to have the shaping Hand still on them ; with its huge primæval beasts, and vegetation that seems to belong to some unknown prime of the world—has it been so long and strangely hidden from the sight of the nations only to furnish a market for Manchester cottons, or a drill-ground for German officers, or an outlet for the surplus pauper population of Europe? Why was it thus covered with darkness—thus withdrawn from outside knowledge and contact—kept utterly dumb and passive in relation to the movement of the world's history? Some would say, on account of innate, indisputable, and irremediable worthlessness. I should prefer to apply (with a difference) Emerson's words :

Lo ! I uncover the land
I hid of old time in the West,
As the sculptor uncovers the statue
When he has wrought his best !

“Africa will be civilised one day,” said an African traveller not so very long ago to the present writer, “but it will not be in my day nor in yours.”

No ; and neither will that change take place for the sole behoof and benefit of the white nations who now talk so loudly of developing and “exploiting” it. But—it may be a fanciful notion—yet I believe that, when that day comes, a civilisation such as the world never saw before—a civilisation as much above ours as ours is superior to that of the Roman Empire—will emerge from that weltering chaos of barbarism, and, while following to a certain extent in our footsteps, represent phases of thought and conduct which we have neglected, or never known.

All that I have read on the subject has suggested to me, over and over again, that Africa (it is so homogeneous, in spite of its diversity, that I cannot but regard it as a whole) is a country in process of formation. Geologically speaking, this would seem to be implied by the changes which have taken place even within the knowledge of recent travellers—*e.g.* the alterations in the level of Lake Tanganika. The types of animal and vegetable life seem, in part, to represent an age which has elsewhere passed away. From the ethnologist's point of view, a transition state is equally apparent. There is a shifting and shaking going on—an unsettling of boundaries and mingling of races, which recalls the days of the *Völkerwanderung* in Europe.

The vexed question of African ethnography has not, I suppose, been entirely settled ; but it seems pretty clear that, apart from such

distinctly immigrant races as the Arabs and the Ethiopians of Abyssinia, there are three, if not four, distinct stocks. First, those who may be considered the aboriginal or prehistoric Africans, a vanishing race, whose remnants exist scattered up and down the continent, as Bushmen and Hottentots at the Cape, Wambatti in the Aruhwimi forests, Akka on the Upper Nile, and so on. Perhaps they correspond to the dwarfish, cave-dwelling savages who seem to have inhabited pre-Aryan Britain, and, indeed, all northern Europe ; certainly they seem in some points—as far as our knowledge goes—to resemble them. They present a very low type of humanity, and their language—where they have kept their own, and not adopted that of neighbouring tribes—is characterised by the famous “clicks,” and has caused some writers to doubt whether it ought to be classed as articulate speech at all.

Secondly, we have the Bantu family, stretching from Natal to Lake Victoria, and from Zanzibar to the Congo mouth, and characterised by a wonderful uniformity of speech. Müller, and others following him, enumerate a Negro race as distinct from the Bantu, comprising the tribes on the Niger and the West Coast. Certainly their languages present curious and radical divergences from those of the Bantu nations,¹ and there are other marked differences which we shall touch on later ; but the physical characteristics appear to shade off from one to another in a very perplexing way, in the district between the Oil rivers and the Congo estuary ; and it is not easy to draw exact racial distinctions.

Thirdly, there is the Hamitic race—a type so different from the preceding that it would seem, at first sight (in spite of the familiar associations of the name), to be distinctly un-African. But the Hamites are, so far as known, the aborigines of that part of Africa which they inhabit. They include the Berbers, Tuarges, and Kabyles, from whose ancestors Dido bought the site of Carthage, the ancient Egyptians, and their descendants the modern Copts ; as well as the Somali and Gallas, with the allied tribes in the district of the Upper Nile, and the “Unknown Horn” to the east.

Müller reckons as a distinct group the “Nuba-Fulah” race, including the Nubians of the East, and the Fellatas of the West. This classification, however, is merely an uncertain and provisional one ; and it may be that the tribes thus bracketed together are not really

¹ The relationship to each other of the languages in this group is by no means proved, and in some cases exceedingly doubtful. The appellation is, as Dr. Cust remarks, a convenient heading for unclassified languages, which cannot be proved to belong to any known family.

related. On the whole, this group, lighter in colour and more marked in feature, presents a higher type of humanity than the black races, properly so called.

The American Indians are, in all probability, a dying race. Their development attained its highest point in the civilisations of Mexico and Peru—civilisations which were already beginning to decay before the incoming of the Conquistadores. The brown races of the Pacific islands—whatever their origin—seem also to be decaying. Has Africa any racial vitality, or is she in like case?

Now, it seems to me that the racial vitality of Africa is simply enormous; that from the earliest ages the impenetrable continent has been, so to speak, a reservoir for the storage of force.

The strong vitality of the black race—I use the more comprehensive term here for convenience' sake—has survived sufferings which would long ago have swept a declining people off the face of the earth. The rock-tablets of Philæ recount the number of negroes slain or made slaves of by Amenophis III. The Mohammedan conquest of North Africa inaugurated the slave raids carried on in our own day by Mlozi and Salim Ben Mohammed. In 1440 Antonio Gonsalez brought home (from Rio del Oro) the first Guinea slaves ever seen in Portugal, while a hundred years later, in 1563, Sir John Hawkins laid the foundations of that trade which Clarkson, Wilberforce, Buxton, and Sharp gave the best years of their lives to abolish. On a larger scale, even, was the Spanish and Portuguese traffic to the New World, which Las Casas, in his anxiety to spare the native Caribs, unwittingly initiated. In 1652, Jan Van Riebeck, landing at the Cape of Good Hope, founded the colony which, in "commandoes" and Kaffir wars, has contributed its quota to the "harrying of Afric."

Add to all this the intestine wars and slave-driving forays which have been carried on by the natives among themselves since the memory of man; the almost universal burial "customs" and other ceremonial human sacrifices, which reach their height in the despotisms of Dahomi and Mwata Yamvo's kingdom; the equally widespread belief in witchcraft, which demands a life for every death taking place from natural causes; and the havoc wrought by diseases and liquor introduced from abroad; and the wonder is—not that the coast tribes have deteriorated—not that whole districts, once flourishing, are now depopulated—but that Africa has any population at all.

The Caribs of the West Indies have been all but exterminated in less than the 400 years which have elapsed since the discovery of those islands. Many North American tribes have utterly disappeared

within even a shorter period. The island of Tasmania has been entirely cleared of its native population in less than a century ; and the aborigines of the Australian colonies—whose centenary we only celebrated last year—seem to be dying out more or less rapidly.

As it is, the state of affairs in Africa reminds one of Charles Kingsley's words concerning the old Norse Vikings : "The loss of life, and that of the most gallant of the young, in those days, must have been enormous. If the vitality of the race had not been even more enormous, they must have destroyed each other, as the Red Indians have done, off the face of the earth."

It is the great Bantu race which, spreading over the whole central portion of the continent, and showing, amid its diversity, such remarkable uniformity of speech and other characteristics, seems to represent the most characteristic aspect of Africa. The distinction between it and the negro race is one somewhat difficult to draw—it may, indeed, be non-existent;¹ for, though the difference between a Zulu, or a small-featured, almond-eyed inhabitant of the Lunda uplands, as described by Livingstone, and the typical Guinea-coast negro, is so marked—the tribes of the lower Congo are difficult to distinguish from those of the Niger delta, though the former speak Bantu dialects, while the latter do not. But practically and broadly, the difference amounts to this : the Bantu is a *primitive* race, the Negro a *degraded* one.²

Taking the highlands of South-Eastern Africa as the headquarters, perhaps the starting-point, of the Bantu race, we may find in the Zulus and Matabele its highest average type. We see a pastoral people, roving the country with their flocks and herds, and living in

¹ Were it permissible to start a theory, I might suggest that the negroes are really degenerate Bantus, enslaved by clans of the Nuba-Fula (or Ethiopic) race, whose language they have partially adopted. This would account for the languages (whose relationship has yet to be determined) differing totally in type from the Bantu. The reigning families of the great despotisms appear to be usually of a lighter colour and higher type of feature than the bulk of the natives ; and Speke seems to have looked upon it as certain that the kings of Uganda originally came from Abyssinia. As for the Nuba-Fula people themselves (Atlantidæ in some classifications) they are a puzzle. They may be scattered fragments of the great Hamitic race, the most progressive part of which attained its culminating point in ancient Egypt. But the whole question of African ethnography is a complicated one.

² I must acknowledge my indebtedness for this idea to the Rev. D. Clement Scott, of the Blantyre Mission, Nyassaland, who suggested it in the course of an extremely interesting conversation, in February 1887, in which he contrasted the merely negative religious consciousness of the "primitive" Manganja and Yaos with the "degraded" religion of positive idolaters, as the Hindoos and Pacific Islanders.

a more or less military organisation, under powerful chiefs. They only till the ground intermittently, and when this is done it is the task of the women. When sufficiently powerful they live, to a great extent, by forays on their weaker neighbours—like the Welsh and Highlanders of a former day. They practise polygamy—when they can afford it, and buy their wives like cattle—but, in a rude sort of way, the tie is recognised and respected. And frequently, especially in districts where living is hard, and her aid is valuable—as among the poor Manganja of Lake Nyassa, who between Angoni raiders and Arab slavers can scarcely call their souls their own—the wife is treated with some amount of consideration. Mr. Scott describes a Manganja and his wife hoeing yams together in their garden-patch, he taking his fair share of the work, and only proud of the fact that, being stronger, he can get to the end of his row more quickly than she. She is not a person lightly to be disregarded, as Mr. Scott found out on one occasion. He had been in treaty with a man who was to accompany the mission-party as carrier, and the latter had already consented, when his wife, who had not been consulted, marched up to him, and clapped him on the shoulder. “You are not to go and carry the white man’s things. You are to come with me; I want you at home. Do you hear?” And the obedient husband turned and went.

The Bantu’s ideas of the Unseen are vague and formless. He has no worship, properly so-called—his use of charms to avert the evil influence of malevolent nature-spirits and the ghosts of the dead can hardly be included in the term. His religious consciousness is, on the whole, negative. It is curious to observe how idolatry appears more and more distinctly as we cross the continent from east to west, and at the same time the system of charms or fetishes (*nkishi grigri*, or *monda*) becomes more and more elaborately developed. Cameron figures small idols very roughly kneaded out of clay, and placed under little roofs outside the villages. These, I think, begin to occur in the region west of the Lualaba. Further west, they become larger; their attributes are more distinctly recognised. In the region of the Congo cataracts, Johnston found idols typifying the productive powers of nature. Passing to the West Coast proper, we find, in the Niger delta, Dahome, a kind of mythology, with a regular system of idol-worship, unspeakably loathsome and degraded in character, and combined with human sacrifices.

In like manner, in the department of morals, near Lake Nyassa, we have, at worst, the primitive animal; in Dahome, deliberate devilry ‘sought out of them that have pleasure therein.’ Some of this has

been attributed to European influence—it may be so, especially on the coast ; but I should be inclined to suspect that those strange, unwholesome, blood-stained despotisms of the West Coast have something to do with it, at any rate as a fostering influence. What is known of Uganda rather bears out this idea. However, be the causes what they may, such is the fact ; there is no need to say any more.

In like manner, it seems to me that there is a distinction to be drawn in the matter of cruelty. Reckless of human life primitive man is everywhere, and tolerably callous to the sufferings of others. His notions of what constitutes a fair fight are of considerable latitude, and, knowing no higher law than self-preservation, he feels no compunction in knocking witches and other objectionable persons on the head at the earliest opportunity.* But there is a difference between this and the fiendish delight in blood and torture for their own sake, which marks, say, a Domitian or a Mwata Yamvo. And this is precisely the difference between Bantu and Negro.

Cannibalism cannot be treated as an isolated fact, but it is by no means universal. It does not seem to extend farther to the south-east than the Manyema country, between Tanganika and the Upper Congo, or Lualaba. The Zulus have a tradition of a man-eater—a monstrous being who lived in a cave, and was scarcely regarded as human—proving that they, at any rate, look on the practice with horror.

Taking the mass of the African continent, and the Bantu race as a whole, I do not know that the latter—allowing for differences of temperament arising from climatic and other causes, which need not necessarily be inferiorities—are very much worse savages than our Norse and Saxon forefathers. Umzilgaza wasted the land of the Bakone far and wide, when his Matabele “slew till their hands were weary of the spear”—but he probably did not cause more destruction than Guttorm, the Dane. The chiefs of the Langa-Langa, on the Upper Congo, drink palm-wine out of the skulls of their dead enemies. Alboin, the Lombard, treated the skull of Kunimund, King of the Gepidæ, in a similar fashion ; and, moreover, he made Queen Rosamond, the dead man’s daughter, drink out of it likewise, and so came by his death, as whoso will may read in his Gibbon. King Mata Bwyki, the stalwart chief of Iboko, used to drink his twelve gallons or so of *massanga* in the course of a day—but what of Norse jarls and Saxon thanes, when the horns of ale and mead went round ?—to say nothing of the Reverend Thangbrand, sometime missionary to Iceland, who ought to have known better, being a cleric.

But, it may be said, while the Zulus, or any other African race you like to name, may have plenty of savage traits in common with the old Teutons, whence we sprang—is there any touch of the heroism, the poetry, the aspiration, which made these latter something more than mere savages? I think there is. One hears a story now and then that stirs the blood like an old Norse saga. Not very long ago, two Englishmen went shooting into Lobengula's country. He allowed them to go, on condition that they would confine themselves to hunting and not search for gold, and provided them with an escort of two hundred men, who were strictly charged to prevent them from "prospecting." The Englishmen, however, entered the gold-bearing country in spite of them. Lobengula heard of the matter, and immediately had the Englishmen escorted in safety beyond his frontier, but sent for the Matábele, and told them that, as they had disobeyed their chief's orders, they must die. And the two hundred stood up, in line, and were speared, one by one, dying without a word.

Or take another instance, which comes, not from the works of Mr. Rider Haggard, but from Moffat's "*Labours and Scenes of Missionary Life in South Africa*"—where, so far from being introduced for the sake of effect, it is related with a decided air of disapprobation, as a particularly shocking occurrence—the story of Umziligaza's Induna, who, found guilty of some crime, was told that his death-sentence would be commuted, for the white man's sake, to one of exile and perpetual disgrace. He would not accept the offer. "O king, afflict not my heart—I have merited thy displeasure. Let me be slain like the warrior! . . . No, I cannot live. Let me die, O Pezulu!" And then, never flinching, "he was led forth, a man walking on each side. My eye followed him till he reached the top of a precipice, over which he was precipitated into the deep pool of the river beneath, where the crocodiles, accustomed to such meals, were yawning to devour him ere he could reach the bottom."

Umziligaza himself, the resistless warrior, the stern ruler of his people, with his iron justice and open-handed generosity, and the great tender heart, which felt the white man's nobleness and clave to him instinctively—is a Homeric figure—one that would have gladdened the soul of a saga-man of old time. So, no doubt, but more grimly terrible, were T'Chaka and Mpanda; so also, but gentler and more truly and loftily heroic, is Khama of Shoshong.

It is no part of my intention to follow out the parallel in detail—I merely suggest a comparison. Nor do I wish to imply identity of character and circumstance; history is apt to repeat itself, but each

time with a difference. The differences in this case need not be insisted on; they are many and obvious, as might be expected in a race which is to furnish an entirely new type of development.

Of the three divisions of the Old World, two have already contributed their quota to human progress. Asia developed thought, Europe work—what is left for Africa?

Taking Asia as the brain, and Europe as the hand, will it be thought fanciful if we look upon Africa as the heart of humanity?

The East (with which Greece under one aspect may be included) is the home of science, philosophy, contemplative mysticism. In the West, we have the Greeks with their ideal of citizenship and the commonweal—the Romans, with their ideal of law, order, and the strong hand of the ruler; and modern Europe, with its development of commerce and industry. We of the West—Europe with England at its head—have had to learn, and, so far as in us lies, to teach to the world, the lesson of fair-play and justice—the great, stern, inexorable law of righteousness. Poorly and blunderingly enough we have fulfilled our task—yet who shall say we have not done it at all?

But after justice comes love—after the law comes the Gospel. The head must govern the heart while the heart is wayward and untrained, but once turned in the right direction, it becomes a law unto itself, and a surer guide than the understanding. It is so with the individual—perfect, all-embracing, all-enduring love is the last and hardest lesson of life. “Add to brotherly kindness *love*”—love in its highest and widest sense. Even in our national life we are beginning to know a little of this—to be swayed by sentiments and considerations which would have seemed mere foolishness to Cæsar or Pericles. We know what it is to be Christians—in the fullest sense—in our private and personal relations; we have a Christian ideal of citizenship, and can point to many—and yet, alas! too few—who have fulfilled it; we are even beginning to grasp the idea that a State may be Christian in its relations to another State. Yet who knows but the race crushed and oppressed for so many ages by us and others—despised by us still—may be the one chosen to live out this ideal?¹

¹ This idea had often occurred to me before I found that it—or something like it—had been expressed by Miss Martineau, in *The Hour and the Man*. Perhaps it is originally due, in my case, to a sentence of Mrs. Beecher Stowe’s—which struck me forcibly, I cannot tell how long ago, but certainly before I was ten years old—and of which I can now only recall the words, “God has chosen poor Africa in the furnace of affliction.”

Our civilisation has not done all that might be expected of it—nay, there is much in it (whether inherent or accidental I will not stop to inquire) which is positively antagonistic to the highest good. Why is it that Gordon—a mythically heroic figure against the background of Khartoum—would seem, amid ordinary English surroundings, somewhat unreal and uncanny to the average English mind? Why is one struck with a sense of incongruity in trying to imagine a white—or at any rate an English—Khama? Surely—if we know that what is good therein will survive and be the seed of yet higher good—it cannot be matter for regret, even though this boasted civilisation of ours should perish—or rather be tried by the fire which only destroys in it that which is worthy of destruction.

It seems to me that most of the general assertions which have been made about the African character have started from mistaken assumptions. There is, on the one hand, the so-called “Exeter Hall” theory, which assumed that the negro differed in no essential point from an uneducated Englishman, and that when you had taught him to read and write (after, of course, persuading him to wear clothes—which usually did not fit him), you had put the key of knowledge into his hands and might safely leave him to his own devices. On the other hand, we find it stated that he belongs to a radically and unchangeably inferior race, and that his only destiny is to serve his betters, because he is imitative, like all children, and, like the Celts and Teutons in their child-like stage; because his nature is largely emotional, and he has a dog-like capacity for hero-worship; because, though he feels injuries deeply at the time, he easily forgives them (considering the fierce vindictiveness of some acknowledged savages, some of them of very low type, one would think this trait was susceptible of a double interpretation); because Hayti and Liberia have been miserable failures, and because, since Africa has been known to our august selves, we have perceived no great improvement in the natives thereof.

Granting the truth of this latter clause—which, as I shall try to show presently, I am not altogether disposed to do—does it not savour of what some one has called “Macauleyan cocksureness,” to assert that thus it must be for all time, and that the race has no possibilities of development for the future? Who knows how long the Germans had pastured their flocks in the clearings of the Hercynian Forest, before Cæsar made their acquaintance through the medium of Ariovistus and his host? It has been contended that the African's essential inferiority is proved by his physical structure. I am not qualified to enter into the anthropological side of the question; but

would only note that many peculiarities which we consider objectionable are the result of climatic and other unfavourable conditions, or of habits incidental to the savage state, and would disappear with improved ways of living ; also, that the race, like the country, may be in process of formation, and that we cannot foresee the type that will ultimately prevail.

That the African race is not at present fitted to be a ruling race cannot be questioned ; neither were the hordes of Cimbri and Teutons who poured down on Italy in the time of Marius and Sulla. Whether they ever will be is another matter : personally, I think not, if by a ruling race is meant one conquering others and upholding its power by force. The Teutons having once learnt of Rome sufficient to show them their own strength and her weakness, overran and conquered her kingdoms. Whether African barbarians will overrun and conquer the kingdoms of modern Europe, time will show. I am disposed—but this, again, may be laughed at as mere fancy—to think not ; and that herein will be that difference which is always manifested in the repetition of history. The reign of physical force is already drawing to a close. Perhaps it may be reserved for them to inaugurate the era of moral force.

That Hayti and Liberia should be failures both laughable and lamentable, need not surprise anyone who will examine the matter carefully. Their order of development has been forced and artificial. The whole organisation of society and government is a crude imitation of what in Europe has been the natural outgrowth of character and surroundings in the course of centuries, and is as grotesque as the appearance of the average negro in average dress clothes. The imitative spirit is not necessarily the outcome of a low racial type—though it may belong to a low stage of development. It may be the result of the honest admiration and reverence felt by a rude and primitive race for a more advanced one. The Romans imitated the Greeks, as the Germans of later ages imitated the French : in both cases the mere imitation had a disastrous effect, while the stimulating influence of what was best in the foreign institutions was a lasting benefit. In the cases we are considering, the imitation is entirely irrational and misdirected. The forms have been transplanted—of the spirit and purpose of the institutions little or nothing is understood. Little wonder that the Liberian and Haytian constitutions “will not march.”

No African is suited for town-life, as we understand it, and town-life is the great characteristic of European civilisation, so that the attempts we have seen at reproducing the latter involve a violent

transition from the purely pastoral or at most rudimentary agricultural stage at which the native tribes have arrived. But where these latter are left to their natural course of development, as conditioned by their own soil, climate, and national idiosyncrasies, the case is widely different. The African race is quite capable of producing men who, in such a patriarchal state of society, prove firm, just, and able rulers, though in a differently constituted state they might be as "impossible" as the Emperor Soulouque.

Msidi of Garenganze, as described by Mr. Arnot,¹ is evidently no contemptible king in his way, though, before the missionary's arrival, he had never seen a white man. With such a chief and people the influence of an Englishman of the right sort may be the instrument of untold good. It may be—and all the more because working gradually and imperceptibly—a more powerful lever than any amount of direct English government. Livingstone's Sebituane is a case in point—another, if we may be pardoned for recurring to an illustration already used, is Khama, chief of the Bamangwato.² I look upon Shoshong as the most hopeful field of progress in Africa, and, from that standpoint, should have viewed with unfeigned regret its annexation by the Cape Colony.

Missionaries seem to be coming more and more, of late years, to adopt this view of the case. This is not the place to enter into what may be called the great missionary discussion—now, I suppose, virtually over : but one may, without disparaging the devotion and heroism of the early mission pioneers, allow that they made mistakes—and sometimes very grave ones. Moffat—who, if not the earliest, was yet very early in the field—with his sound, Scottish common sense, recognised and respected the principle of nationality, as also did Livingstone. They saw that they might make Christians of Bechuanas and Matabele without attempting to turn them into Englishmen. Not seeing this is the mistake that has made the West Coast Missions—which have cost so many noble lives—comparatively ineffective. We hear a great deal about the futility of negro conversions, even when apparently sincere ; and the inferiority of the Christians to the unconverted Heathen or Mohammedan—as in the story of the Wesleyan Methodist, who helped himself from the store-houses of his neighbours, because he did not believe in the charms to which they in their simplicity trusted to protect them ; and I fear that the assertions, though coming from hostile critics, cannot in

¹ *Garenganze*, pp. 173, 174.

² *Ibid.* pp. 16, 22, 23. See also *Austral Africa : Losing It or Ruling It*, by the Rev. J. Mackenzie.

fairness be denied. But surely this state of things may—in part at least—be traced to the mistake alluded to above, and the temper which originates it—a certain business-like, unimaginative, peculiarly English habit of mind—which need not prevent a man from being an excellent citizen, a fervent Christian, or even, among his own set, an eloquent and spiritual preacher—but which is utterly unable to enter into the workings of an un-English mind. It is a suggestive fact that the greatest and most successful of British missionaries have been Scotch, dowered with that *perfervidum ingenium*,¹ that spark of Celtic fire and imagination, which the canniest of Lowlanders carries hidden about him somewhere. Be that as it may, recent missions, profiting by the blunders of their predecessors, appear to have considerably modified their tactics in this respect. The Blantyre Mission on Lake Nyassa is carried on entirely in accordance with Livingstone's ideas. From the report of a Baptist missionary in an entirely different quarter—the Lower Congo—I take the following, which speaks for itself :

One matter of importance has become prominent . . . the question of dress. I feel very strongly that we must be very careful not to denationalise our native converts. . . . It is a question concerning which there are many opinions out here. Personally I hope that our converts will be Christian Kongos, and not endeavour to efface their nationality, lest they thereby lose their influence over their fellow-countrymen.²

Direct efforts to civilise Africa, religious or secular, have hitherto amounted to comparatively little. The most considerable attempt to do this on a large scale has been the Egyptian occupation of the Equatorial Provinces, of which we have just witnessed—apparently—the disastrous end. Whatever may have been the motives of the Egyptian government—and the late Khedive was probably well-intentioned enough—there are few parts of the world on which so much disinterested heroism and sheer hard work have been expended to so little purpose. Baker, Gordon, Emin, one after another strove to put down anarchy and bring Cosmos out of Chaos, and all has gone for nothing, and the noblest of the three has perished in the attempt. All is as before, only, seemingly, more hopeless still. One could almost think that no good could come from the efforts of so accursed and blood-stained a thing as the Khedivial government—so corrupt in its union of the worst points of East and West, that the individual good

¹ It may be mentioned that this was written before Mr. Stanley's celebrated eulogy of the Scotch—penned in Ugogo last autumn—had seen the light.

² Letter from Rev. W. Holman Bentley, in *Baptist Missionary Herald* for August 1888.

intentions of its head, and the nobleness of the instruments he secured to work out those intentions, were powerless to redeem it. Can it be that all the rotten fabric of Turkish power, touched up with French varnish, must be swept away before the rush of Omar Saleh's hosts, fighting, in their own wild way, in the name of God, of purity and righteousness—just as it was necessary, once before, that the so-called Christian Alexandria should go down before the hosts of another Omar! We can only say, in all reverence—God knows.¹

Taking a wide survey of the field of history, and realising the helplessness of man, individual or collective, before the dread might of the Divinity that shapes our ends, we sometimes feel inclined to despair, to sit down with folded hands and say: "Allah Akbar!—we are nothing. We cannot alter the course of the world. Why should we make any effort at all?" Yet not to this are we called. We may, in utter unconsciousness and even against our will, be made to work out the design of the Highest; we may also, while knowing it but in part, or scarcely at all, work it out consciously and gladly. We do not know the course in which history will shape itself; we *do* know, in a simple, practical way, the things which make for the kingdom of God. By doing those things, we may set our stitches aright, though we cannot tell—unless, looking at what is already finished, one may now and then dimly guess—what the pattern of the tapestry is to be.

A. WERNER.

¹ I have not entered on the question of the influence of Islam in Africa. The subject would require a separate paper to itself. But I cannot help thinking, with Canon Taylor and others, that, cruel as is the suffering involved, the Mohammedan conquest is (for part of Africa, at least) a necessary step in evolution—a *Preparatio Evangelica*, if one likes to put it so. The easy, sunny, tropical nature needs to feel the terrors of the law, to pass through a course of discipline akin to the austerity of Judaism, before it can rise to the height of the Gospel. This consideration suggests another cause for the unsatisfactoriness of negro Christians. So many of them are practically Antinomians.

AMONG ROOKS.

BRIGHT moonshine as I throw up my window, but the moon is already sinking in the west. The sky looks grey, with that peculiar yellow tinge that seems to prelude the snow. But by the time I have reached the yard gate a pink glow comes over the sky, the stars disappear, and eastward the sun bursts in red. At any rate, there is a fine golden thread outlining the horizon, which spreads till it reaches the sea line, and by that time all nature is awake. The white hoar frost that covers the ground sparkles and twinkles in the light ; the longer tufts of meadow-grass lose their frosting ; the fir trees gain in colouring. Farther afield the plough-land is grey, rather than black ; but the fairy-like branches of the elm-trees outline hard and leafless. Our mud flats, thinly coated with water with the incoming tide, are already astir with seagulls, flecked here and there with grey heron.

Striking away far into the country, a change comes over the scene ; broad daylight gains rapidly—man and beast are afield. In wet open ditches pools of frozen water are as yet unthawed by sunshine ; but in more favoured places birds are astir, splashing or drinking. Curls of grey smoke wreath from the cottages ; workmen tramp by with baskets shouldered.

On the common the yellow furze is already in blossom. Suddenly a golden ball appears above the horizon ; its beams widen, and presently the whole country is coloured. No longer dull yellow-grey, the tints are exquisite. The moon, pallid and ashamed, sinks below the horizon.

Horses are still feeding in the fields on wisps of hay put down for them : the hard high road rings like iron under one's feet. Rooks float lazily by, one by one, barely skimming the ground ; their nests in the trees, far away by Charbro Towers, looking in the distance like thatch. Why is it, by-the-by, that rooks always prefer company, and are most often found feeding among cattle, sheep, farm animals ? Over the neatly-trimmed hedgerows they come with expanded wings, hovering a minute, then alighting ; often rising

quickly again. Walking about with stately tread, hopping sharply with tail raised ; getting up at the least sound, or running swiftly forward.

Now that ploughs and harrows are frozen in the fields, the rooks find life a hard matter ; and the turnip and swede pits are their favourite feeding places ; likewise the stubble fields, where sheep are penned with the lambs, for many a hollowed tempting root is here ready to their hand. However hard blows the wind, however frozen the plough-land, rooks always seem to know where to find a meal. They have long since studied science, and always fly facing the wind, as if their long feathers acted as a sail—when ruffled, retarded their progress.

Everywhere the hedgerows are lined with sparrows, the rick-yards filled with starlings. At various points along the road tall trees are sentinelled by rooks. By twos and threes they keep watch and ward over the immense feeding flocks, outstretching their necks and expanding their ragged wings to give a cautious “kraw” in case of invasion. Has anyone ever timed rooks? It would give very curious results. As nearly as I can judge from rough calculation, they must fly about a mile in five minutes. From the rapid flapping of their wings, this could probably be exceeded ; they seem to have immense powers of volition even in wind. In Dorsetshire at this time of year (I speak of the month of February) all our flocks of inland rooks are accompanied by gulls : at eight miles from the sea I suppose this is not unusual. Much smaller birds—larks—also patronise the *neighbourhood* of the rookeries, and apparently accompany the larger birds in their search after food. May they possibly feed on the lice with which the rooks swarm?—far larger insects these than the partridge parasite. It is a pretty sight to start a flock of rooks and watch them getting under weigh ; the white under-surface of the larks glittering like silver above them.

Scaring rooks from fields in old days must have been pitiful work : boys then earned 1s. a week, and thought themselves well paid. This has now reached better things, and 2s. 6d. is the sum total. Gramnivorous as they are, rooks do good as well as harm. Daniel, who was nothing if not original, gives the following recipe to scare rooks : “ Take 1 quart of train oil, 1 quart of turpentine, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of gunpowder ; boil together, and dip pieces of rag in it, fix on sticks in the fields : the proportion requisite is four sticks for an acre.” I wonder how many rooks have been scared by this wonderful preparation? Curious as it is, these birds never live in the trees they *build* in, and fly sometimes six miles from the one to the other. I have

authenticated cases in the Dorsetshire area of rooks traversing five miles to their nests.

Already, as I follow the rooks' flight, I come nearer and nearer to their building-place, and take out my glasses eagerly and follow all their movements. Sad to say, as yet this year no alterations are apparent. But the birds are visiting and looking over their nests, and I hazard the guess that, by the first week in March, they will be very busy repairing them. Here is the site of our best rookery, or of one best known to fame, as I jotted it down in my commonplace book :

An old brick wall bounds the enclosure, lichen-coated, green-mossed ; the lodge gateway is wreathed with red *pyrus japonica*. Snowdrops cover the ground on either hand as you approach the site proper ; a thick undergrowth of wood screens all near approach. Ash trees are the veritable habitat in which the majority of nests are placed, by twos and threes, in the topmost boughs, where the main-branch support is no bigger than a fishing-rod. These, probably, the nests of the improvident younger couples, whose eggs would very likely be sent below by the first stiff gale of wind.

The few old birds now in the nests are calling to each other loudly at intervals, as if seeking for a consultation on the nests to be reoccupied. Some of these must be an immense age, yearly repaired ; some accumulating by the efforts of the younger members of the establishment. Rooks live to be very old ; wiseacres say they attain a hundred years. Individual birds have been recognised for long periods by, say, a lost toe, a twisted beak. Their life history has yet to be written in its entirety. That they are cautious birds goes without saying, and immensely quick of hearing ; a stick cracking under their nightly roosting-place will cause them to get up in a cloud. Perhaps when nesting they lose some of their apprehension, like the wood-pigeon ; probably the hen bird when sitting can't see people beneath. The fact remains that, through frequenting human habitations in the shape of isolated country dwellings, the rook has an instinctive dislike of the human eye (espionage?).

Rooks are weather and hour glasses to all people who live near them ; flying high when rain is coming, and calling a good deal to one another. They observe the same feeding hours, leaving simultaneously in flocks, thereby distinguishing themselves from the crows, who go in pairs. Another distinct feature is of course the bill, feathered to the base in the crow, and rook of first year ; thereafter, the bare featherless region—scurvy, if we may call it—below the bill, marks the

rook. There is no doubt that, in their hunt for food, they do a good deal of damage, and in boring for grubs uproot young grain and turnip. The starling is equally a defaulter, and lately I have found a number of young plants so injured by his bill as to be practically *hors de combat* for the ensuing spring.

Two to three ounces of barley have been removed from a rook's crop : given a flock of 100 rooks feeding *five* days a week only, for about three weeks, the net loss must be very large.

About May the young birds begin to fly, battles over nests and food are well over ; rook shooting begins, says the Almanac—to my mind a horrid sight. I believe the old fashion was to shoot them with crossbow and pellet, which practice survived for many years in Norfolk. Crossbows, by-the-by (*vide* British Museum), were first used in the chase in the days of the Conqueror, and not used in war till the time of Richard the First.

“Missiles, quarrells, arwes,” says a very old book, “were used largely for rook shooting. A battle royal between herons and rooks was once witnessed by me ; the ground was strewn with feathers and with wounded birds, and the fight lasted three days, in which eventually the rooks came off victorious.” If the rooks' nests are pulled out, or the trees cut down, the birds in a body forsake and abjure the neighbourhood.

In former times rookeries were recognised as part of manorial tenures ; many old Elizabethan houses had nesting places attached thereto. They were supposed to keep down slugs and snails and undoubtedly “fine” the meadow grass. The aristocratic look a rookery gives is acknowledged, by many a query in the sporting papers, as to the best way of cultivating their friendship. A man may build a mansion, but he cannot purchase a rookery. Rude and artificial attempts have been made occasionally to introduce nests in likely places ; possibly stray birds may come across and fancy them. I have never yet traced such an event.

Hopping awkwardly from branch to branch, with a big mouthful of grass, retiring to rest on full crop, it is difficult as you look at him to recognise what a quaint fellow is the rook. Conservative to a degree, he drives off all intruders from neighbouring nesting places, as zealously as a hive of bees under similar circumstances ; and he marries and intermarries among all his relatives and friends, till “every other fellow you meet is a cousin.”

Isolated from towns by bricks and mortar, no doubt country rookeries are increasing. Fifty years ago Dr. Hamilton describes the Kensington rookery as extending from the Broad Walk near the

Palace to the commencement of the Serpentine ; at that time, probably, somewhere near 100 nests. "Since then nearly every tree that sheltered a rook has been cut down," says a writer to a daily paper. Then there was the Temple Rookery, beloved of Goldsmith ; *that* disappeared too in 1825. Another rookery well known was that of Carlton House Gardens. Others existed for many years, in Gower Street, Hereford Square, Whitehall, and Bermondsey Churchyard.

In 1815 rooks built on the back of the dragon, on the vane of Bow Church, Cheapside. In 1783 rooks were nesting at *Newcastle*, on the spire of the Exchange, though nests and contents were whirled about by every change of wind.

A writer to a London paper at this time last year, names Knightsbridge (Hyde Park), Marylebone Road, and Holland Park as also delighting him with their flocks of rooks, in the days, we may say, of the dandies. One such, he says, still lingers on—beloved of Londoners—in Stanhope Place, Hyde Park.

But to enjoy rooks to the utmost you must quit London scenes ; must leave behind you the homes and haunts of men. Acres of grass land need to be left behind, till you gain the soft spongy pastures, the woods filled with bird life, the brooks with water-cress. With a blue sky overhead "blameless of grey cloud," an elastic turf under foot, a clamour of birds around you ; then, and only then, can you fully appreciate the chosen haunts of the rook.

Having traversed veritable "green-arbour lanes" filled with bright moss and arum, you will see the willow putting forth grey tufts, the elder tasselled with olive green. When slanting rays of sunlight throw shadows on the "grey river" and all London is filling rapidly, with the season just upon you, come out in the country and see an old republic whose constitution has not changed within the memory of man ; which yet meets in noisy (very noisy) conclave, to arrange the day's business in committee. Come out into the country and hear the rooks !

DISCIPULUS.

THE BOOK-WAR OF CHURCH AND DISSENT.

IN the struggle between Orthodoxy and Freethought, between the dogmas, that is, of the strongest sect and the speculations of individuals, it has been shown how freely fire was resorted to for the purpose of burning out unpopular opinions. These indeed were often of so fantastic a nature that no fire was really needed to insure their extinction ; whilst of others it may be said that, as their existence was originally independent of actual expression, so the punishment inflicted on their utterance could prove no barrier to their propagation.

But besides the war that was waged in the domain of theology proper, between opinions claiming to be sound and opinions claiming to be true, a contest no less fierce centred for long round the very organisation of the Church ; and between the Establishment and Dissent that hostile condition of thrust and parry, which has since become chronic and is so detrimental to the cause professed by both alike, is no less visible in the field of literature than in that of our general history. Associated with the literary side of this great and bitter conflict, a side only too much ignored in the discreet popular histories of the English Church, are the names of Delaune, Defoe, Tindal, on the aggressive side, of Sacheverell and Drake on the defensive ; each party during the heat of battle giving vent to sentiments so offensive to the other as to make it seem that fire alone could atone for the injury or remove the sting.

And the first book to mention in connection with this struggle is Delaune's "*Plea for the Nonconformists*," a book round which hangs a melancholy tale, and which is entitled to a niche in the library of Fame for other reasons than the mere fact of its having been burnt before the Royal Exchange in 1683. The story shows the sacerdotalism of the Church of England at its very worst, and helps to explain the civil heritage of hatred which, in the hearts of the nonconforming sects, has since descended and still clings to her.

Dr. Calamy, one of the king's chaplains, had preached and printed a sermon, called "*Scrupulous Conscience*," challenging to, or advocating, the friendly discussion of points of difference between the Church and the Nonconformists. Delaune, who kept a grammar school, was weak enough to take him at his word, and so wrote his *Plea*, a book of wondrous learning, and to this day one of the best to read concerning the origin and growth of the various rites of the Church. Thereupon he was whisked off to herd with the commonest felons in Newgate, whence he wrote repeatedly to Dr. Calamy, to beg him, as the cause of his unjust arrest, to procure his release. Delaune disclaimed all malignity against the English Church or any member of it, and with grim humour entreated to be convinced of his errors "by something more like dignity than Newgate." But the Church has not always dealt in more convincing divinity, and accordingly the cowardly ecclesiastic held his peace and left his victim to suffer.

It is difficult even now to tell the rest of Delaune's story with patience. He was indicted for intending to disturb the peace of the kingdom, to bring the king into the greatest hatred and contempt, and for printing and publishing, by force of arms, a scandalous libel against the king and the prayer-book. Of course it was extravagantly absurd, but these indictments were the legal forms under which the luckless Dissenters experienced sufferings that were to them the sternest realities. Delaune was, in consequence, fined a sum he could not possibly pay; his books (for he also wrote "*The Image of the Beast*," wherein he showed, in three parallel columns, the far greater resemblance of the Catholic rites to those of Pagan Rome than to those of the New Testament) were condemned to be burnt; and his judges, humane enough to let him off the pillory, in consideration of his education, sent him back to Newgate notwithstanding it. There, in that noisome atmosphere and in that foul company, he was obliged to shelter his wife and two small children; and there, after fifteen months, he died, having first seen all he loved on earth pine and die before him. And he was only one of 8,000 other Protestant Dissenters who died in prison during the merry, miserable reign of Charles II. ! Of a truth Dissent has something to forgive the Church; for persecution in Protestant England was very much the same as in Catholic France, with, if possible, less justification.

The main argument of Delaune's book was that the Church of England agreed more in its rites and doctrines with the Church of Rome, and both Churches with Pagan or pre-Christian Rome, than either did with the primitive Church or the word of the Gospel—a

thesis that has long since become generally accepted ; but his main offence consisted in saying that the Lord's Prayer ought in one sentence to have been translated precisely as it now has been in the Revised Version, and in contending that the frequent repetition of the prayer in church was contrary to the express command of Scripture. On these and other points Delaune's book was never answered—for the reason, I believe, that it never could be. After the Act of Toleration (1689) it was often reprinted ; the eighth and last time in 1706, when the High Church movement to persecute Dissent had assumed dangerous strength, with an excellent preface by Defoe, and concluding with the letters to Dr. Calamy, written by Delaune from Newgate. Defoe well points out that the great artifice of Delaune's time was to make the persecution of Dissent appear necessary, by representing it as dangerous to the State as well as the Church.

No one, of course, fought for the cause of Dissent with greater energy or greater personal loss than Defoe himself. It brought him to ruin, and one of his books to the hangman.

It would seem that his "Shortest Way with the Dissenters" (1702), which ironically advocated their extermination, was in answer to a sermon preached at Oxford by Sacheverell in June of the same year, called "The Political Union," wherein he alluded to a party against whom all friends of the Anglican Church "ought to hang out the bloody flag and banner of defiance." Defoe's pamphlet so exactly accorded with the sentiments of the High Church party against the Dissenters, that the extent of their applause at first was only equalled by that of their fury when the true author and his object came to be known. Parliament ordered the work to be burnt by the hangman, and Defoe was soon afterwards sentenced to a ruinous fine and imprisonment, and to three days' punishment in the pillory. It was on this occasion that he wrote his famous "Hymn to the Pillory," which he distributed among the spectators, and from which (as it is somewhat long) I quote a few of the more striking lines :

Hail, Hieroglyphick State machine,
 Contrived to punish fancy in ;
 Men that are men in thee can feel no pain,
 And all thy insignificants disdain.

Here by the errors of the town
 The fools look out and knaves look on.

Actions receive their tincture from the times,
 And, as they change, are virtues made or crimes.

Thou art the State-trap of the Law,
 But neither can keep knaves nor honest men in awe.

Thou art no shame to Truth and Honesty,
Nor is the character of such defaced by thee,
Who suffer by oppression's injury.
Shame, like the exhalations of the Sun,
Falls back where first the motion was begun,
And they who for no crime shall on thy brows appear,
Bear less reproach than they who placed them there.

The State-trap of the Law, however, long survived the hymn to it by the author of "*Robinson Crusoe*," and was unworthily employed against many another great Englishman before its abolition. That event was delayed till the first year of Queen Victoria's reign ; the House of Lords, of course, defending it, as it has every other instrument of tyranny, when the Commons in 1815 passed a Bill for its abolition.

About the same time Parliament ordered to be burnt by the hangman a pamphlet against the Test, which one John Humphrey, an aged Nonconformist minister, had written and circulated among the Members of Parliament.¹ There seems to be no record of the pamphlet's name ; and I only guess it may be a work entitled "*A Draught for a National Church accommodation, whereby the subjects of North and South Britain, however different in their judgments concerning Episcopacy and Presbytery, may yet be united*" (1709). For, to suggest union or compromise or reconciliation between parties is generally to court persecution from both.

A book that was very famous in its day, on the opposite side to Defoe, was Doctor Drake's "*Memorial of the Church of England*," published anonymously in 1705. The Tory author was indignant that the House of Lords should have rejected the Bill against Occasional Conformity, which would have made it impossible for Dissenters to hold any office by conforming to the Test Act ; he complained of the knavish pains of the Dissenters to divide Churchmen into High and Low ; and he declared that the present prospect of the Church was "very melancholy," and that of the government "not much more comfortable." Long habit has rendered us callous to the melancholy state of the Church, and the discomfort of governments ; but in Queen Anne's time the croakers' favourite cry was a serious offence. The queen's speech, therefore, of October 27, 1705, expressed strong resentment at this representation of the Church in danger ; both Houses, by considerable majorities, voted the Church to be "in a most safe and flourishing condition" ; and a royal proclamation censured both the book and its unknown author, a few months after it had been presented by the Grand Jury of the City, and publicly burnt by the hangman. It was more rationally and effectually dealt with in

¹ Wilson's *Defoe*, iii. 52.

Defoe's "High Church Legion, or the Memorial examined"; but one is sometimes tempted to wish that the cry of the Church in danger might be as summarily disposed of as it was in the reign of Queen Anne, when to vote its safety was deemed sufficient to insure it.

Drake's misfortunes as a writer were as conspicuous as his abilities. Two years before the Memorial was burnt, his "*Historia Anglo-Scotica*," purporting to give an impartial history of the events that occurred between England and Scotland from William the Conqueror to Queen Elizabeth, was burnt at Edinburgh (June 30, 1703). It was dedicated to Sir Edward Seymour, one of the Queen's Commissioners for the Union, and a High Churchman; and as it also expressed the hope that the Union would afford the Scotch "as ample a field to love and admire the generosity of the English as they had theretofore to dread their valour," it was clearly not calculated to please the Scotch. They accordingly burned it for its many reflections on the sovereignty and independence of their crown and nation. As the Memorial was also burnt at Dublin, Drake enjoys the distinction of having contributed a book to be burnt to each of the three kingdoms. He would perhaps have done better to have stuck to medicine; and indeed the number of books written by doctors, that have brought their authors into trouble, is a remarkable fact in the history of literature.

Next to Drake's Memorial, and closely akin to it in argument, come the two famous sermons of Dr. Sacheverell, the friend of Addison, sermons which made a greater stir in the reign of Queen Anne than any sermons have ever since made, or seem ever likely to make again. They were preached in August and November 1709, the first at Derby, called "The Communication of Sin," and the other at St. Paul's. The latter, "In Perils among False Brethren," is very vigorous, even to read, and it is easy to understand the commotion it caused. The False Brethren are the Dissenters and Republicans; Sacheverell is as indignant with those "upstart novelists" who presume "to evacuate the grand sanction of the Gospel, the eternity of hell torments," as with those false brethren who "will renounce their creed and read the Decalogue backward . . . fall down and worship the very Devil himself for the riches and honour of this world." In his advocacy of non-resistance he was thought to hit at the Glorious Revolution itself. "The grand security of our government and the very pillar upon which it stands is founded upon the steady belief of the subject's obligation to an absolute and unconditional obedience to the supreme power in all things lawful, and the utter illegality of any resistance upon any pretence whatsoever."

Then came the great trial in the House of Lords, and Sacheverell's

most able defence, often attributed to his friend Atterbury. This speech, which Boyer calls "studied, artful, and pathetic," deeply affected the fair sex, and even drew tears from some of the tender-hearted ; but a certain lady to whom, before he preached the sermon, Sacheverell had explained the allusions in it to William III., the Ministry, and Lord Godolphin, was so astonished at the audacity of his public recantation that she suddenly cried out, "The greatest villain under the sun!" But for this little fact one might think Sacheverell was unfairly treated. At the end of it all, however, he was only suspended from preaching for three years, and his sermons condemned to be burnt before the Royal Exchange in presence of the Lord Mayor and sheriffs ; a sentence so much more lenient than at first seemed probable, that bonfires and illuminations in London and Westminster attested the general delight. At the instance, too, of Sacheverell's friends, certain other books were burnt two days before his own, by order of the House of Commons: so that the High Church party had not altogether the worst of the battle. The books so burnt were the following: 1. "The Rights of the Christian Church asserted against the Romish and all other priests." By M. Tindal. 2. "A Defence of the Rights of the Christian Church." 3. "A Letter from a Country Attorney to a Country Parson concerning the Rights of the Church." 4. Le Clerc's extract and judgment of the same. 5. John Clendon's "Tractatus Philosophico-Theologicus de Persona": a book that dealt with the subject of the Trinity.

Boyer gives a curious description of Sacheverell: "A man of large and strong make and good symmetry of parts ; of a livid complexion and audacious look, without sprightliness ; the result and indication of an envious, ill-natured, proud, sullen, and ambitious spirit"—clearly not the portrait of a friend. Lord Campbell thought the St. Paul's sermon contemptible, and General Stanhope, in the debate, called it nonsensical and incoherent. It seems to me the very reverse, even if we abstract it from its stupendous effect. Sacheverell, no doubt, was a more than usually narrow-minded priest, but in judging of the preacher we must think also of the look and the voice and the gestures, and these probably fully made up, as they so often do, for anything false or illogical in the sermon itself.

At all events Sacheverell won for himself a place in English history. That he should have brought the House of Lords into conflict with the pretensions of the Church, causing it to condemn to the flames together with his own sermons the famous Oxford decree of 1683, which asserted the most absolute claims of monarchy, condemned twenty-seven propositions as impious and seditious, and most of them

as heretical and blasphemous, and condemned the works of nineteen writers to the flames, would alone entitle his name to remembrance.¹ So incensed indeed were the Commons that they also condemned to be burnt the very "Collections of passages referred to by Dr. Sacheverell in the Answer to the Articles of his Impeachment."

But Parliament was in a burning mood ; for Sacheverell's friends, wishing to justify his cry of the Church in danger, which he had ascribed to the heretical works lately printed, easily succeeded in procuring the burning of Tindal's and Clendon's books, before mentioned. Nor can anyone who reads that immortal work, "The Rights of the Christian Church, asserted against the Romish and all other priests who claim an independent power over it," wonder at their so urging the House, however much he may wonder at their succeeding.

The first edition of "The Rights of the Christian Church" appeared in 1706, published anonymously, but written by the celebrated Matthew Tindal, than whom All Souls College has never had a more distinguished Fellow, nor produced a more brilliant writer. In those days, when the question that most agitated men's minds was whether the English Church was of Divine Right, and so independent of the civil power, or whether it was the creature of, and therefore subject to, the law, no work more convincingly proved the latter than this work of Tindal, a work which even now ought to be far more generally known than it is, no less for its great historical learning than for its scathing denunciations of priestcraft.

As the subordination of the Church to the State is now a principle of general acceptance, there is less need to give a summary of Tindal's arguments, than to quote some of the passages which led the writer to predict, when composing it, that he was writing a book that would drive the clergy mad. The promoting the independent power of the clergy has, he says, "done more mischief to human societies than all the gross superstitions of the heathen, who were nowhere ever so stupid as to entertain such a monstrous contradiction as two independent powers in the same society ; and, consequently, their priests were not capable of doing so much mischief to the Commonwealth as some since have been." The fact, that in heathen times greater differences in religion never gave rise to such desolating feuds as had always rent Christendom, proves "that the best religion has had the misfortune to have the worst priests." "'Tis an amazing thing to consider that, though Christ and His Apostles inculcated

¹ See Somers's *Tracts* (1748), III., 223, and the *Entire Confutation of Mr. Hoadley's Book*, for the decree itself, and the authors condemned. After the Rye House Plot, Oxford addressed Charles II. as "the breath of our nostrils, the anointed of the Lord" ; Cambridge called him "the Darling of Heaven !"

nothing so much as universal charity, and enjoined their disciples to treat, not only one another, notwithstanding their differences, but even Jews and Gentiles, with all the kindness imaginable, yet that their pretended successors should make it their business to teach such doctrines as destroy all love and friendship among people of different persuasions ; and that with so good success that never did mortals hate, abhor, and damn one another more heartily, or are readier to do one another more mischief, than the different sects of Christians." "If in the time of that wise heathen Ammianus Marcellinus, the Christians bore such hatred to one another that, as he complains, no beasts were such deadly enemies to men as the more savage Christians were generally to one another, what would he, if now alive, say of them?" &c. "The custom of sacrificing men among the heathens was owing to their priests, especially the Druids. . . . And the sacrificing of Christians upon account of their religious tenets (for which millions have suffered) was introduced for no other reason than that the clergy, who took upon them to be the sole judges of religion, might, without control, impose what selfish doctrines they pleased." Of the High Church clergy he wittily observes : "Some say that their lives might serve for a very good rule, if men would act quite contrary to them ; for then there is no Christian virtue which they could fail of observing."

If Tindal wished to madden the clergy, he certainly succeeded, for the pulpits raged and thundered against his book. But the only sermon to which he responded was Dr. Wotton's printed Visitation sermon preached before the Bishop of Lincoln ; and his "Defence of the Rights of the Christian Church" (55 pages) was burnt in company with the larger work. It contained the "Letter from a Country Attorney to a Country Parson concerning the Rights of the Church," and the philosopher Le Clerc's appreciative reference to Tindal's work in his "Bibliothèque Choisie."

Nevertheless, Queen Anne gave Tindal a present of £500 for his book, and told him that she believed he had banished Popery beyond a possibility of its return. Tindal himself, it should be said, had become a Roman Catholic under James II., and then a Protestant again, but whether before or after the abdication of James is not quite clear. He placed a high value on his own work, for when, in December 1707, the Grand Jury of Middlesex presented "The Rights" its author sagely reflected that such a proceeding would "occasion the reading of one of the best books that have been published in our age by many more people than otherwise would have read it." This probably was the case, with the result that it was burnt, as aforesaid,

by the hangman in 1710 by order of the House of Commons, at the instance of Sacheverell's friends, in the very same week that Sacheverell's sermons themselves were burnt ! The House wished perhaps to show itself impartial. The victory, for the time at least, was with Sacheverell and the Church. The Whig ministry was overturned, and its Tory successor passed the Bill against Occasional Conformity, and the Schism Act ; and, had the queen's reign been prolonged, would probably have repealed the very meagre Toleration Act of 1689. Tindal, however, despite the Tory reaction, continued to write on the side of civil and religious liberty, keeping his best work for the last, published within three years of his death, when he was past seventy, namely, "Christianity as Old as the Creation ; or, the Gospel a republication of the Religion of Nature" (1730). Strange to say, this work, criticised as it was, was neither presented nor burnt. I have no reason, therefore, to present it here, and indeed it is a book of which rather to read the whole than merely extracts.

About the same time that Sacheverell's sermons were the sensation of London, a sermon preached in Dublin on the Presbyterian side was attended there with the same marks of distinction. In November 1711 Boyse's sermon on "The Office of a Scriptural Bishop" was burnt by the hangman, at the command of the Irish House of Lords. Unfortunately one cannot obtain this sermon without a great number of others, amongst which the author embedded it in a huge and repulsive folio comprising all his works. The sermon was first preached and printed in 1709, and reprinted the next year : it enters at length into the historical origin of Episcopacy in the early Church, the author alluding as follows to the Episcopacy aimed at by too many of his own contemporaries : "A grand and pompous sinecure, a domination over all the churches and ministers in a large district managed by others as his delegates, but requiring little labour of a man's own, and all this supported by large revenues and attended with considerable secular honours." Boyse could hardly say the same in these days, true, no doubt, as it was in his own. Still, that even an Irish House of Lords should have seen fit to burn his sermon makes one think that the political extinction of that body can have been no serious loss to the sum-total of the wisdom of the world.

The last writer to incur a vote of burning from the House of Commons in Queen Anne's reign was William Fleetwood, Bishop of St. Asaph ; and this for the preface to four sermons he had preached and published: (1) on the death of Queen Mary, 1694, (2) on the death of the Duke of Gloucester, 1700, (3) on the death of King William, 1701, (4) on the Queen's Accession, in 1702. It was voted to the public flames on June 10, 1712, as "malicious and factious,

highly reflecting upon the present administration of public affairs under Her Majesty, and tending to create discord and sedition among her subjects." The burning of the preface caused it to be the more read, and some 4,000 numbers of the *Spectator*, No. 384, carried it far and wide. Probably it was more read than the prelate's numerous tracts and sermons, such as his "Essay on Miracles," or his "Vindication of the Thirteenth of Romans."

The bishop belonged to the party that was dissatisfied with the terms of the peace of Utrecht, then pending, and his preface was clearly written as a vehicle or vent for his political sentiments. The offensive passage ran as follows: "We were, as all the world imagined then, just entering on the ways that promised to lead to such a peace as would have answered all the prayers of our religious Queen . . . when God, for our sins, permitted the spirit of discord to go forth, and by troubling sore the camp, the city, and the country (and oh! that it had altogether spared the places sacred to His worship!) to spoil for a time the beautiful and pleasing prospect, and give us, in its stead, I know not what—our enemies will tell the rest with pleasure." Writing to Bishop Burnet, he expresses himself still more strongly: "I am afraid England has lost all her constraining power, and that France thinks she has us in her hands, and may use us as she pleases, which, I dare say, will be as scurvily as we deserve. What a change has two years made! Your lordship may now imagine you are growing young again; for we are fallen, methinks, into the very dregs of Charles the Second's politics." Assuredly Bishop Fleetwood had done better to reserve his political opinions for private circulation, instead of exposing them to the world under the guise and shelter of what purported to be a religious publication.

But he belonged to the age of the great political Churchmen, when the Church played primarily the part of a great political institution, and her more ambitious members, as some do still, made the profession of religion subsidiary to the interests of the political party they espoused. The type is gradually becoming extinct, and the time is long since past when the preface to a bishop's sermons, or even his sermons themselves, could convulse the State. One cannot, for instance, conceive the recurrence of such a commotion as was raised by Fleetwood or Sacheverell, possible as everything is in the zigzag course of history. Still less can one conceive a repetition of such persecution of Dissent as has been illustrated by the cases of Delaune and Defoe. For either the Church moderated her hostility to Dissent, or her power to exercise it lessened; no instance occurring after the reign of Queen Anne of any book being sentenced to the flames on the side either of Orthodoxy or Dissent, J. A. FARRER,

THE LOST LAKES OF NEW ZEALAND.

Terra tremit : fugere . . . —Virg.

MANY years ago I found myself in lodgings at Auckland, uncertain where to go, or what to do. I had the casual company of a naval friend, and it was in our minds to try our luck at farming. But first we would see a little more of the country than we had hitherto been able to do, and as at this juncture a brother of my friend's—a lawyer practising in Sydney—swooped down on us for an outing, we thought it a good opportunity to put our plan of sight-seeing into execution.

It was a Sunday afternoon when the young barrister arrived, and while he went out to dine with one of the judges, his brother and I got out maps and charts, planning and sketching excursions for the general benefit. When the lawyer came in from his dinner, he joined heartily in our schemes ; and finally, long after midnight, we narrowed things down to the Bay of Islands and the Hot Lakes—the latter winning the toss. It is well to have seen those marvels while they were yet in their primitive state. Later on, they grew horribly vulgarised and spoilt ; gangs of tourists crowding in upon them with shrieks of ill-timed merriment. I cannot much blame the earthquake that came and swept the place away. I think, if I had been an earthquake, I should have done the same thing myself. How could the mildest, meekest of earthquakes be expected patiently to put up with Paris fashions, tennis, and a brass band by the shore of Rotoiti ; or fat and greasy citizens at luncheon on the sacred isle of Mokoia ?

Far be it from me to indulge in any long description of the Hot Lake country : for who does not know, who has not read, the graphic account of that wonderful region in the delightful book "Oceana" ? Nevertheless, as we were amongst the first white men to dive into that wild land, it may be of interest to recount the worry and harass that beset the hardy traveller at every step in those

unsophisticated days, before the invention of "globe-trotting," with all its luxurious paraphernalia of travel. To that end, I venture on a few extracts from our daily log :

Monday, March 11.—Filled in the sketch of our tour, before blurred in outline and vague ; struck a bargain with the master of a small ship, and went to bed, full of the hot lakes of Rotorua and Roto-mahana, volcanoes, solfataras, and geysers, and the pleasant excitement of finding our way through untrodden bush, and tribes of suspicious, perhaps hostile, natives. Our landlady weeps, and says she is sure she will never see us again in *this* world. I take her laying stress on the word *this* in very good part, and indeed as giving us quite a character. She is a fiercely religious old sectary, and I know well her private opinion as to the ultimate fate of those who do not agree with her is by no means a cheerful or hopeful one. Indeed, once, after a frightful smash of crockery (her own doing), she gave vent to her wounded feelings by hurling at us, point blank, the place of our destination. "St. Alphonso Liguori" (retorted I) "tells us that the good God has provided woman with her tongue on the same principle that He has armed the wasp with her sting ; but," adds the saint, "let the wise man flee from both"—and I fled. However, she is on the whole a respectable body, in high repute among her fellow-believers, and (what is more to our present purpose) a thrifty housewife ; and I have a pleasing fancy we are the grand exception that proves the general rule of her harsh creed. Be that as it may, it flattered us to see her sorrowful and lachrymose at our going. Her children, moreover, had dismal forebodings that the days of sweets and odd pence were over for ever ; hence they added their shrill trebles to a very gratifying chorus of woe.

Tuesday, 12.—At noon went aboard a little fore-and-aft schooner of 22 tons, bound for Tauranga in the Bay of Plenty, and soon after got under weigh, light and variable airs giving us leisure to observe and mark whatever of interest lay on either hand. At sunset we were in the Hauraki Gulf, nearing the fair mountain of Coromandel. As for the breeze, however, "at evening it hath died away," leaving us with idly-flapping sails to drift on the flood-tide in a direction away from our proper course.

Wednesday, 13.—Calms and contrary winds. We tacked frequently, which to us, who were masters of our own time, was not so irksome a thing, because we thus obtained good and near views of lofty capes and mountains clothed with kawrie-pine and evergreen forest, of fantastic needle-shaped islets and rocky knolls, of sunny bays and sheltered coves innumerable, and of never a house or human abode

in all the country round. At night, under the Southern Cross and Magellanic clouds, we lay in a sultry calm. The stillness was complete. As I sat smoking on deck, with only a sailor, a Swede, steering—or at least standing by the tiller, for there was little of steering to be done—occasionally we could hear the surf breaking on the Mercury Islands, off which, at the distance of a mile or so, we lay becalmed, idly rising and falling with the gentle swell. At times, too, the blowing of a restless whale would break in on the solemn stillness of the hour. I spent the night-watches in fishing. As I hauled up great creatures from a vast depth, I could see them coming long before it would have been possible to do so had it been daylight, because, by their hasty movements of anguish, they made around themselves a luminosity of water. By-and-by I sat down and talked sea-talk with the man at the wheel. Our crew consists of three persons, and our three selves are the only passengers—two Englishmen, one Irishman, a Maori, a Creole, and a Swede.

Thursday, 14.—From daybreak to sunrise—no long space of time in these latitudes—I was on deck, to see a natural arch in close proximity to which we were sailing. It was very fine and curious, and, if I am not mistaken, had attracted the attention of Captain Cook. After this, we sailed by many inaccessible islets; some of them like sugar loaves and spires, and one like a haystack. Others were verdant cones or mounds of fern. At sundown we passed Flat Island, where an old murderer lives all by himself. On calm nights his cries of remorse and agony, as he wanders up and down in a frenzy, are wafted across to the mainland, and appal those that hear them. Soon after dusk, having been favoured all day with a nice leading wind, we rounded the bluff headland of Tauranga, and let go our anchor in smooth water. It was then too dark, and the channel too narrow and intricate, for us to proceed to the place of our destination—a Maori Pah further up the estuary—so we made ourselves snug for another night, and ready for an early start on the morrow.

Friday, 15.—After daybreak we left the road where we had anchored on the previous night, and, drifting further up, anchored again off a sheltered island—the Mission Station—where, when I came on deck at sunrise, I heard their little bell tinkling for early prayer. The missionaries—evil spoken of by so many—are to be respected and pitied. When I see how very little good, after years of weary toil, comes of all their labours, I respect their rare faith; and I pity them because, when their exertions chance to have some slight reward, then comes the trader with his gin, following hard on, yet always abusing, the missionary pioneer, and makes the reclaimed

savage seven times worse than he was before. But to return. We arrived at the Maori Pah in the course of the morning, and canoes full of natives soon put off to our vessel. Presently we went ashore and entered the picturesque and stockaded Pah, where the native huts or "wharries" lay close by the clear rippling sea, shaded by peach groves and surrounded by melon gardens, with plots of sweet potato and plantations of maize. In the stockade of the Pah, short distances apart, stood upright trunks of trees about 20 feet high, their tops carved into grim and grotesque resemblances of tattooed devils, with immense heads, and uncouth, squat, distorted limbs. Their eyes of fire glisten with the light of mother-o'-pearl. As one approaches a Pah at dusk, these effigies glare like cannibals, looming in the twilight. We went to the chief of the tribe and soon disclosed the purpose of our visit. It was a disappointment to him to find we were not on a trading errand, with oceans of gin and fire-water, but he was tolerably civil and obliging notwithstanding, and sent out to see about getting us a guide to Rotorua. Meanwhile, we became objects of the greatest interest and curiosity to all the people—chiefly women—who were left in the Pah. They sat squatted in a circle round us in most unpleasant proximity. The weather was warm, and their smell strong. I don't think their remarks were altogether complimentary, because sometimes they would burst into fits of jeering laughter. A few ventured to give us little sly pokes and pinches, to see if we were truly flesh and blood. We sustained the interview (and their attentions) as best we might, and were not sorry when the return of the chief's envoy, with our future guide, made a little stir and diversion in our favour. We bargained with the man—his name was Pere-nara—to go with us, out and home, for three pounds; and we agreed to start without further delay, this being a busy time of year with the natives, and our man wanting to be back again as fast as possible. We began our journey at 2 P.M. For the first few miles of our march we went occasionally through small patches and scratchings of cultivation, helping ourselves to rock- and water-melons and peaches, or munching the tender stalk of maize, which is a sweet and thirst-allaying thing. Then, walking fast across a stretch of desolate fern-land, we came to a narrow sluggish stream which we had to swim. No sooner had we dressed and got a few hundred yards further on our way, than we were confronted by that odious stream again. And this sort of thing went on so long—the river, of malice aforethought, greeting us at every turn—that the younger Allingham swore he would dress himself no more, but walk along, in native fashion, with his clothes on his head, ready for the next

plunge. He tried it for half a mile or so ; and at the end of that half-mile repented of his oath and gave in, scratched and torn, a spectacle to all beholders. We came, after sunset, to a Pah on the very verge of the forest. It was quite deserted ; the inhabitants—wives, pigs, dogs and all—having migrated to some land of their holding on the sea coast, to thresh out corn. We took possession of one of the empty huts, and, crawling in, lighted a fire of faggots in the middle of the floor, lay down on either hand, and having eaten biscuits and hard-boiled eggs, lit our pipes and soon fell asleep.

Saturday, 16.—Rose with the sun, and after a breakfast of biscuit and melon, with water for our drink, set diligently off into the forest, whose great arms soon closed in upon and embraced us. All day, with but few intervals of rest, and not overburdened with food, we went quickly and perseveringly through the dense and sombre jungle, pushing our way through thickets of fern and tree veronica, with clothes nearly torn off our backs by thorny climbers, till 4 P.M., when we halted half an hour by the graveside of a Maori who had perished in the wilderness. His friends had put up, by way of tombstone, the wooden image of an idol, capped with a battered old wide-awake. It was a gruesome place to choose for a halt, but it was the only piece of open ground we came across where there was room enough to sit down. After that we plodded on, often stumbling over hidden trunks and “windfalls” ; great trees, and the epiphytes that grew on their branches, and the climbers that crept up their stems and spread along their boughs, excluding the rays of the sun, and making a green and grateful twilight. Exquisite tree-ferns, too, and stately palms spread everywhere their feathery umbrellas overhead. At nightfall we came to a gorge, through which, at a great depth, flowed a mountain stream. This stream we determined to cross, and then camp for the night. It is ever the aim of the wise traveller in this country to rest on the far side of his river, and so be secure from sudden flood. Plunging hastily in, all heated as I was, and swallowing at the same time draughts of icy water, I took a chill, and by the time sticks were collected and a fire kindled under the trees, I became extremely sick and ill. We had no food left but a few dry old biscuits, and a hunch of still staler bread, and what with mosquitoes and rain we had but a poor time of it that night.

Sunday, 17.—Rose at daylight, still unwell, but better (all praise to the blessed Patrick !), and set off at once. It was no use waiting for breakfast, because we had none to wait for, and our best plan seemed to push on as fast as we could. I was too faint and miserable to take much note of anything I saw by the way. At night we slept at

the native settlement of Owható, which is opposite the high island of Mokoia in Lake Rotorua. The natives here were tolerably civil and hospitable. "This village," says Thomson in his "Story of New Zealand," "was the place where the beautiful Hine-Moa first heard the trumpet of Tutanekai on the island of Mokoia."

The morning of the 18th proved wet and misty. Started about 10 A.M., but owing to the fog and rain got only as far as the village of Ohinemotu. Here are the first hot springs, and wonderful things indeed they are : waters bursting and boiling out of the bowels of the earth, throwing themselves in transport many feet into the air, and falling back to the ground in a shower of diamond drops that glint and glitter against a dark and steamy pillar of fog. Near here, at the chief's house, we ate our dinner, and an excellent one our famished appetites found it. Everything, no doubt, was slightly tinged with a sulphurous taste, as the dinner had been cooked in one of the hot-water holes close at hand. But we were not in a mood to stick at trifles, and ate with great heartiness of the things set before us. After dinner we were led out to disport ourselves in the hot baths. The luxury of these baths is delightful, and they are to be had of any temperature that may seem most agreeable to the bather. The Maori almost live in them during cold weather ; we saw at least a dozen little black imps sitting cuddled up in one of the baths not twelve feet square. Not much bothered with clothes at the best of times, if they feel cold they just take a *header* into the water, as we at home poke the fire or put our feet on the fender. It is only the difference between toasting and boiling ; with this advantage in favour of the latter process, that it warms you equally all over, whereas in the former it is necessary to turn round, or shift one's place, before being nicely done on both sides. The first bath in which we plunged to-day was almost unpleasantly hot, and the elder Allingham, as he rose to the surface, spluttered out from Anstey's "New Bath Guide,"

To-day, many persons of rank and condition

Were boiled by command of an able physician ;

the able (and black) physician standing by grinning, as we wriggled about like eels in the scalding steam. Many of the baths were only little square holes twelve or fifteen feet across, with flags along their sides, and about four feet deep, with stony bottoms. After bathing till we were parboiled, we slept again at the chief's house. He treated us well, but charged us accordingly. One old villain of a Maori urged us with kind entreaty to mount his horse and ride dry-shod across a river that lay before us. We took him at his word as he had pressed his horse so strongly upon us, thanked

him, mounted, and crossed. When he had ferried us all safely over, the truculent hang-dog old churl turned round and demanded payment—quite a heavy toll—in loud tones and with extravagant gestures.

On the 19th we made an early start, and reached Lake Terawera at midday. Called on Mr. Spencer, the missionary, and found him very attentive and hospitable. He was the only white man we encountered in the course of our travels, and he expressed himself as much surprised to see us there, in the then unsettled state of the country. He gave us every information as to how we might best cross Lake Terawera, and reach Roto-mahana. After luncheon with our kind host, we chartered a canoe to carry us across the lake. Paddling briskly along till sundown, we came to a lone promontory, where we encamped for the night in a close Maori hut. Our friends practised their invariable custom of getting up a blazing fire on the middle of the floor, and shutting tight the sliding door of their hut, so that what with smoke, heat, stench, and fleas, we were driven nearly frantic. Luckily there was a splendid peach orchard close at hand; so we turned out at midnight and lay down under the trees, much to the surprise of the natives, who thought us mad thus to forsake the comforts of civilisation for the pleasure of lying “sub Jove frigido.”

On the morning of the 20th we left this place before 7 A.M., and got to Roto-mahana at noon. What we saw there was well worth all the trouble we had taken to see it. Nature seems to have invented this weird infernal spot when in one of her wildest freaks of creation. Her chief wonders here are the flinty rocks, which form a broad flight of steps full a hundred feet in height, and each step higher than those of the Pyramids. In cavities of the top steps are pools and basins of boiling water, becoming tepid as it trickles down step by step to lower levels. In the bottom steps, and till you have ascended about fifty feet up this strange staircase of marble, there is no water at all. These steps are white, pure white, in colour, and from a distance, with the sun shining on them, look as white as new-fallen snow.

After visiting the small island on Lake Roto-mahana—where there are a few raupo huts inhabited by squalid-looking savages—and looking at some more wonderful springs both on the mainland and the island itself—where was one covered with a flag of stone at least nine inches thick, and yet so hot from the steam below that you could scarcely touch it for a moment without being burnt—we came to a most remarkable spring, which sends up steam through a

deep funnel raised above the surface. The steam in escaping makes a noise louder than what one hears in a large engine-room, and our guide would not let us go too near, for fear of falling through the thin crust into the hell beneath. After spending a couple of hours in this extraordinary region, we returned across the warm waters of Roto-mahana, paddling in our canoe over one little bit where, if we had tumbled out, we should have been boiled to death in no time. Allingham said he felt quite thankful to think the Maoris have renounced human flesh as food. When we got back to the Mission Station on Lake Terawera, Mr. Spencer made us stay the night with him, and a very agreeable evening we spent. We were all anxious to go on to the great Lake Taupo, but Mr. Spencer quite dissuaded us from undertaking the expedition. He told us that even he himself would not attempt it at that time, and he thought we should be guilty of a public wrong in attempting it, as if anything happened to us, it might lead to serious complications. We took the advice given us, and next morning left on our return journey. Passing through Ohinemotu about noon, we reached Owtrato after dark, and slept there that night. Our guide was quite knocked up and ill with influenza, and could go no further, so we left him behind at Owtrato to recover his health. Next morning I parted from my companions, who were bent on a three days' excursion to Mount Edgcumbe. I was quite unequal to the exertion, not having recovered from the chill I got in crossing the river Maungorewa, and I thought it best to get down to the coast while I had strength left for the journey. I hired a second Maori to guide me into the path that led to the river, and by nightfall arrived at the same spot where we had camped on the night of the 16th.

There I slept once more, and on the morning of the 22nd rose with the sun, and continued my walk. The rain came down in unceasing torrents. With swollen, festering feet, that made every step a torture, I floundered on through the dripping forest, so weak from fever and want of proper food that I could scarcely stumble along, reeling like a drunken man. The path, which was everywhere difficult to make out and keep to, I eventually lost altogether, and found myself completely at fault in the densely-matted jungle. The sun being hidden, I could not give even a guess at the direction I ought to take. By nightfall I contrived to hit the open space by the grave of the Maori who had perished in the wood. This uncheerful place I made my camping ground, suffering much during the night from the raw damp of the air and the furious attacks of countless hosts of mosquitoes. Cold, the pain of my feet, and the

gruntings of wild pigs all about, prevented sleep, and I lay awake, too ill to smoke, waiting for the dawn.

Saturday, 23.—After daylight it began to rain again, and never once stopped the whole day. Weak and wretched I wandered on, and soon got off the trail. It was high noon before I picked it up again, and, after following it till dusk, it brought me to the very place where I had camped the night before ! This was a dismal state of affairs, and though I lay down during the hours of darkness, it was only because I did not see my way to move onwards. Drenched to the skin, half famished, and ill into the bargain, sleep was out of the question; moreover, I was uneasy at the scrape I had got myself into, not seeing my way well out of it.

Sunday, 24.—To-day, more exhausted and slower than ever—"remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow"—I pursued my path, and late in the afternoon, when no longer able to drag myself along, I lay down by the side of the track. I had been there I know not how long when a dog scented me out, and no words can describe the joy with which I presently saw in the gloom ahead the dusky forms of some naked Maori approaching—a travelling party of three men and a woman. Their friendliness I shall never forget; it was like that of the good Samaritan to the man in the parable. They gave me ripe peaches, and water out of their calabash, and lighting a fire of leaves and moss hastily cooked me some potatoes in the ashes. When they had seen me eat and drink, and found that I was somewhat revived, they rose to depart, for they had far to travel, and night was at hand. Before taking their leave they gave me food sufficient for a day's journey. Cheered by the kindness of these simple children of nature, and refreshed by their food and water, I made an effort to push on, and by dark arrived at that empty Pah where we had slept on the 15th. Crawling into a hut, I ate some more peaches and potatoes, and then slept soundly, despite the extreme multitude of wooden devils that stood sentry round my sleeping place. Perhaps the spirits were scared out of them, or rendered impotent by my loud *Te Deum*.

Monday, 25.—Early astir; and drawing a stick from the palisade to be my staff, support, and comfort, plodded slowly along, thankful to be clear of that forest at last, and once more out in the open country. In the afternoon I saw an old Maori, wrapped in his blanket, and squatted in the sun at the door of his hut, a few hundred yards from the track. I went up, and asking for something to eat, he gave me a large and ripe water-melon. I, in return, gave him a meer-schaum pipe and its case. And then what must this dreadful old

man do, but (not to be outdone in liberality) enter his hut, lug out his young daughter, and make me an offer of her ! As I was bent on reaching the coast, if possible, ere nightfall, the courtship and honeymoon must necessarily have been of the briefest. Besides, there was no priest handy, and canonical hours were over for the day ; so, shaking my head and muttering some lame excuse, I left the lady unwedded and sulky, and my would-be father-in-law in astonishment at my lack of interest in his daughter's charms. There were still many streams to ford, and one, where the tide happened to be high, I had to swim ; and so it came to pass that it was after midnight when I made the coast. Hailing the schooner, which was still at her anchorage, with a loud " ' Kestrel,' ahoy !" and lighting a little fire to show my whereabouts, a boat soon shoved off, picked me up, and conveyed me on board. There, for many days, I remained a close prisoner, worn and emaciated, with feet in so bad a state that I was scarcely able to stand. Indeed, it was not till three months afterwards that I was able to get about without the aid of sticks. Whilst cooped up on board the schooner, I saw and heard a great deal that met with my strongest disapprobation. The schooner was here for purposes of trade ; gin, and gin alone, was the medium of all bargains made—the axis, if I may so say, round which all the trader's transactions with the natives revolved. No bargain could be struck without it ; at least so the trader told me, and I suppose he knew best what was for his own interests. It is a monstrous thing that the Government should tolerate such an inhuman mode of traffic with the poor unfortunate natives. They are powerless to withstand the charms of gin, and, under its stupefying fumes, part idiotically with all they most prize. The men become sots, and the natural licentiousness of their women, which requires no inflammatory excitement, sinks to beastly and disgusting depths.

Five days after my arrival on board, the Allinghams returned, by way of Opotiki and Manawatu, from their excursion to Mount Edgumbe. They had scarce a shred of clothes left on their backs, and looked like two sticks of mahogany. The days now passed merrily by in stitchings and patchings; and we had brought with us a little library of books wherewith to do battle against the tedium of the voyage, and over which we were able to dispute and wrangle at will. When our books were done, and we ourselves beginning to get impatient and cross—when, too, the captain found his gin had run out, and his trade, in consequence, grown slack, he weighed anchor rather unexpectedly one afternoon, and stood out to sea. When clear of the land we met with baffling head winds and a nasty choppy cross-sea,

against which there was no hope of making way ; and seeing it now, at eventide, begin to blow hard, with every appearance of a rough dirty night, we put the ship about, and, by the light of a full moon, ran back inside the Head, and anchored in a sheltered cove. There, though the wind roared and the rain fell, we lay snug and secure. At 8 A.M. next morning, the wind having veered, we made a move, and finally left the capacious harbour of Tauranga. All day we ran with speed before a strong and fair breeze, and an hour or so after sunset, cast anchor in a sweet little land-locked bay amongst the Mercury Islands. When the full moon rose from behind a cone-shaped hill, and shed a slanting light across our little port, I thought I had seldom seen a more entrancing and peaceful scene. The placid water, so in contrast with the stormy waves on which we had been tossed outside—the dark, glossy Rata trees, dipping their gnarled boughs in the tide, with a dancing reflection of leaves—two or three, only two or three, Maori cottages, in which, though we saw lights, there was no sound—and all around, except at the narrow entrance by which we had come in, a ridge of low hills that kept off the wind ! We could hear the surf breaking heavily outside, but where we lay the sea was like a millpond. In this pleasant harbour of refuge we rode at anchor two days, weatherbound—weatherbound, not by reason of storm, but because, with the wind as it then was, we could not have fetched Lake Colville. We would often take our boat and pull ashore, or row about among the little islets at hand, collecting oysters for supper, bathing, botanizing. The third day, very early, we went on our way to the sea outside. The wind being strong and foul, we were close-hauled all day in a nasty *jumping* sea, much to the discomfort of those amongst us who were not proof against sea-sickness. I was not of the number, and yet, somehow or other, I found the day drag tediously along, and was glad when it came to an end, and the wind lulled down to a calm. Next morning, we were in smooth water under shelter of the island of Waihaki, and at six in the evening brought our expedition to an end, and let go our anchor off the wharf at Auckland. The evening was chilly, and we were quite glad to see a cheerful blaze of logs on the hearth of our cottage ; glad, too, to get letters and papers, and hear the news of the day, from which we had long been cut off.

J. LAWSON.

“*OLD Q.*”

FEW characters amongst the Upper Ten Thousand, even in the days of the Regency, equalled in vice and profligacy William, fourth Duke of Queensberry, better known in Society by his familiar sobriquet of “Old Q.” There is still standing towards the western end of Piccadilly a mansion at the bow-window of which the old sinner would sit and ogle and leer at the ladies and servant-maids as they tripped along towards the park in their gay dresses a century ago ; and many a man of the present day may, without knowing it, bear in his veins the blood of the ancient house of Douglas, which “Old Q.” did so much to disgrace.

His descent was certainly illustrious. Five centuries ago there lived in Scotland a certain Margaret, (in her own right) Countess of Mar, who married William, Earl of Douglas. Her husband and son in succession bore the double title of Earl of Douglas and Mar, and the son was famous in his day as a warrior. He made, as history tells us, an incursion into England, and in 1388 penetrated as far south as the gates of York. Returning thence laden with rich spoils, he had to encounter the English in several skirmishes about Newcastle, in one of which, at Otterburn, he lost his life, though the English chieftain, Lord Percy, who was against him in arms, was soon after defeated by the Scottish troops. The Earl left an illegitimate son, Sir William Douglas, on whom he was able to confer by charter the Barony of Drumlanrig, in Dumfriesshire, and who became celebrated not only in arms but in diplomacy ; he was sent as ambassador to England in 1412 to solicit the release of James I. of Scotland, who, on regaining his freedom, confirmed the broad lands of Drumlanrig to him by a charter written in his own hand.

From him was descended William, ninth Baron of Drumlanrig, who had the honour of entertaining James VI. at his mansion, on his return to England from his northern dominions, and was rewarded with the Earldom of Queensberry. The second Earl, we are told, was a great sufferer in the Stuart cause ; and his son, the third Earl, being Justice-General and Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, and

Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh, and an Extraordinary Lord of Session, was raised in 1683 to the dukedom. The great-great-grandson of this Duke of Queensberry was the eccentric character whom I mentioned in my opening remarks.

Being a member of the younger branch of the house of Douglas, he was known in early life by quite another name ; and it was as the Earl of March that he first became notorious alike in the sporting world and in the gay circles of Court life whilst still a child. On the death of his father, in 1731, he inherited the title, and large estates in Peeblesshire and other Lowland counties, and before he was twenty he had plunged sufficiently into dissipation as to have incurred a very respectable amount of debt and the reputation of a confirmed gamester. He also became well known upon the turf at Newmarket, and also in other quarters far less reputable than that. He became the associate and patron of bruisers and prize-fighters, and frequented the orgies of the cockpit. He gained distinction by his gallantries in the capital, and shone at once the meteor of the turf and drawing-room. "A handsome person, of which he always took special care, joined to a splendid equipage, a title, wealth and fortune—all of which advantages were heightened by most polished manners and all the graces of bewitching conversation—insured to him the smiles of the fairest of English heiresses." But he never allowed his neck to be ensnared in the marriage noose, and always declined to lead a young lady, however much she might have pleased his fancy, to the matrimonial altar of St. George's, Hanover Square. One who knew him well writes thus in the early days of the present century : "It was always in fact his particular fancy to enjoy all the pleasures of wedlock and the freedom of celibacy ; a course which precluded that species of alliance which might have insured legitimate heirs for his extensive fortune and splendid titles. We are said to be imitative animals ; and this doctrine coincides with his conduct for many years, during which he imitated Lord Baltimore's way of life, intrigues, and oriental forms of courtship. . . . Although, like the illustrious Duke of Bedford, he professed so strong an attachment to the pleasures of the turf, yet, being too wary a bird, he never suffered himself to become the prey of sharpers."

"In the year 1756 Lord March rode his own horse at Newmarket, against a Scotch nobleman—I believe the Duke of Hamilton. Some time after the celebrated race against time was suggested by his lordship, which was that a machine with four wheels should go not less than nineteen miles within the space of sixty minutes. As it had been already discovered that a race-horse

might be urged to such a degree of speed as to run over a mile in a minute, this, which allowed about three to a carriage, did not appear so surprising to the *knowing ones*, for a short space of time ; but the continuance of such a rapid motion, during a whole hour, staggered their belief, and many of them were completely outwitted."

I may be pardoned for extracting here a paragraph from the fourth volume of "Old and New London."

"The houses now numbered 138 and 139, between Park Lane and Hamilton Place, formed at the beginning of this century one mansion, remarkable for its large bow windows, and occupied by the eccentric and licentious Duke of Queensberry, better known to Society by his nickname of 'Old Q.' In his old age, when fairly sated with pleasures of the grossest kind, he would sit in sunny weather in his balcony, with an umbrella or parasol over his head, and amuse himself with watching the female passers-by, ogling every pretty woman, and sending out his minions to fetch them in-doors, as a spider will draw flies into his web. The Duke had an external flight of steps built to aid him in this disgusting sport ; but these steps were removed after his death."

Mr. Thomas Raikes thus commemorates him in his Journal, which was published in 1840 :

"The late Duke of Queensberry, whom I remember in my early days, . . . was of the same school as the Marshal-Duc de Richelieu, in France, and as great a profligate. He lived at his bow-windowed house in Piccadilly, where he was latterly seen always looking at the people who passed by. A groom on horseback, known as Jack Radford, always stood under the window to carry about his messages to anyone whom he remarked in the street. He kept a physician in his house, and, to insure attention to his health, his terms were that he should have so much per day whilst he (the Duke) lived, but not a shilling at his death. When he drove out he was always alone, in a dark-green *vis-à-vis*, with long-tailed black horses ; and, during winter, with a muff, two servants behind in undress, and his groom following his carriage to execute his commissions. He was a little, sharp-looking man, very irritable, and swore like ten thousand troopers ; enormously rich and selfish."

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1810 furnishes the following commentary on his Grace's character :

"This nobleman had been more generally known, and for a much longer period, than any of his contemporaries ; and though he had not displayed those talents which naturally attract the attention of mankind, he never ceased, from his first appearance in the world

to the moment when he left it for ever, to be an object of comparative notoriety. There had been no interregnum in the public course of his existence. His first distinction was that of the turf, his knowledge of which, both in theory and practice, was considered as equal, if not superior, to the most acknowledged adepts of Newmarket. He rode himself in all his principal matches, and was the rival in that branch of equitation of the most professional jockies. His famous match with the Duke of Hamilton, and that of the machine which bore his own name, were long distinguished articles in the annals of Newmarket. He blended, however, his pursuits of the turf with the more elegant attainments of high life, and was long considered as the first figure in the brilliant circles of fashion. He was the model in dress, equipage, and manners, for all those who aspired to a superiority in exterior appearances. After he had quitted the turf, and had succeeded to the Queensberry titles and estates, his life was distinguished by little else but his enjoyments, in which he continued to indulge himself while the faculties of receiving gratification from them remained. His constant residence, and the scene of his pleasures, was London or its vicinity. Scotland he seldom, if ever, visited. His house at Amesbury, in Wiltshire, the work of Inigo Jones, and the classical mansion of a former period, he had let, if he had not actually sold it, at the time of his decease. His country pleasures were found in his villa at Richmond, which he had fitted up in a style of superior elegance, and to which he used to invite his boon companions from town. There he occasionally lived in splendour, till the folly of the inhabitants, by making a vexatious claim at law to a few yards of ground, which, unconscious of any invasion of parochial rights, he had taken into his inclosure, determined him to quit a place where he considered himself as having been grossly insulted, and to which, in various ways, he had been an ample benefactor.'

The predominant feature of the Duke's character was, to use a common phrase, to do what he liked, without caring who was pleased or displeased with it. His wealth was enormous, and constantly accumulating ; and the legacy duty alone on what he left behind is said to have amounted to £120,000.

The Duke, at the time of his death, had been for many years a subject of continual remark. Anecdotes without end had been disseminated about him, "many of which," observes a writer at that period, "were false, and most of them exaggerated." But "no man," it is added, "ever contrived to make so much of life as he

appears to have done. When his eye—for he had but one—was grown dim, and his hearing almost gone, he did not lose his spirits, or fail in making efforts to enjoy what little was left him. He had long lived *secundum artem*; and the prolongation of his life may be attributed to this precautionary practice." It is said that he bathed daily in milk, and that he adopted the practice so long in vogue in the Chinese Empire, that of paying his physicians so much a week for keeping him alive and in good health. His Grace, however, did not always carry on this game fairly, for he continually neglected their advice and played all sorts of tricks with his constitution, which he had enfeebled by a long course of dissipation; though it is probable that he would have lived on much longer than he did, had he not persisted in devouring a quantity of peaches and nectarines, which killed him in a few hours, in his eighty-sixth year, in December, 1810. Most of his honours, including the dukedom, passed under special creations to the Duke of Buccleuch, who also added a large part of his Dumfriesshire estates and the Castle of Drumlanrig to his own broad acres in the Lothians and Selkirkshire, while the Marquisate of Queensberry passed to his kinsman, Sir Charles Douglas, of Kelhead, from whom the present Marquis is directly descended.

The Duke is said to have left behind him, at all events, one child, Maria Fagniani, who became the wife of the Marquis of Hertford; but it is generally believed that George Selwyn, the wit, claimed a share in the honour of being her paternal parent! His Grace was honoured with a splendid funeral, at St. James's, Piccadilly; but, though many of his acquaintances attended the ceremony, it is to be feared that there were few real mourners amongst the crowd.

E. WALFORD.

IRISH CHARACTER IN ENGLISH DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

TO those who have remarked the idiosyncrasies of Paddy on his native soil it will not appear surprising that the English drama, viewed in its widest aspect, is rich in studies of the Hibernian character. Your true dramatist is nothing if not metaphysical, and certainly few races have afforded so much of interest to the psychologist as the Irish. It was in this way, we may be sure, that Elizabethan playwrights first had their attention attracted by a type of being whose whole nature, superficially considered, seemed a very paradox. Transferred to the boards the Irishman with his brogue and mother-wit soon proved a serviceable stage puppet, and has remained a *persona grata* to the dramatist ever since.

Shakespeare, strange to say, has not turned the ample opportunity afforded him to analyse the Milesian character in the London of Elizabeth's day to any material advantage. In the whole range of his works the poet has only given us one presentation of Irish character, and that by no means powerfully drawn. Apart from the military courage depicted in Captain MacMorris—who puts in but a brief appearance in the third act of "Henry V."—the type is singularly colourless, and, in short, appears only to have been introduced as a foil to the Welsh Fluellin and the Scottish Jamy. So little care has been expended in the delineation of this character, that we can quite well see the Irishman was only brought on the scene to show that the nations, at loggerheads in the old king's time, were united under Henry at Agincourt.

We have reason to feel disappointed that Shakespeare never drew a living, breathing Irishman. Those conversant with the poet's works will readily call to mind certain subtle passages denoting a profound examination of the Celtic character. In the first scene of the second act of "Richard II." we find the king saying, in allusion to an old superstition :

New for our Irish wars :

We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom where no venom else
only they have privilege to live.

Kerns were Irish peasantry serving as light-armed foot-soldiers. It is noteworthy that the idea expressed by Shakespeare has been appropriated by Dekker in the first scene of the third act of his "Honest Whore" (second part, 1630). In ruminating over a deep injury to his honour which he thinks has been committed by Bryan, an Irish footman, Hippolito says :

It can be no man else ; that Irish Judas,
Bred in a country where no venom prospers
But in the nation's blood, hath thus betrayed me.

Of paramount importance among early entertainments in which sketches of Irish character had a place were the Masques at Court. We learn of "The Irish Knighte, shoven at Whitehall on Shrove Mundaie at night before Elizabeth, 1577." More interesting still was Ben Jonson's "Irish Masque" as performed at Court by gentlemen, the king's servants, on December 29, 1613. The dialogue in this is curious and worthy of quotation in part. "The king being set in expectation," so runs the printed copy, "out ran a fellow attired like a citizen ; after him three or four footmen, Dennise, Donnell, Dermock, and Patrick."

Pat. For Chreeshis sayk, phair ish te king ? phich ish he, ant be ? show me te shweet faish quickly. By Got o' my consence tish ish he ! ant tou be King Yamish, me name is Dennish. I sherve ti majesties' owne coshter-monger, be me trote ; and cry peepsh and pomwatersh in ti majesties' shervice 'tis five years now. Ant tou vilt not trush me now, call up ti clarke o' ti kitchen, be ant be, shall give hish wort upon hish book, ish true.

Don. Ish it te fashion to beate te imbasheters here and knocke 'hem o' te heads phit te phoit stick ?

Der. Ant make ter meshage run out o ter mouthsh before tey shpeake vit te king ?

Den. Peash, Dermock, here ish te king.

The amiable quartet then squabble among themselves who shall address His Majesty first, each modestly desiring to foist the duty on the other. Patrick asks Dennis to complete the task, and gets for reply, "If I speake te divell tayke me. I vill give tee leave to cram my mouth phit shamroke and butter and vater creeshes, instead of pearsh and peepsh." Patrick finally assumes the office of spokesman to the party, the others assisting him occasionally with useful interjections. They are "good shubshects of Ireland," they protest ; "of Connough, Leymster, Ulster, Munster." These "imbasheters" who have been cudgelled in mistake come to speak of "great newesh in Ireland of a great brideal of one o' ty lords here ant be." They tell of a host of Irish knights who, in voyaging over to the wedding, have lost their fine clothes and are like to dance naked—clothes that cost "a towsand coves and te prishe of a cashtell or two." We

learn of the terpsichorean accomplishments and loyalty to the throne of these belated gallants who drink no bonny clabbe, but right good usquebaugh. Dancing follows to the uncanny skirl of the bagpipe. The footmen, in ushering in the Irish gallants, pray the king not to be angry "vit te honesh men for te few rebelsh and knavesh;" and then the new comers tread a measure in their Irish mantles "to a solemn music of harps."

"The Irish Masque" certainly affords us some grounds for assuming that Ben Jonson had been a keen observer of the humour of the Irish footmen abounding in London in his time. But how very little should we know of the lives and habits of those worthies were it not for the plays of Dekker, who, as a faithful chronicler of contemporary low-life, ranks easily first among dramatists of the Stuart-Elizabethan period! Look, for instance, at that whimsical concoction of his, "Old Fortunatus" (1600), in which Andelocia and his man Shadow, just arrived in London from Cyprus, are made to disguise themselves as "Irish costermongers," the better to dispose of the apples of the Tree of Vice, which they cry as "feene apples of Tamasco; feene Tamasco peepins." Agripyne, infected by the statement that this wonderful fruit will make a lady beautiful, is about to purchase, when a doubt crosses her mind and causes her to say,

These Irishmen,
Some say, are great dissemblers, and I fear
These two the badge of their country wear.

To this Andelocia makes reply: "By my trot and by St. Patrick's hand, and as Creez save me, la 'tis no dissembler; de Irishman now and den cut di countryman's throat, but yet in fayt he love di countryman, 'tis no dissembler; dis feene Tamasco apple can make de sweet countenance, but I take no less but three crowns for one. I wear out my naked legs and my foots and my toes, and run hidder and didder to Tamasco for dem."

Eventually several of the characters are induced to purchase the wonderful fruit by well-assumed blarney, and as a result of their credulity are horrified to find horns sprouting out on their heads. Dekker's device of disguising certain of his *dramatis personæ* in Irish garb was somewhat clumsily appropriated by Ben Jonson in his "New Inn," which failed to please on its production in 1630. The *dea ex machinâ* in this improbable comedy is a contemptible old nurse, ever imbibing and ever mumbling unintelligible Irish. She is described by the dramatist, in the analyses of characters prefixed to the play, as "a poor chare-woman in the Inn, with one eye, that tends the boy [Frank]; is thought the Irish beggar who sold him, but is truly the

Lady Frampful, who left her home melancholic and jealous that her lord loved her not, because she brought him none but daughters; and lives unknown to her husband as he to her." *Ex pede Herculem*; from this we can easily adduce the action of the comedy. There is little quoteworthy in the sayings of this supposititious Irish character. Her ladyship is in a state of drunken stupor throughout, and, when wakened up, ejaculates "Er grae Chreest!" and "Tower een cuppaw d'Usquebaugh doone." No wonder the play failed when the responsibility of unravelling its nodus devolved upon such a contemptible personage!

Dekker's Irishmen are not so much witty as the cause of wit in others. We are apt to learn more of the characteristics of the sixteenth-century Milesian from the remarks the good-natured butt evokes from others rather than from what he does or says himself. In the second part of "The Honest Whore" (1630), where the scene is laid in Milan, Lodovico expresses surprise at seeing a Paddy there. "An Irishman in Italy! that so strange!" replies Astolfo, with English-like sarcasm; "why, the nation have running heads." Lodovico, catching the satiric vein, adds, "Marry, England they count a warm chimney corner, and there they swarm like crickets to the crevice of a brew-house." Continuing in this strain, he tells us how he has laughed to see there a whole nation "marked i' th' forehead, as a man may say, with one iron; why, sir, there all costermongers are Irishmen." But not all Irishmen in London were costermongers. There is a playful allusion in this same scene to some of the lower orders figuring as chimney-sweepers; a reason for which was, according to Carolo, that "St. Patrick, you know, keeps purgatory; he makes the fire, and his countrymen could do nothing if they cannot sweep the chimneys." But Lodovico will ever be a-talking. "Then, sir," he goes on, "have you many of them like this fellow, especially those of his hair, footmen to noblemen and others? and the knaves are very faithful where they love. By my faith, very proper men, many of them, and as active as the clouds—whirr! hah! And stout! exceeding stout; why, I warrant this precious wild villain, if he were put to it, would fight more desperately than sixteen Dunkirks." The character of Bryan, the Irish servitor in this comedy, is not devoid of a certain rough humour, and indeed is finely drawn throughout. When Hippolito dismisses him from his service "for what he never done" there is something pathetic in the poor fellow's valedictory remarks. "I had rather," he says, "have thee make a scabbard of my guts and let out de Irish puddings in my poor belly, den to be a false knave to de, i' faat! I will never see dine own sweet face more. A maw-

hid deer a gra [Maighisdir mo grádh—Master of my soul] fare dee well, fare dee well; *I will go steal cows again in Ireland.*"

The running footmen of those days, by the way, generally carried darts—long a national weapon of offence among the native Irish. We learn this from Middleton and Rowley's "Faure Quarrel" (1622), and from Field's "Amends for Ladies" (1618), in the latter of which Lady Honour disguises herself "like an Irish footboy with a dart."

Shirley's "Saint Patrick for Ireland" (1640), the first Irish historical play on record, has its broad outline based upon Bede's Life of the Saint. It is a strange and unsuccessful effort. Written in blank verse and in every way typical of its literary period, this legendary drama is remarkable for nothing so much as its complete dearth of local colour. Revolving round the patron Saint of Ireland one finds a curious assemblage of spirits, of mortals rendered invisible by wearing magic bracelets and types of grosser earth. For a play dealing with such an exalted theme the handling is defiantly ribald. In Ford's Chronicle History of "Perkin Warbeck," written some few years previously, we find introduced four Hibernian satellites of the Pretender, John à Water, Mayor of Cork; Heron, a mercer; Skelton, a tailor, and Astley, a scrivener. Painted in the weakest of monochrome, these worthies are about as racy of the soil as their names. Probably Ford's only reason for bringing them on the scene at the Scottish Court was to afford an excuse for the masque, in which they appear "disguised as four Wild Irish in trowses, long-haired and accordingly habited."

Undoubtedly the first play to bring the Irishman into real prominence as a grateful stage type was Sir Robert Howard's "Committee," produced at the Theatre Royal in 1665. Indeed, the humours of Teague, admirably rendered by a long line of illustrious players, from Lacy, Estcourt, and Tony Aston, to Macklin, Joe Miller, and Jack Johnstone, preserved the comedy on the acting list at the patent theatres down to the end of the eighteenth century. Even then the germ of the play burst out into new life, through being transplanted by Knight, the actor, in 1797 into a farce called "The Honest Thieves," in which the droll, blundering, simple-minded Irishman became the moving spirit. Considering the remarkable influence of Teague on subsequent delineators of the Irish character, the following account of the poor fellow's origin, as given in the Duke of Norfolk's "Anecdotes of the Howard Family," must be read with interest. "When Sir Robert was in Ireland, his son was imprisoned here by the Parliament for some offence committed against them. As soon as Sir Robert heard of it he sent one of his domestics (an

Irishman) to England, with despatches to his friends, in order to procure the enlargement of his son. He waited with great impatience for the return of this messenger ; and when he at length appeared with the agreeable news that his son was at liberty, Sir Robert, finding that he had been then several days in Dublin, asked him the reason of his not coming to him before. The honest Hibernian answered with great exultation that he had been all the time spreading the news and getting drunk for joy among his friends. He, in fact, executed his business with uncommon fidelity and despatch, but the extraordinary effect which the happy issue of his embassy had on poor Paddy was too great to suffer him to think with any degree of prudence of anything else. The excess of his joy was such that he forgot the impatience and anxiety of a tender parent, and until he gave that sufficient vent among all his intimates he never thought of imparting the news there where it was most wanted and desired. From this Sir Robert took the first hint of that odd composition of fidelity and blunders, which he has so humorously worked up in the character of Teague." In 1682 Thomas Shadwell had his comedy of "The Lancashire Witches and Teague O'Divelly, the Irish Priest," produced at the Duke's Theatre. Like "The Committee," the new piece was political in its tone, having been written at a time of high feeling between the Whigs and Tories. His "Riverence" gave great offence to the Papists, but Shadwell's cause gained the support of the opposite faction and weathered the storm. The play bore revival for many years afterwards. It is noteworthy that the dramatist in his prefatory address to the reader says, *inter alia*, "Nor should any of the Irish Nation think themselves concern'd but Kelly (one of the murderers of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey), which I make to be his feigned name and Teague O'Divelly his true one. For w——s and priests have several names still." The piece itself, which occasioned all this hubbub, is an extraordinary jumble of sorcery, satire, and the lowest of low comedy. It would be valueless nowadays, even for the student, were it not for the folk-lore it preserves. Teague O'Divelly, the obnoxious priest who is described as an equal mixture of fool and knave, makes no appearance until the third act. With malicious satire as his only aim, Shadwell has not thought proper to endow the character with the slightest vestige of wit or humour. A *soupsçon* of local colour is given in his address, in which Arrahs, Gras joys, By my shouls, and Aboos are plentifully interlarded. Certainly the happiest hit is his odd ideas concerning mental reservation, which enable him to become a consummate liar without disturbing his conscience. But, sooth to say, the actions of his Reverence oscillate

between the simply puerile and the flagrantly obscene. We trace the mild offence in the holy-water-bottle incident, and the more severe in the scene with the witch.

Not content with his hard-won victory, Shadwell followed up his "Lancashire Witches" with the production at the Theatre Royal in 1690 of his "Amorous Bigot ; or, the second part of Teague O'Divelly," the scene being laid in Madrid. In the pendant O'Divelly is again depicted as a corrupt Irish priest, replete with lewdness under the cloak of sanctity. The dramatist has baited his hook with many tempting morsels of indecency, which doubtless proved attractive to the gurnets of the time. But wiser fish will turn away from the lure with ineffable disgust.

After this hateful, and certainly overdrawn, type, it is refreshing to return to our old friend Teague, who crops up again as servant to the Elder Wou'dbee in Farquhar's "Twin Rivals," as brought out at Drury Lane in 1703. Although kept off the scene until the third act, Farquhar's Teague takes a by no means unimportant part in the action, and proves, on acquaintance, a very droll specimen of the lower class Milesian. A great traveller in his time, his master jocularly inquires his opinion of London. "For dear joy," is the reply, "'tis the bravest plaase I have sheen in my peregrinations exshepting my nown brave shitty of Carrick-Vergus."

Taken all through, poor Teague bubbles over with the mother wit of the Green Isle. Asked how he intends to live at a juncture when his master has experienced a rude reversal of fortune, he rejoins, "By eating, dear joy, fen I can get it, and by sleeping fen I can get none—'tish the fashion of Ireland." One incident is very laughable. Teague's master is cast into prison and sends the honest fellow to look up bail. While bent on his errand he meets his master's flame, who is ignorant of the misadventure. Not desiring to be communicative Teague tries to avoid her, but is detected by the lady, who keeps walking round him to catch his eye. Finding subterfuge no longer available, the faithful Irishman at last protests: "Dish ish not shivel, be me shoul, to know a shentleman fether he will or no." Loyal to his employer, warm-hearted, courageous, witty, the Teague of Farquhar ranks second only to his inimitable prototype in "The Committee," as a trustworthy portraiture of Irish character.

Because Teague the Second savours greatly of Teague the First it must not therefore be argued that Father Foigard in "The Beaux' Stratagem" is an attempt to remodel Shadwell's clumsy type of cleric. The long-extended popularity of Farquhar's comedy, lasting from its production at the Haymarket in 1707 until the dawn of the nineteenth century, has not been matter of gratification on the part of the Irish

nation. I think, however, that my countrymen have committed an egregious error in pouring out the vials of their wrath on the dramatist because of the graphic nature of this delineation. Father Foigard has the unmistakable air of having been drawn from the life. If the surmise is not wide of the mark, Irishmen should certainly look upon this pillorying of an apostate as a compliment to their nationality rather than as a restricted satire on the priesthood. The fear, of course, has been that ignorant or bigoted readers may have argued from this type on the *ex uno disce omnes* principle. Why may not have Farquhar met some MacShane from Kilkenny, masquerading with an ill-concealed brogue as Père Foigard, "educated in France," but "borned at Brussels and a subject of the King of Spain"? It would not have been a very difficult thing for him in his travels to have chanced upon some "son of a bogtrotter in Ireland," whose brogue would condemn him "before any bench in the Kingdom"—some English subject who held a chaplainship in the French Army. A priest without the slightest vestige of respect for his creed, Foigard, without doubt, is a most repulsive character; all the more so because the author has denied him the pearls of humour which he has strung so lavishly round the neck of his Teague. How difficult this must have been to one whose humour was Irish of the Irish is shown by the fact, that in this very play Farquhar makes an English Boniface speak of "a power of fine ladies." But why has tradition so ruled the stage that, down to the days of "The Shaughraun," the Irish priest should have been depicted as a weak, despicable being, with all the failings of the average sensual man? Considering the lapse of time and the more frequent intercourse between the nations, even Boucicault's "Father Tom," in the "Colleen Bawn," is not a very great improvement on Farquhar's type. But we can excuse much in the astute and adaptive mind that for once forbore hide-bound tradition, and gave us a genuine, lovable characterisation of the Irish Roman Catholic clergyman in "The Shaughraun."

When Richard Brinsley Sheridan's father was a boy at college, about the year 1740, he wrote a farce called "Captain O'Blunder; or, the Brave Irishman," basing his plot upon the "Pourceaugnac" of Molière. As most pieces in which poor Paddy had previously figured held him up to view in somewhat unfavourable light, small wonder that even an unpretentious farce, presenting a good-humoured treatment of a blundering, affected native, was to meet with great acceptance from a Dublin audience. "Captain O'Blunder" in its original form is not to be judged by the printed copy of the farce emanating from Dublin in 1748. The original MS. had been lost

and the copy for the press was supplied from memory by the actors, with all the corruptions and interpolations occasioned by the gagging of favourite players. This being so, very little of Thomas Sheridan's farce really saw type.

But the schoolboy effort is worthy of passing record, because the central figure yielded a model for Sir Calligan O'Brallaghan, as drawn by Macklin in "*Love à la Mode*." The plot in this farce hinges on the manœuvres of a Scotch knight, an English squire, a Jew broker, and an Irish gentleman, who are all enamoured of a lady of means. Commenting on the circumstance that Sir Calligan, who wins the day, is the only suitor among this finely discriminated quartet whose affection is sincere, the author of the "*Playhouse Companion*" says he is "a character so different from what experience has in general fixed on the gentlemen of that kingdom, who make their addresses to our English ladies of fortune, that although there are undoubtedly many among the Irish gentlemen possessed of minds capable of great honour and generosity, yet this exclusive compliment to them, in opposition to received opinion, seems to convey a degree of partiality which every dramatic writer at least should be studiously careful to avoid." The writer seems to have forgotten that bias in the critic is more reprehensible than in the dramatic author. With all the burning love of his soil characteristic of the true Irishman, Macklin's idea was probably to turn the tables on an author who had recently maligned his fellow-countrymen. This was Moses Mendez, a wealthy stockbroker or notary public of the Hebrew persuasion, who died in 1758, worth some hundred thousand pounds. Best remembered as the author of "*The Chaplet*," Mendez had written a farce called "*The Double Disappointment*," in which the character of a French adventurer was contrasted with that of an equally rascally Irishman. Attracted by the money-bags, both pay their respects to an heiress, and are eventually unmasked, to the great delight of the audience. This concoction was certainly brought out at Covent Garden in March 1759, but was probably performed for the first time some few years previously. It does not appear to have been printed until the October following Mendez's death. The idea has never been promulgated hitherto, but what more natural to suppose than that Macklin, as an Irishman, bethought himself of retaliation, transferred Sheridan's Captain O'Blunder to Mendez's own theme, and richly avenged the caricature by bringing the Jew on the scene as one of the sordid and unsuccessful suitors?

When Macklin's farce was first produced at Drury Lane in 1760 the Scottish element in the metropolis took umbrage at Sir Archy

McSarcasm as impersonated by the author. The piece thus gained a celebrity it might not otherwise have attained, and, after the silencing of the malcontents, enjoyed great success. On hearing of the disturbances the Second George, then past the allotted span of man, sent for the manuscript and had the piece read to him by an old Hanoverian attendant. Notwithstanding that most of the humour of the thing was marred by the inadequate delivery of a reader but imperfectly acquainted with English, the king listened intently, and expressed huge delight at the discomfiture of the other suitors by the member from Paddyland.

It is a theatrical truism that actors oftener produce parts than parts actors. When there were no great exponents of Irish character there could be no great Irish rôles to play. Moody, the original Sir Calligan O'Brallaghan, is said to have been the first man "who brought the stage Irishman into repute, and rendered the character one of a distinct line whereby a performer might acquire reputation." This is important. But, as Lady Morgan sapiently remarks, before the days of Cumberland's Major O'Flagherty English audiences were satisfied with "poor acting in Irish parts, for they had not yet got beyond the conventional delineation of Teague and Father Foigard, types of Irish savagery and Catholic Jesuitism."

Macklin's "True Born Irishman" (which appears never to have been printed) was produced at the Crow Street Theatre, Dublin, in 1760 with every token of success. As if to counterbalance the glowing colours of his Sir Calligan, the sturdy actor-dramatist had aimed in this comedy to ridicule the absurd affectations of Hibernian dames on their return homewards after a brief sojourn in the English capital. As "The Irish Fine Lady," it bore revival at Covent Garden in November 1767.

To the prodigious success achieved by the elder Colman's comedy of "The Jealous Wife," when originally produced at Drury Lane in 1761, the character of Captain O'Cutter cannot be said to have materially contributed. Irishmen as a body have always viewed this type as a monstrosity. Some seventy years ago, when the play was revived in Dublin, a popular Irish comedian named Hammerton was soundly hissed as a mark of the audience's disapproval of the rôle. It was as if Churchill's sentiment had been orally expounded :

Long, from a country ever hardly used,
At random censured and by most abused,
Have Britons drawn their sport with no kind view,
And judged the many by the rascal few.

The Irishmen of Cumberland are certainly not among those which

their countrymen would wish to place upon the Index Expurgatorius. What could be more admirable in its way than the sketchy, but pleasantly drawn, character of Paddy O'Connor, the "sojer," in the musical comedy of "The Summer's Tale" (1765)? Paddy makes use of many odd phrases, such as "Long life to you," and "You may say that," which are eminently characteristic of the Green Isle. There is every reason to believe that Cumberland had been a close observer of the ways of his compatriots in the land of "Potatoes and butter-milk." He makes one of his characters, speaking of Paddy, say, "It is the peculiarity of his nation to commit the wildest extravagancies (*sic*) upon principles of the most exalted magnanimity." In the matter of bulls, Paddy is a veritable Sir Boyle Roche. Told he would be hanged for filching a purse from a rascally attorney, he replies, with exquisite *naïveté*, "That's a fine joke! But if they hang me here in England for such a trifle as that, it shall be a warning to me how I ever set foot in their country again, at all, at all." Towards the close Mr. Attorney is dragged in by "me bould Pat," who ejaculates, "I had the greatest difficulty in life to make him come here of his own accord."

Perhaps the most agreeable stage Irishman of the eighteenth century is the Major Dennis O'Flagherty of Cumberland, a creation that, in its way, might have sat for the portrait of Dugald Dalgetty.

It is satisfactory to learn that the long-admired comedy in which this type figures ("The West Indian") was written in Ireland amid the quietude of Kilmore, where lived the worthy bishop who acknowledged paternity to its creator. In reading the play one is certainly not impressed at the outset with the doings of its *deus ex machinâ*, the Major; but as progress is made, O'Flagherty's charity and large-heartedness take out of the mouth the bad taste primarily left by his widow-hunting propensities. How characteristic were his fire-eating attributes can only be clearly known to those who have studied the Irish gentleman of the period through the "Recollections" of Sir Jonah Barrington. The Major had first fought for France and Germany, then, "since the peace, my dear, I took a little turn with the confederates in Poland—but such another set of madcaps!—by the Lord Harry, I never knew what it was they were scuffling about." Truthful as a type, lovable as a man, Major O'Flagherty is of a surety a *persona grata* to a capable exponent of genteel Irish comedy. Moody, who first impersonated the rôle (he was not an adequate representative), had previously, in October 1769, given a capital rendering of the ludicrous Irishman in Garrick's very popular entertainment of "The Jubilee." In this *pièce de circonstance*

Paddy is represented as going to Stratford to see the festival; but unfortunately he fell asleep and waked not until the pageantry was over. Entirely devoid of animal spirits, uncomprehending the reason and nature of an Irishman's confusion of ideas, Moody succeeded in Irish rôles from sheer lack of a tolerable rival. It was not until the inimitable Jack Johnstone came to Covent Garden in 1783 that the glaring untruthfulness of Moody's impersonations became apparent. What a contrast! Of Johnstone it has been said that he "had a laughing brightness that played about his countenance and won you before he spoke." Uniformly delightful, whether blundering, grumbling, storming, or jesting, he was the first actor who could delineate with equal excellence the humours of the unsophisticated son of the sod, and the more polished geniality of the refined Irish gentleman. This versatility was not without its disadvantages; for, as a contemporary pointed out, his easy assumption of a variety of Hibernian types tempted "authors to write bad parts, in imitation of good ones, and to comprise every degree of Irish character in the mere tone of the voice."

When Hugh Kelly, redoubtable champion of sentimental insipidities (a Robertson before his day), had his "School for Wives" produced under a *nom de guerre* at Drury Lane in 1774, it was found that the man who first drew breath beside the Lakes of Killarney had sketched an excellent Irishman in the blundering, good-natured Connolly without showing partiality on the one hand or descending into caricature on the other. Wrote a Dublin critic, on the revival of this piece in May 1822: "In almost every comedy written prior to the last thirty years, in which an Irishman has been introduced, dramatic authors have seized upon every occasion to vilify the reputation of our countrymen. Throat-cutting without motive was exhibited as their pastime, perjury as their practice; their fun was ferocity, and their mirth mischief. Divested of these slander-painted traits, the Irishman of last evening was not unworthy that we should acknowledge him as our own countryman."

It is matter of theatrical history that when Sheridan's maiden effort, "The Rivals," was produced at Covent Garden in January 1775, the play was well-nigh damned through the inefficiency of Lee, who stood for Sir Lucius O'Trigger. When the rôle was given to Clinch the atmosphere cleared; the comedy gained life and the actor reputation by the change. Out of gratitude to his preserver, Sheridan wrote the farce of "St. Patrick's Day" for performance on Clinch's benefit.

During the summer of 1776 Foote revised his "Trip to Calais,"

which had been refused a licence owing to strong personal caricature of a lady of quality, and produced it at the Haymarket as "The Capuchin." Personated by Foote himself, the rôle of Father O'Donnovan, the refugee, was acted more characteristically than it was written. No one, save the so-called modern Aristophanes, would have made a priest iterate such remarks as "What the devil," and "By my shoul." A tolerably good scoundrel of the Foigard and O'Divelly type, O'Donnovan has humour and hypocrisy in equal proportions. But we doubt Foote's sincerity (did ever anybody believe in it?) when we find that this objectionable personage was only introduced for the purpose of assailing the Duchess of Kingston and her satellites, who had accused the author of unnameable crimes.

Early in March 1803 a comedy was produced at Covent Garden, which, as Boaden puts it, "seized upon general admiration as by a charm, and has held it as by a patent." This was none other than Colman's "John Bull," in which Jack Johnstone represented Dennis Brulgruddery, and sang a ludicrous epilogue to an old Irish tune. The character of Brulgruddery is a finished portraiture of a full-blooded Irishman; but it unfortunately loses importance through juxtaposition with the equally fine sketches of the Hon. Tom Shuffleton and the Yorkshire serving-man. The playgoer, too, is apt to lose sight of the rôle in the great interest arising out of the unravelling of the mystery. Brulgruddery fairly bubbles over with wit; but, sooth to say, he is little better than most of the other *dramatis personæ* in that respect. Although a poor devil of an innkeeper with a rascally wife, Dennis considers himself a "jontleman" because he was "brought up to the church," which, being interpreted, means that as a lad he "opened the pew-doors in Belfast," and lost his situation for snoring so loud in sermon-time as to wake the rest of the congregation. Few will disagree with the estimate of Irish character put by Colman in this comedy into the mouth of Peregrine. "John Bull," he says, "exhibits a plain undecorated dish of solid benevolence, but Pat has a gay garnish of whim around his good nature; and if now and then 'tis sprinkled in a little confusion, they must have vitiated stomachs who are not pleased with the embellishment."

It would be out of keeping, even if possible within becoming limits, to pursue the subject farther. Very little that was written after "John Bull" is deserving of inclusion in the category of *dramatic* literature, much less the Irish melodramas of modern times. With the taking off of Jack Johnstone, adequate exponents of the

chivalrous-minded Irish gentlemen became rare birds. There were fifty Teagues to one Sir Lucius. Hence the inauguration of the reign of Irish farce, and the death, from atrophy, of the "rale ould Irish gintleman." A great deal more straw was supplied to literary brick-makers, yclept novelists and playwrights, after the Union than to the less fortunate ones who preceded. The land question, differences between landlord and tenant, were not pressed into service as literary pabulum in the days of an Irish Parliament, for the simple reason that the keynote of discord had not then been struck. It was the Union that made absenteeism fashionable among landlords, and thus gave to the later Irish playwright a greater wealth of natural incident, if not of character. We may assume, without fear of contradiction, that Irish melodrama proper owed its origin to the popularity of the novels of Lady Morgan, Maria Edgeworth, Tom Moore, Gerald Griffin, Charles Lever, and Samuel Lover. As early as 1831, Griffin's "Collegians" (the source of "The Colleen Bawn") had been dramatised for performance at Chapman's City Theatre in Milton Street, Cripplegate. Again, the chicanery of middlemen and laxity of absentee landlords formed the theme of the well-constructed plot of "The Irishman's Home," produced at the Westminster Theatre in Tothill Street, in May 1833. Apart from this, however, the immediate sponsors of the sensational Hibernian drama were most assuredly Buckstone, Boucicault, and Edmund Falconer. Remodelled from life, the conventional stage Irishman became idealised in the hands of Dion Boucicault, who endowed him with pathos as well as wit, poetry as well as humour.

Let those sneer who like, we have reason to be thankful for the sturdy vitality of Irish melodrama. At the present time the few pieces of the stamp of "Arrah Na Pogue" and "The Shaughraun" have one brilliant, nay, well-nigh unique, quality. Put them in the bill, and the theatre at once becomes a veritable haven of rest for the old-time playgoer who still seeks the romantic flavour of yore, and, for the most part, finds it not in this age of Realism and Prosaic Triviality.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

IN CEYLON.

These stones—alas ! these grey stones . . . left to Time
By buried centuries of pomp and power !

SERENDIB of the Arabs, Elengy of the Tamils, Lanka of the Singhalese, Ceylon of the English—what a charm has history woven around its name ! The pious Mahomedan finds in it the site of the Garden of Eden ; in testimony whereof witness, ye heretics, our First Parent's foot-print, plainly to be discerned upon the summit of Adam's Peak ! King Solomon was probably acquainted with its stores of wealth, and drew from Ophir—the modern Newera Ellia—gold, precious stones, ivory, apes and peacocks, which were brought from the interior to the coast and shipped from Tarshish—now known as Point de Galle.

Its sons were well skilled in Art ere Nineveh was destroyed. Pilgrims with weary steps ascended Mahintale's sacred hill, and devotees worshipped at the Thuparamya dagoba, when Carthage was in her prime. Before Ptolemy founded the great Alexandrian Library Devenipiatissa, "the beloved of the saints," had embraced the Buddhist religion, planted the sacred Bo-tree, and erected with pious zeal for the honour of his Master eighty thousand temples. Whilst the ancient Britons wandered about in scattered tribes among the swamps and tangled forests of our island, the walls of Anauradhapoora enclosed a city twelve miles square. The land was highly cultivated by an extensive system of irrigation, the plains were covered with crops of rice and maize, populous villages climbed the mountain sides, domes and minarets crowned the hill-tops ; in numbers, knowledge, and riches the country increased and prospered.

Then the Tamils from the neighbouring coast of Hindostan completely subjugated the island ; it was recaptured by the Singhalese, and followed various changes of fortune until, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it fell under the cruel dominion of the Portuguese. Half a century later the Dutch were masters of the soil and enjoyed a monopoly of the coveted cinnamon gardens. Since then, for nearly two hundred years, the Union-Jack has waved above the fortifications

of Mynheer, at Galle and Jafnapatam ; British soldiers guard the capital of the old Kandian kings, and British sailors man the fleet that rides at anchor in Trincomalee's beautiful bay.

Although its "spicy breezes" exist mainly in the imagination, Ceylon may fairly hold her place as the "Garden of the World," for the country is clothed with a luxuriant tropical vegetation, from the summit of Pedrotallagala, enthroned above the clouds, to where in the Indian Ocean are lost the winding waters of the Mahawelliganga.

It is a land of waving palms and luscious fruits, of sapphires and rubies and pearls—where the sunbeams reflect the brilliant hues of humming-bird and paroquet, and in the cool recesses of primæval forests the timid elephant luxuriates in his bath ; a land rich in ruins and antiquities which afford ample testimony to its former greatness—peopled by a dusky race invested with all the mystery of venerable antiquity, speaking the most ancient of languages, instructed in one of the oldest religions, and still holding tenaciously the traditions and superstitions of their fathers.

The poet who, enumerating the felicities of Heaven, joyfully anticipated

No clouded sun, no changing moon,
But sacred high eternal noon,

was not a resident of Trincomalee, for Trincomalee enjoys the unenviable reputation of being the hottest place in the world. Even in the early morning I found the climate uncomfortably warm, as entering the outer harbour, a bay five miles in breadth, the little vessel which bore me steered for the inner one—a series of lagoons—and cast anchor just off the shore ; for so deep is the water that the largest craft can come close up to the shore and discharge their cargoes without the aid of boats.

Perhaps there is no haven comparable to Trincomalee, for a fleet of the largest ironclads could ride there in perfect safety, and it can be entered when the north-east or south-west monsoon is blowing.

It is remarkable, too, for the beauty of its scenery. Completely land-locked, it is surrounded with greenery, for in the farther distance feathery palm-trees raise their graceful heads above the jungle, which with a rich growth of perennial verdure clothes the shores, and where the mangrove bushes dip their foliage in the deep blue water the glassy surface reflects trees, jungle, bushes, as in a mirror, the cloudless sky arching over all.

Landing, one finds a sprinkling of native dwellings, some poor bazaars, a few Government houses, and a dockyard little used. Two forts, Ostenburg and Frederick, afford insufficient protection to a

place which seems to have been designed by Nature for a mighty emporium of the world's commerce. Save for the few European residents, meagre garrison, and yearly visit of the fleet, Trincomalee lies neglected and abandoned. So deserted is both town and neighbourhood that wild animals come into it from the surrounding jungle, and monkeys help themselves to garden fruit !

Lounging comfortably in the rest-house—or hotel—I thought out at my leisure the details of a proposed trip to the ruined city of Anauradhapoorā—the old capital of the Singhalese kings—in the almost uninhabited interior. This involved four days in the jungle, the carrying of provisions, and the risk of monsoon rain, which, long delayed, might at any time fall in torrents. Having weighed carefully the *pros* and *cons* I decided to go, and bargained with two Tamils, the one to act as driver, the other as cook ; and for a stipulated sum they agreed to furnish me with a conveyance and food for the whole journey. It was arranged to start at daybreak the next morning.

I appeared to be the only guest at the rest-house, which was a large rambling building with verandahs running round it.

Taking my little lamp with its floating light, I went up to my bedroom ; like the other rooms, it opened only from the verandah, which was protected by light trellis-work. There was no door ; folding shutters occupied the centre of the doorway, with a two-foot aperture above and below. Leaving the lamp burning, I went downstairs for a book, and returning after some minutes' absence, I was just pushing open the folding shutters, when some big creature dashed out of the room, nearly upsetting me, fled down the verandah and bounded into space.

Considerably startled, I peeped cautiously into the bedroom—everything quiet, nothing disarranged. I raised my lamp and made a careful examination, including in it the verandah. The trellis-work at the end was broken, a big hole being left by the passage of my midnight intruder—a wild-cat perhaps, or an inquisitive monkey, whose curiosity had been aroused by the light.

Whatever it was, it had disappeared ; but I was sorry that there was no door that I could fasten, and the space under the shutters was too large to block. I must risk the reappearance of my unwelcome visitor. I put my knife by my pillow, and undressing as quickly as possible, extinguished the lamp. I lay awake for some time watching and listening,

But the silence was unbroken,
And the stillness gave no token,

and I slept undisturbed until nearly daybreak.

At five o'clock my equipage was announced—a native two-wheeled cart without springs, built of the wood of the cocoa-nut palm, the broad leaves interlaced forming a roof, excellent for shade, but unreliable as a protection from the rain. Within, strewn leaves made a seat by day, a couch by night.

A quantity of necessary impedimenta were slung beneath the cart. Item : a large bag of rice and some loaves of bread. Item : two coops containing a number of live fowls. Item : a great pot, a couple of chatties, and a few cooking utensils. Besides these provisions I carried a small private hoard : a flask of brandy, a bottle of doubtful port wine, a tin of cocoa, a pot of jam. The cart was drawn by two bullocks, yoked together, the reins passing through their nostrils.

Of my two servants, the driver was the more distinguished, as became his maturer years. The cook did not lean to the side of extravagance in dress—it consisted only of an ancient strip of cloth round his loins ; whereas his elder wore in addition a venerable wisp of ragged fringed shawl over his shoulders, and a dirty cloth wound about his head added importance to his stature. Both wore gold earrings, and the liberal use of oil, with which their black skins shone, amply compensated for the dirt beneath.

In point of linguistic accomplishments my driver was first, I second, and the cook a bad third, as he—poor fellow !—knew only his own language. I stood firmly by one word of the greatest usefulness, viz. *shurika*—make haste—whilst the driver proudly addressed me as “sare,” and could say “yes” and “no.” With regard to two words we met on common ground—the one “currie,” the other “cheroot,” for our word comes from the Tamil verb “cherooto”—to roll, together—referring to the manipulation of the tobacco-leaf.

Dressed in a flannel shirt and trousers, with a light helmet on my head, and white umbrella in my hand to protect me from the sun, I led the van on foot. Kangaroo-leggings served me as a protection against land-leeches, whose terrible attack on the traveller through the jungle is only made known by the blood trickling down his legs. So small as to be unnoticed, these little pests scent the way-farer afar off, and springing upon him in dozens crawl up his extremities and fasten on his flesh. Any attempt to pull them off makes them cling the tighter, but they are amenable to tobacco smoke.

On leaving the town we at once struck into the jungle, and traversed a hot and dusty road, at the rate of two and a half miles an hour. We had gone but a short distance when I turned out of the

beaten track, and, with my driver as guide, visited the hot medicinal springs of Kanea. The water bubbles up out of holes in the ground, and the springs were watched by a solitary native who sat in silence on the ground—the presiding genius of the place.

Living fish have been actually found here—a carp at a temperature of 114° and a roach at 122° Fahr. These are not the only Ceylon fish of singular habits, for there is one small species which often leaves the water and climbs over rocks and ascends shrubs in search of food. There is the travelling fish—a kind of perch—which will exchange one pool for another ; and, as the pigeon or bee directs its flight by some peculiar sense, so can this fish detect the presence of water, which it will journey a long distance over land sometimes to reach. These fish prefer to travel in the early morning when the dew is on the grass, but in cases of emergency have been seen in large numbers toiling along in the sun over a hot and dusty road. The burying fish is another oddity, for when a pool begins to dry up it buries itself for a foot and a half below the surface of the ground, and there in a torpid condition awaits the next rain-fall.

As we proceeded on our way the sun grew more and more vertical, and it was so oppressively hot that I was thankful when at half-past eleven we drove aside into the forest and turned the bullocks loose to graze.

Fixing up my umbrella and travelling-rug in the branches of some trees as an awning, I lay beneath the refreshing shade awaiting dinner, which, like my supper, consisted of curried rice, and took an hour to prepare.

At half-past one we resumed our leisurely advance, and continued without meeting a single soul until close upon six o'clock, when we reached the borders of a ruined tank—one of those stupendous works for the irrigation of the land in whose construction the Singhalese were so proficient.

A solitary building—the rest-house—stood on the margin, and the solitary native occupant came forth shaking with ague. Approaching me, he pointed to himself, then to the house, and gave his head a more pronounced shake. I thoroughly concurred in the implied negative and preferred to remain where I was. Suddenly

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark,

for here there is no twilight. Very soon a fire was burning and my men were occupied in preparing my curried chicken. The flickering light shone picturesquely on their dusky forms, as, squatting one on each side of the big pot, which was hung from three sticks, they every

now and then dipped in their dirty fingers to feel the softening rice. A mist of poisonous miasma, of which the ague was the result, brooded over the surface of the lake, and when at last I began my dinner the impure water lent its baneful influence to currie and cocoa. The meal ended, my men stretched themselves on the ground, and I, making myself as comfortable as the tormenting mosquitoes would let me on my leafy bed, was lulled into snatches of sleep by the hideous croakings of innumerable frogs and the splash of alligators.

At four in the morning we set off again, after I had breakfasted on bananas, bread, and cocoa. In two hours we reached another ruined tank, and I bathed, keeping a wary eye for alligators, which swarm wherever there is water.

And now our track was difficult to follow, leading over ledges of rock or through deep sand, in which the wheels sometimes stuck fast. Once, on turning a sudden bend in the road, I startled a native, who fled before me with wild cries and gesticulations, and disappeared in the forest. He belonged to the outcast race of Veddahs, and he evidently wished to warn me against the contamination of his proximity. These poor creatures inhabit the densest jungle. They have no direct dealing with other castes, but bring what they have caught by hunting and lay it down in a well-known place, with some simple guide as to the things they want in exchange, and then return by night to fetch them. For food they eat berries and what they shoot in the woods with bow and arrow. In drawing the bow they sit on the ground; one hand is occupied with the string, the other with the bow; whilst the arrow is guided between the great and next toe of one foot. They cannot count beyond five, and some of them appear to have no language beyond grunts and signs. They seem to have no laws, no religion, no arts, no sports, and are more degraded than most savages.

We were now in the heart of the jungle; on either side stretched the primæval forest. The mahogany tree, the hard-wooded teak, the ebony—whose heart alone is black—the fig, and many other giants of the woods stood, garlanded with parasitic creepers, some as thick as a ship's cable, others of slender form, but all bright with lovely flowers. Strange nests hung from the branches, and humming-birds and paroquets of gorgeous plumage flitted among the trees. Sometimes hyenas or deer scampered away at our approach; and monkeys, running across the path, climbed the trees and swung themselves from bough to bough. Exquisite butterflies danced in the sunlight, and in one place impeded our progress, for the ground was so thick with them, and they kept rising in such clouds before the eyes of the

bewildered bullocks, that we had to chase them from the road before the cart could advance. No sound was heard but the shrill cry of the cicada—or knife-grinder—a kind of huge grasshopper with a rasp on its hinder legs and a file on each side of its body ; by rubbing the one against the other a singular sound is produced, which by multiplication becomes astonishing. Once when we bivouacked close to a native village we were disturbed by elephants, but the villagers turned out in large numbers and scared them away with shouts, shrieks, and the beating of tom-toms. Water was scarce, for the earth was baked and the heavens were as brass.

At noon on the fourth day we came to a steep and jungle-covered hill which rose a thousand feet above the surrounding level country—the sacred hill of Mahintale. A flight of steps fifteen feet broad, one thousand eight hundred and forty in number, lead up the precipitous face of the rock. These are ascended by the devout pilgrim on hands and knees with a prayer at every step, and by the undevout heretic with less pious language. In the shade of the jungle below the thermometer marks 110° Fahr. ; on the steps it might be, judging from one's feelings, $1,000,010^{\circ}$, for there is no shelter, and the blazing sunshine is reflected from their whiteness, and the atmosphere glows with fervent heat. Faint, perspiring at every pore, up and up one drags one's weary limbs, but when at last the summit is gained weariness vanishes in the marvellous scene spread beneath. There is no other hill to interrupt the sight, which ranges from sea to sea, the whole breadth of Ceylon being comprehended in the view. It is a vast expanse of jungle, with every shade of green in every variety of foliage, but the eye is attracted more perhaps by the remains of the gigantic artificial lake of Kalaweva, with the sunlight flashing on its waters, and the dagobas, seven miles distant, that still tower in ruins above the tree-tops, and indicate the site of the once royal city of Anauradhapoora. Long grass, creeping plants, trees and their parasitic growths run riot amidst the massive blocks of stone, the carved capitals, the splintered columns, which mark the road thither. The whole distance was once covered with a carpet by one of the Singhalese kings, that pilgrims might go with unwashed feet from Anauradhapoora to worship at the Etvihara dagoba which crowns the summit of Mahintale. This word "dagoba" comes from deha (the body) and gopa (that which preserves), because they are shrines raised over the sacred relics of Buddha.

The Etvihara is a semicircular pile of brickwork one hundred feet high, built over a single hair from the great Teacher's forehead.

Many are the inscriptions graven in the sacred rock of Mahintale.

Among them is one containing a list of the official staff belonging to the temple. It includes a secretary, a painter, a treasurer, a surgeon, a physician, twelve cooks, twelve thatchers, ten carpenters, six carters, and two florists. The last mentioned must have had a busy time, for flowers enter largely into Buddhistic worship, and on one occasion the entire hill of Mahintale was completely buried beneath heaps of jessamine. Six and a half millions of sweet-scented flowers were offered by one of the devout kings at a single shrine in Anauradhapoor.

Yoking the bullocks to the cart, we resumed our journey and reached the city late in the afternoon. I was up betimes the next morning, and, with a native as a guide, gave the whole day to sight-seeing and exploration.

During ten centuries Anauradhapoor continued the capital of Ceylon, and it is said by Fergusson that, "alone of all Buddhist cities it contains something like a complete series of the remains of its greatness during that period." There are seven dome-shaped topes or dagobas, a monastery, and the sacred Bo-tree. Of the monastery, called the Maha Lowa Paya—or Brazen Palace—the sole remains are the sixteen hundred pillars, twelve feet high, which formed the first storey. Close to the monastery is a large enclosure, entered by a rather imposing doorway, decorated with specimens of old Singhalese carving—the porch of the temple. Within the enclosure a small pyramid rises in three terraces to a height of over thirty feet, and out of the midst grows the sacred Bo-tree—a kind of fig—which, as prophesied, is always green, never growing nor decaying. Carefully propped by numerous supports, the tree has every appearance of the venerable age which distinguishes it as the oldest historical tree in the world. It was planted 288 years B.C., and was raised from a branch of the fig-tree under which Gotama reclined when he became Buddha. Each monarch of Ceylon seems to have vied with his predecessor in displaying his zeal for the welfare of the "Victorious, Illustrious, Supreme Lord, the Sacred Bo-tree," and faithful record has been kept of all the chief events in its history, which forms an unbroken chain. Thus, 136 B.C., King Bahyatissa, in honour of the pre-eminent Bo-tree, celebrated annually, without intermission, the solemn festival of watering it. Another king, A.D. 62, "caused exquisite statues to be formed of the four Buddhas, of their exact stature, and built an edifice to contain them near the delightful Bo-tree." One who writes 478 years after Christ says, after describing the ceremony of planting it, "Thus the monarch of the forest, endowed with miraculous powers, has stood for ages in the

delightful Mahamego garden in Lanka, promoting the spiritual welfare of the inhabitants and the propagation of true religion."

Of the dagobas, the smallest, but the most perfect and the most celebrated, is the Thuparamya, a relic-shrine built 250 years B.C. to contain the right jaw of Buddha. To quote again from Fergusson: "It belongs to the most interesting period of Buddhist history, and is older than anything existing on the continent of India, so far as we at present know, and there is every reason to suppose that it now exists as nearly as may be in the form in which it was originally designed." It is of elegant bell-shape, and is surrounded by tall slender monoliths of granite, octagonal in form, with very pretty ornamental capitals carved with the figure of the hansa, or sacred goose. The worship of this bird is common to many countries, probably owing to its annual migration to unknown lands. In Egypt the god Seb was intimately associated with the goose, and is often figured with a goose on his head. In the same country a temple has been found bearing upon it the dedicatory inscription, "The good goose greatly beloved."

That night I was the only occupant of the rest-house, an isolated building consisting of one room, furnished only with the framework of a bedstead, for almost totally deserted is this once famous city. Its cloud-capped towers, its gorgeous palaces, its solemn temples, are crumbling into dust. The home site of a once prosperous and happy people is now the haunt of the hyena, and the sanctity of the shrines is profaned by the panther and the bear!

Its size may be estimated by the fortified wall which encircled it, forty feet in height and nearly fifty miles—as far as from London to Basingstoke—in length. It had four main thoroughfares—north, south, east, and west streets—approached through gates at which guards were stationed day and night. Each street was broad, straight, and perfectly level, bordered by shady trees. The road was sprinkled with fair white sand, and the side-walks with blue—thus deadening sounds and lightening by its cleanliness the work of the scavengers. At regular intervals were set up beautiful statues, and between each grotesque figures, painted in various colours, held lamps in their outstretched hands. The houses were of two storeys, built of brick, with double gates in front. The residences of the nobles, magistrates, and foreign merchants were distinguished by their size, rich ornamentation, and the gardens surrounding them, tastefully laid out with beds of sweet-smelling flowers, and shaded by varieties of palms. Within the houses rich woollen carpets, woven in gay colours, covered the floors; there were raised seats, curiously-carved chairs, and

the many articles for use and ornament were inlaid with ivory and precious stones ; polished metal lamps hung from the ceilings, and handsome painted cloths covered the walls.

The crowds in the streets varied in race and dress. Buddhist priests predominated, their heads shaven and bare, clothed in the notable yellow robe. Three garments only were allowed them, for which the cotton must be picked at sunrise, cleaned, spun, woven, dyed yellow, and finished before sunset.

The appearance of the male Singhalese then, as at the present day, was peculiar, for the hair was drawn back from the forehead *à l'impératrice*, and secured with a tortoise-shell comb, whilst the back hair was rolled into a coil and fastened by another comb, giving quite a feminine appearance. Their dress consisted of a garment of many colours wound round the waist and reaching to the feet. The better class wore in addition a black cloth jacket over a shirt. Among the lowest class were water-carriers and bearers of miscellaneous goods suspended from a pinga, or yoke, carried over the shoulder like the ancient Egyptians. These men had only a cloth round the waist. Then there were Tamils, of darker skin than the Singhalese, wearing turbans on their heads, Parsees, Moors, Chinese, Malays, and richly-dressed nobles attended by servants carrying large leaf fans to shield them from the sun. And then—ill-omened sight—Tamil soldiers, mercenaries, with spears, swords, and bows, whose numbers were gradually added to, until, feeling themselves sufficiently strong, they rose against their employers, conquered the kingdom, and sowed the seeds of disruption and decay.

The streets were spanned by arches dressed with flags, and beneath them passed in continuous succession a double row of little bullock carts, stately elephants with howdahs full of people on their backs, and two, three, and four-horse chariots, horses and bullocks being driven by reins passed through their nostrils. Here were musicians, making more noise than music with clank-shells, horns, and different kinds of drums ; there a juggler amused the people by feats of strength, as when he threw a large cocoa-nut high into the air and deftly caught and broke it as it descended on his thick skull, or by feats of skill, as when with a sharp sword and a dexterous turn of the wrist he divided an orange completely in two on the outstretched palm of the hand of one of the passers-by. Then there were nautch-girls in spangled dresses who danced to the sound of the tambourine, walkers on stilts, and charmers of deadly snakes.

The bazaars were crowded like the streets : piles of luscious fruits tempted the thirsty soul ; heaps of rice and maize lured the thrifty

housewife. Some stalls displayed articles beautifully carved in wood or ivory, ebony inlaid with ivory or mother-of-pearl, and ornaments made of the quills of the "fretful" porcupine. In other stalls were silken fabrics, shawls and costly cloths. Here were cunning workmen in brass, and there potters turning chatties and other vessels, ornamental and useful. Everywhere merchants sitting cross-legged among their wares, surrounded by eager purchasers, chaffering often over the value of the tiniest coin's-worth.

There were numerous temples for the worship of Buddha, Brahma, Siveh, Vishnu, Fire ; and halls for preaching were in every street. Schools and colleges diffused information among the people, for whom recreation was provided by places of amusement. There were hospitals for animals as well as human beings, public gardens, and baths. Down the gutters of the roads ran streams of pure water, which were supplied, as were the drinking-fountains, from the tank of Kalaweva. This huge artificial lake had a circuit of forty miles ; its bund or embankment was formed of enormous blocks of granite twenty to thirty feet long, with an ornamental parapet. Some idea is gained of the stupendous labour involved in this mighty work from the fact that the stones were dressed with iron tools at far-distant quarries, and from thence dragged to their final resting-place, and that the earth used for the embankment was all brought in single basketfuls carried on men's heads.

Unlike our modern cities, which are poisoned with exhalations from factory and furnace, the atmosphere of Anauradhapoorā was full of the fragrance of flowers. In place of chimney smoke was breathed air laden with the sweet smell of champak and jessamine from acres of surrounding gardens, where flowers were grown for the service of the temples.

Among all the glittering domes and spires and palaces there was one building which, by its rich colouring, fantastic ornaments, and dazzling roof, might have been singled out as the greatest wonder of the East—the Monastery. Its principal entrance was reached by a flight of steps carved in various devices, whilst large upright stones on either side bore representations of the seven-headed cobra—the emblem of protection. On a foundation of sixteen hundred granite pillars was built a substantial floor of heavy timbers, and above this rose eight more storeys to a great height and in the form of a Chinese pagoda. The topmost roof of polished brass—from which the building was named—shone brightly in the glaring sunlight.

The lower roofs were painted blue, and their eaves, slightly turned upward at the ends, projected twenty feet beyond the building,

supported by huge grotesque figures. The walls were red and yellow, and every niche and space was crowded with gods and devils in bright red, yellow, blue, and gilt. A door of satin-wood, carved with scenes from the life of Buddha, led into the great hall, where the floor was covered with carpets so thick that at each step the feet sank into the velvet pile, whereon were placed couches of costly cloth or silk on golden frames. The ceiling was painted blue, barred with red, supported on pillars of solid gold, whose bases rested on lions, tigers, monkeys, and other animals in life-like attitudes. Around the red and yellow walls ran a deep border of pearls.

When the rays of the sun slanted through the long windows the walls blazed with splendour, and hidden colours stole radiantly forth from the facet of each gem, so that a warm and rainbow-tinted light illumined the centre of the hall, where stood an ivory throne, having on one side the sun in gold, and on the other the moon in silver, whilst above it glittered the imperial chetta—the white canopy of dominion. The rooms of the Monastery numbered upwards of ten thousand, all splendidly and variously decorated. In most the walls were covered with beads of different colours, which shone like gems. So magnificent were the appointments, down to the minutest detail, that in the kitchen even the ladle of the rice boiler was made of gold. The sole tenants of this royal abode were yellow-robed priests, whose poverty was in strange contrast with their surroundings.

Such was Anauradhapoorā in the noontide of its splendour, and when the bustle of the day, its toils and its pleasures were over, the moon looked down upon a host of twinkling lights like earthly reflections of the quiet stars, when no sounds were audible but the tinkling of the golden vesper bells. Imagination pictures the devout congregation of worshippers gathered at one of the sacred shrines, the soft light of the coloured lamps, the sweet scent of the jessamine, the solemn hush of night, and the priest veiled from sight teaching the grand truths of Him who “for their sakes became poor,” in words such as Edwin Arnold has so beautifully rendered into poetry :

Kill not—for Pity's sake—and lest ye slay
The meanest thing upon its upward way.

Give freely and receive, but take from none
By greed, or force, or fraud, what is his own.

Bear not false witness, slander not, nor lie ;
Truth is the speech of inward purity.

A. E. BONSER.

SOME OLD CHURCHES.

THE diversity in the forms of our ancient churches is more considerable than we might suppose when our acquaintance with them is limited to a few examples only. We have round churches—four in number, with the ruins of a fifth, and mention of others in old chronicles ; oblong churches, cruciform churches, and others in which the east ends are semicircular ; and others, again, in which the chancels are finished in a rectangular manner. Their general arrangements are also very varied, as some have towers, aisles, porches, and picturesque parts which others are without. And in those instances where the same features exist in many fabrics, there are differences of finish that afford further variety. A tower, for instance, may be round, or square, or octagonal, or triangular—for we have one of a triangular form at Maldon, in Essex ; and it may be crowned with a spire, or by a lantern, as at Boston, Lowick, and Fotheringay ; or capped with corner turrets ; or surmounted by a parapet, which may be plain, embattled, or pierced with tracery : and, for another example, a porch may be merely a simple, old-fashioned shelter to a doorway, put up at need, as at Astley Church, Warwickshire, or an elaborate structure of two storeys, enriched with the beautiful, traceried windows, niches with exquisite statues in them, a sundial with motto, and furnished with a spiral stair and stone seats. When we examine the interiors of the sacred edifices, and note their graceful arcades ; their wide-spanned roofs, often supported by angelic figures ; their carven stalls and pulpits ; their ancient fonts, with their kneeling-stones ; their brazen eagles, bearing the Book of Books upon their extended wings ; their walls recessed with sedilia, piscinæ, aumbrys, and niches, or pierced with hagioscopes and lychnoscopes ; their floors, in which are laid brass effigies of the great and good buried below, or great slabs inscribed with their names and lineage, and the innumerable details of stained-glass, wood, metal, and stone, we cannot fail to observe with reverential delight the lavishment of variety in them all. In the matter of wealth of art-work, too, we must look upon them as caskets containing some of the richest jewels our forefathers have left us.

The quest of this particular kind of information takes us into many beautiful nooks and many diverse neighbourhoods ; for the situation of our ancient churches is as varied as their form or materials. Sometimes the founders chose the summit of a hill, apparently that the edifice might be seen ; sometimes they chose a low, secluded spot, as though the sacred building was to be hidden from those likely to injure it. Here, as at Warkworth, they chose a site where a river takes a sudden swerve, and almost encompasses it with water, as by a wide moat ; or on a sloping hillside, visible to a population scattered over a plain below ; or in a deep dell, difficult to find, as at Brenckburne : and there, again, they chose a spot in the midst of a rich vale, or in a flat marsh, or on the coast, or on a cliff. In some places, in our towns and larger villages, houses have now hemmed them in ; in others, we see them as those saw them who marked out where the walls were to be, and where the doors were to come, and the windows to be placed, ere the workmen brought their tools and commenced their tasks.

The materials employed in the construction differ according to the localities. In the mountainous Lake District—in Cumberland and Westmoreland—there is a laminated stone used for buildings of a warm, brownish-grey tint, deeper in tone than that used in the Yorkshire vales and on the Yorkshire wolds. In Cheshire, and in some of the adjoining counties, there are examples of timber-framed churches, with timber-framed towers, that are as indescribably venerable in their appearance as they are touchingly homely. In the churches of the Eastern counties flint is used for the great masses of wallings, with frameworks, or “dressings” only, of stone for the doors and windows and angles ; and long familiarity with this “flinting” has enabled local builders to inlay the flints in patterns like mosaic-work, with a very exquisite effect. This diversity of materials affects the general air of structures in which they are employed. The massive blocks of granite piled up by Cornishmen necessarily produce a different effect to the minuter work of Kentish masons in rag-stone, or to that of Northumbrian masons in freestone. Nevertheless—and it is worthy of note—there has always been a basis of uniformity, both in treatment and construction, throughout the length and breadth of the land, through all the centuries in which masons’ work has been executed with tools ; and this basis of uniformity, despite difference of materials, has been subject to the same development in every place and at all times. The Normans built in the same manner in the north and in the south, in the east and in the west, in whatever material came to their hands. They made low, semicircular

curves to their doors and windows, and from pillar to pillar, and pillar to respond, everywhere ; and when they wanted to enrich them, they loaded them with ornament that was zigzag, or embattled, or wavy, or lozenged, or hatched ; or cumbered them with enrichments known as nail-head, beak-head, billet, cable, pellet, and nebule. Their external walls they relieved with corbel-tabling, and their internal walls with interlacings of circular-arched mouldings that are thought likely to have suggested the use of the Pointed arch to their successors. In like manner, church-builders in the days of the Plantagenets worked in their own method all over the land, and placed narrow, lofty, pointed arches, and high-pitched roofs, and simple and elegant ornaments in all their buildings. And builders of the fourteenth century maintained a similar uniformity, and introduced their geometrical tracery everywhere, and wider and lower-arched openings ; and they spread out the width of windows, and divided them with mullions, and filled the headings with trefoils and quatrefoils, arranged symmetrically into designs full of grace ; and placed tiers of small, cusped arches on their walls, as well as rows of small niches with statues in them. And then builders of the fifteenth century exceeded all who had gone before in one general fervour of architectural splendour. They spread out their vaulted ceilings till they became vast, drooping surfaces of ornamentation ; they ornamented their buttresses with open-work ; they thought of “ flying buttresses ” ; their mullioned windows they divided by transoms into several stages ; they lavished enrichments, and with canopies, pinnacles, crockets, finials, niches, tabernacle-work, and statues, appealed to the gorgeous taste of the day, in everything to which they put their hands, from one end of the land to the other. We can almost see the workmen at work upon this superbly-enriched masonry—old men intending, ere their hands lost their cunning, their honest work should be an abiding testimony to them ; young men, who put their best into everything from the first ; some with light words, full of the news of the day—the discovery of the New World, the invasion of France, or the Scottish losses at Flodden ; some working silently, with hearts full of thoughts of pretty damsels in farthingales and ruffs, or, perhaps, of dear wives and little children ; stooping, lifting, carrying, hammering, sawing, smoothing, fitting, fixing, till the perfection we see was attained.

We have but few ancient churches handed down to us that have never been altered. Most of those built by the Saxons were enlarged by the Normans, or, if left untouched by them, by the masons of the thirteenth century. The richer work of the Normans, in its turn, was

altered in succeeding centuries ; and, in the same way, later edifices were improved as occasion required. In these old times it was not deemed essential that unity of style of work should be maintained throughout a building, and, when additions were desired, they were made in the manner of building that was in vogue at the time. Hence we find many styles in one edifice. In some instances, when it came to pass that a little massy Norman church, consisting only of nave and chancel, did not afford sufficient accommodation, one wall of the nave was taken down, a row of columns placed to support the roof, and an aisle thrown out, with windows inserted of the manner of fashioning then in vogue. Perhaps, a century later, when all those who presided at the first extension had departed to the mercy of God, the accommodation was again found to be insufficient for the increased number of worshippers, and the other wall of the nave was taken down, a row of columns placed on its site to uphold the roof, and another aisle thrown out. This second extension was made in the manner that had become the usual mode of building. Hence, in this case, all that remained of the original edifice would be the nave-space between these two aisles of different workmanship, and the chancel. After a time the chancel may have been elongated by taking down the east end of it, and setting it back ; the roof renewed, and probably heightened ; a tower added ; and then, all that could be identified as part of the structure reared by its first builders would be the low, richly-laden, semicircular chancel-arch, with the cushion-capped pillars on either side of it. Sometimes an old church is associated still more closely with every century of English history, alterations having been made more frequently, and continued down to our own time. In these instances, besides mediæval work, we find specimens of classic features that the revival of Classic architecture introduced in the days of the Stuarts, "Queen Anne" work, and Georgian additions. Occasionally, and unfortunately, ancient fabrics have been rebuilt in the early part of this century with but scant regard for the work of the old masons, as in the case of Braxton Church, close to Flodden Field, which has only the chancel-arch left of the building that was in sight of the combatants on the great fight when "the flowers o' the forest were a' wede away." Brixworth Church, in Northamptonshire, is another instance in which many alterations have been made, for those who understand the language of the stones can see this church was built by Saxon masons ; that Norman masons supplemented their work ; that, two hundred years afterwards, the tower was heightened, and a spire placed on it ; and that masons must have been at work in the edifice,

at intervals not exceeding fifty years apart, for centuries. Rock Church, in Northumberland, may be also cited as among the countless illustrations of the same succession of alterations. This was originally a small Norman fabric, reverently reared on rising ground a few miles from the sea-coast. From end to end it barely exceeded fifty feet in length, which area was divided into nave and chancel. The windows were but a finger's-length in breadth, the western doorway scarcely more than three feet across the opening. Though small and dark, it was strong, and a safe resort in time of trouble. In the thirteenth century, or Early English period, some of the windows were enlarged into lancets. And then the little edifice endured, with what vicissitudes we know not, till the present century, when the chancel was lengthened, with a semicircular apse, and a small vestry thrown out; and, finally, the north wall was taken down, and set back, stone for stone, as it stood, and a north aisle added.

At times customs came into vogue that affected the structural arrangements of these relics. In the thirteenth century many chancels were lengthened, as if some departure in the manner of the services called for additional space. Another custom, the exact nature of which has been forgotten, caused the insertion of low side windows in chancels, generally on the south side, though occasionally on the north. These openings are often found to have been blocked up in some old time, as though their use was discontinued, at an early date after their insertion, in general accordance, perhaps, with an order made to that effect. These are much more numerous in some parts of the country than in others. Many conjectures have been made as to their purpose. For a long time they were considered leper-windows; then a belief they were exterior confessionals gained credence. It has also been suggested they were offertory-windows; openings for the convenience of watching the Paschal lights; and symbols of the wound made in the side of our Lord. But it is now considered probable that they were inserted for the purpose of ringing the sanctus bell, that those within hearing might know the precise moment of the supreme ceremony. Hagioscopes are also of no further use; and sedilia, piscinae, and aumbrys are relics of arrangements that have been discontinued. The building of crypts, too, seems to have been abandoned some centuries ago, though apparently deemed an essential sub-structure, in Saxon and Norman times, to edifices of any consequence; as witness the Saxon crypts in Hexham Abbey Church, Ripon Cathedral, and Ripon Church; and the grand Norman crypts below the cathedrals at Winchester, Rochester,

Gloucester, Worcester, and Canterbury. On the borders of both Scotland and Wales, before those countries were ruled by an English monarch, some churches were provided with beacon-turrets, that the residents in their neighbourhood might apprise the inhabitants of the adjacent districts of danger by means of a great, flaring light ; which beacon-turrets, also, have now no special use.

Minor details have been also affected by passing customs. When sermons contained the chief teaching of the week, and to some extent the chief news, or appeals suggested by the force of current events, preachers required some reminder of the progress of time, and most pulpits were furnished with hour-glasses, many of which are still in their old places. Dedication ceremonies have also left their mark in some edifices in the form of dedication stones inscribed with the date and other particulars of their erection, as at Jarrow, and Clee in Lincolnshire ; and, in rare instances, small crosses, twelve in number, may be seen incised near the entrance, generally on the outside, as at Moorlinch, Somerset. Akin to this kind of record are the numerous inscriptions to be noticed in various parts of these ancient buildings, setting forth the names of donors and benefactors, supplemented, often, with a pious exhortation or exclamation.

We may notice differences in the orientation, for all churches have not been built pointing to the true East. It is thought the deviation has been made, in some instances, to admit of the east end pointing to that place on the horizon at which the sun rises on the day of the feast of the patron saint of the edifice ; but we have to discard this suggestion on ascertaining that churches dedicated to the same saint do not observe the same deviation. More frequently chancels incline in a slightly different direction to the nave ; which fact has been accounted for in a supposition that the masons meant to represent the declination of the head of our Saviour on the cross. As we know that similar divergences have been made compulsory in our own time by the necessity of not disturbing remains buried in certain places, we may conclude that some such controlling influences were sometimes brought to bear in olden days, likewise, and that some of the deviations we have noticed are the results of them.

Church-floors present many interesting details. In York Cathedral, on the pavement, there used to be certain stones that marked the places where the leading personages were to stand in ceremonials. In Westminster Abbey there used to be a straight line of small stones in the middle of the paved floors, to enable processions to keep in the centre of the ambulatories, portions of which may still be traced. In Rochester Cathedral there are fragments of herring-bone tiling of

great antiquity. And in most ancient churches will be found personal memorials, that are as so many items in the history of our forefathers. We have, for instance, about two thousand flat brass effigies in our old church-floors, and a much larger number of sculptured and incised stone slabs.

Church-walls are also sometimes embellished with objects of general interest, apart from their architectural features. There are the black boards, usually in black frames, that set forth in gilded letters the admirable and pathetic charities of those who loved their fellow-men in former days ; pale tablets with the Ten Commandments illuminated upon them ; escutcheons, "according to the law and due practice of arms," recording the passing away of those entitled to heraldic distinctions ; flags tattered in honourable service, stirless and mouldering ; armour, perhaps dented and dusty, but full of stirring appeal ; more rarely still, garlands fluttering gently to and fro ; and occasionally faded fragments of frescoes, as at Abbey Dore and at St. Cross.

In some parts of the country ancient churchyards are entered by lych-gates, or covered ways somewhat resembling detached porches. These gates, besides affording very convenient shelter for mourners and others, add as much to the picturesque appearance of the graveyard as the interesting preaching-crosses that are also sometimes seen in them. In Devonshire and Wales are many examples ; in other parts of the country they are not so numerous. Some of them present their slant-faced roofs to the front, and some of them their pointed gables ; some are covered with tiles, others with slates ; and all are enriched with the velvety mosses and lichens that are Dame Nature's largess. Herefordshire, Gloucestershire, and Cornwall are rich in the possession of many fine, hoary preaching-crosses, whereof time has toned down the tints and softened the angularities with silent gentleness.

The more closely we regard our old churches, the more we are impressed with the hearty piety of our forefathers, and with their self-denial, generosity, thoroughness, and genuineness. They seem to have "scamped" nothing, from the dim, low, massy crypt, to the proud spire, or to the vane that veered in a socket on the top of it ; and to have systematically given the best of their means, skill, and labour to these works. We can only consider them collectively with marvel. And, the more closely we regard them, the more we are impressed with a conviction that an examination of them affords one of the most enchanting of recreations, open to all.

SARAH WILSON.

POOR PEOPLE.

NIGHT—and how poor the cabin—poor and small.
 Deep fall the shadows on the squalid room,
 Yet there is something luminous in the gloom.
 The fishing nets are hung against the wall ;
 In farthest corner you may vaguely see
 The housewife's humble store of crockery—
 The big old bedstead curtain'd to the ground—
 A mattress near, where in repose profound
 Five children lie—a nest of souls—and there,
 Beside the pillow bent in silent prayer,
 A woman kneels, whilst outside menacingly
 Sinister Ocean sobs.

Far out at sea

The sailor trawls for fish, and rude the fight
 That he has waged with chance from infancy.
 Or fair or foul—he heeds not—he must go
 Whether the billows rage or wild winds blow,
 For the poor babes are hungry : through the night
 He drives his fragile bark—like serpents round
 The green waves curl—the gulf yawns black, profound.
 He thinks of Jeannie on the waters grim,
 And in their little cot she prays for him :
 Each back to each their tender fancies spring,
 Crossing in space like birds upon the wing.

She prays : the seagull's hoarse and mocking cry
 And waves upon the shore dashed furiously
 Affright her : thoughts of horror fill her mind—
 The sea—the sailors—— Hark ! that frantic wind !
 And in its case, like pulses in a vein,
 The old clock ticks, whilst round and round again
 Time brings, as summers and as winters come,
 For some the cradle and for some the tomb.

She prays—she weeps. Such hard times ! poverty,
The little children barefoot—and they cry
Sometimes for food. Then she grows sadder still.
He is out there alone ; wild dreams of ill
Pursue her, and she starts with infinite fear !
Out there—alone ! alone ! no succour near,
Beneath that winding-sheet of darkness—night
Without a star—without a gleam of light !
The children are too young—he is alone !—
O Mother ! and when they are grown, and gone
To share the fury of that pitiless main,
Will you not cry, “ Would they were young again ! ”

She takes her cloak and lantern : 'tis the hour
He might be coming home, and she will see
If the day dawns—if at the signal tower
The light burns—if it blows less furiously.
No—not a breath of morning yet—no sign
Of life at chink or window : but a door
Shakes in the wind ; a hovel mean and poor
Stands on her way. The roof is tottering,
And tufts of thatch and mosses writhe and swing.
She stops—she listens :—not a sound : she calls—
Silence : her voice alone on darkness falls.
She knocks, and then, as if e'en lifeless things
At times take pity, the door backward swings.
She enters—on the floor a woman lies—
A corpse—the spectre of dead miseries.
All that remains, the last sad battle o'er !
Two children lie asleep upon the floor
Under her gown which she had striven to fold
To keep them warm whilst she was growing cold.
How peacefully they sleep ! as if no sound
Could break the orphans' slumber, soft, profound ;
Not even were earth and sky together rent.
They fear no judgment, being innocent.
And the rain falls—slow drops each other chase
Through the torn roof, upon that white dead face
Falling like tears, as if the senseless clay
Wept for the angel that had passed away.

But what has Jeannie done beside the dead ?

Under her cloak what does she bear away ?
Why does she fly along with hasty tread ?
Why beats her heart so fast ?

A gleam of day

As she returns is stealing o'er the sky.
She gains her home and sits down tremblingly—
So pale ! Is it remorse ? What does she dread ?
What has she stolen ?

Through the opening door

At last the rays of early morning pour.
'The sailor on the threshold smiling stands
'Trailing his dripping nets—and Jeannie's hands
Are round his neck !

“Bad luck, wife ! for the sea

Was thievish and I bring you nothing back !
Ugh ! what a night ! The wind raged furiously
As if the devil's self were on the track—
But this kiss pays for all ! And you—and you—
What have you done the while ?”

Then Jeannie grew

Troubled and white.

“Me ? nothing—sew'd and prayed—
And listened to the sea—I was afraid !”

She trembled like a culprit.

“In the shed—

Down there our neighbour lies—poor woman—dead !
Two little children there beside her slept—
No food, no shelter !”

And then Jeannie wept

The man looked very grave : he turned and said,
Flinging his cap down—

“That poor woman dead !

Five children of our own—and then two more !
That's seven !—hard times ! and hunger at the door !
No fire upon the hearth !—the cupboard bare !
Well, 'tis no fault of mine ; 'tis God's affair—
Why take the mother from these bits of things ?
'Tis far beyond our poor imaginings—
Perhaps the scholars know ! They'll wake to-day—
Be frightened—hungry—and we cannot say,

'Go work.' So fetch them, wife ! Think at our door
'Tis the poor mother knocks—and open wide !
Go—take them in, whatever ill betide,
And then at eve they'll play upon the floor
With our own five, and climb upon our knees—
So when the good God up in Heaven sees
That in our home there is the greater need
Now there are two more little mouths to feed,
He'll make me catch more fish——

Go now—tis said !

But what ? You're vexed ? You're most times livelier ! ”

She drew aside the curtains of the bed,
And whispered through her tears,

“ See where they are.”

C. E. MEETKERKE.

(After VICTOR HUGO.)

TABLE TALK.

OMAR KHAYYAM AND HIS LATEST TRANSLATOR.

TO Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy the lover of poetry is indebted for a full and correct rendering of the "Rubaiyat"¹ of Omar Khayyam. In a volume attractive in all typographical respects, and likely, since it is printed throughout in capitals, to rank as a bibliographical curiosity, Mr. McCarthy has given us a prose translation of the great Persian astronomer and poet. A veritable labour of love and worship is the work, since in order to accomplish his task Mr. McCarthy has been compelled to master Persian. So loyal service deserves acknowledgment, and Mr. McCarthy's reward will be paid him in the gratitude of his readers. All but unknown a generation ago, Omar Khayyam is now to thousands a religion. I have sometimes held that had Shelley known these verses he would for a moment only have hesitated over the supreme stanza in the ode "To a Skylark"—

I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

One may now see the poet as he was; a rhapsodist in praise of woman, wine, and roses, a fatalist in most things else, hopeless in view as Schopenhauer, formidable in arraignment as Mr. Swinburne.

"In the face of the decrees of Providence nothing succeeds save resignation; among men nothing succeeds save counterfeit and hypocrisy." So holds our poet. "Since it is certain that one must needs go hence, what is the use of being?" So runs his speculation. "This world," he continues, "is but a hair's-breadth in our wretched life; the soul but the faint trace of our blended tears and blood. Hell is but a shadow of the vain toils we take upon ourselves. Paradise is but the moment's rest we sometimes taste." Drink wine, then, and court "on roses in some flowery cave"—to use Milton's translation of Horace—the woman you love. And then, once more, "If you have drunk wine faithfully all the week, do not hold

¹ David Nutt.

your hand on the Sabbath, for by our holy faith there is no difference between that day and another. Be thou the worshipper of the All High, and not a worshipper of the days of the week." These few extracts are intended only to show how Mr. McCarthy has executed his task. Of the wealth of the divine old poet they give as much idea as a glass of water will of the tarn from which it is taken.

MR. FITZGERALD'S TRANSLATION OF THE RUBAIYAT.

OF the curious fortune that attended Fitzgerald's translation, Mr. McCarthy in his preface has much to say. He tells how the book published by Mr. Quaritch at five shillings, and destined subsequently to enchant and passionise Rossetti, Swinburne, Théophile Gautier, and I know not how many others, went down in price shilling by shilling, and at last was sold off at a penny a copy. How many hundred pence a copy of the same edition would now bring in the auction-room he leaves to conjecture. One thing a comparison between the prose version and that of Fitzgerald at least reveals, viz. that the translator is almost as unmistakably a poet as the original. I will quote three stanzas, two concerning the game of chess which Heaven plays with our souls, the third a note of prayer and terrible arraignment.

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with this sun-illumin'd Lantern, held
In midnight by the Master of the Show :
Impotent pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days,
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

I wish I might quote the four magnificent stanzas of which the following is the last :

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth did make,
And ev'n with Paradise devise the snake :
For all the Sin wherewith the face of Man
Is blacken'd—Man's Forgiveness give—and take.

The last stanza I heard one of the ablest and most distinguished of literary men and editors declare unequalled in modern work. To some readers Omar Khayyam is familiar. These even will not grudge the quotation of a few stanzas. Let them find out, even in a literary circle, how many men there are to whom his name signifies little, and how many have not heard of him at all.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1890.

FOUND!

BY FRED. M. WHITE.

IT was getting late : the last omnibus had gone, and the few remaining pedestrians in the Euston Road were hurrying homeward, anxious to leave that dismal thoroughfare behind. The footsteps, gradually growing fainter, seemed to leave a greater desolation, though one man at least appeared to be in no hurry as he strode listlessly along, as if space and time were of one accord to him. A tall, powerful figure, with bronzed features and a long brown beard, betrayed the traveller ; and, in spite of the moody expression of face, there was a kindly gleam in the keen grey eyes—the air of one who, though he would have been a determined enemy, would doubtless have proved an equally staunch friend.

A neighbouring clock struck twelve, and Lancelot Graham increased his pace ; anything was better than the depressing gloom of this dismal thoroughfare, with its appearance of decayed gentility and desolate grimy pretentiousness. But at this moment a smart pull at the pedestrian's coat-tails caused him to turn round sharply, with all his thoughts upon pickpockets bent. But what he saw was the figure of a child barring his path, as if intent upon obstructing his further progress.

“ I've lost,” said the little one simply ; “ will you please find me.”

Graham bent down, so that his face was on a level with the tiny speaker. They were immediately beneath a gas-lamp, and the astonished man, as he gazed carefully at the child, found her regarding him with eyes of preternatural size and gravity. There was not one particle of fear in the small face, in its frame of bright sunny

hair—nothing but the calm resolute command of one who issues orders and expects them to be obeyed ; a child quaintly, but none the less handsomely dressed, and evidently well cared for and nourished.

Graham pulled his beard in some perplexity, and looked round with a faint anticipation of finding a policeman. Like most big men, he had a warm corner in his heart for children, and there was something in the tiny mite's imperiousness which attracted him strangely.

"And whose little girl are you?" he asked, gravely.

"I'se mamma's, and I'se lost, and please will you find me."

"But I have found you, my dear," Graham responded helplessly, but not without an inward laugh at the childish logic.

"Yes, but you haven't found me prop'ly. I want to be found nice, and taked home to mamma, because I'se so dreffly hungry."

The ingenuous speaker was without doubt the child of a refined mother, as her accent and general air betrayed. It was a nice quandary, nevertheless, for a single man, said Lance Graham to himself, considering the hour and the fact of being a prisoner in the hands of an imperious young lady, who not only insisted upon being found, but made a point of that desirable consummation being conducted in an orthodox manner.

"Well, we will see what we can do for you," said Graham, becoming interested as well as amused. "But you must tell me where you live, little one."

She looked at him with quiet scorn, as if such a question from a man was altogether illogical and absurd. But, out of consideration for such lamentable ignorance, the child vouchsafed the desired information.

"Why"—with widely-open blue eyes—"I live with mamma!"

"This is awful," groaned the questioner. "And where does mamma live?"

"Why, she lives with me ; we both live together."

Graham leaned against the lamp-post and laughed outright. To a lonely man in London—and Alexander Selkirk in his solitude was no more excluded from his fellows than a stranger in town—the strange conversation was at once pleasant and piquant. When he recovered himself a little, he asked with becoming and respectful gravity for a little information concerning the joint-author of the little blue-eyed maiden's being.

"He's runned away," she replied with a little extra solemnity.

"He runned away just before I became a little girl."

Lance became conscious of approaching symptoms of another fit

of laughter, only something in the fearless violet eyes checked the rising mirth.

"He must have been a very bad man, then," he observed.

"He runned away," repeated the child, regarding her new-found friend with reproachful gravity, "and mamma loves him, she does."

"And do you love him too, little one?"

"Yes, I love him too. And when I say my prayers I say, 'Please God, bless dear runaway papa, and bring him home again, for Jesus' sake, amen.'"

Graham, hard cynical man of the world as he was, did not laugh again.

A man must be far gone, indeed, if such simple earnestness and touching belief as this cannot move him to the core. All the warmth and love in his battered heart went out to the child in a moment.

"I do not know what to do with you," he observed. "I do not know who your mamma is, but I must look after you, young lady."

"I'se not a young lady; I'se Nelly. Take me home to mamma."

"But I don't know where she is," said Graham forlornly.

"Then take me home to your mamma."

"Confiding," said Graham, laughing again, "not to say complacent, only unfortunately I don't happen to have one."

"I dess you're too big," said Nelly, with a little nod, and then, as if the whole matter was comfortably settled, "Carry me."

"Suppose I take you home with me?" Graham observed, having quickly abandoned the idea of proceeding to the nearest police-station, "and then we can look for mamma in the morning. I think you had better come with me," he added, raising the light burden in his arms.

"All right," Nelly replied, clasping him lovingly round the neck, and laying her smooth cheek comfortably against his bronzed face. "I fink that will be very nice. Then you can come and see mamma in the morning, and perhaps she will let you be my new papa."

"What about the other one?" asked Graham.

"Oh, then I can have two," replied the little lady, by no means abashed; "we can play at horses together. Where do you live?"

The speaker put this latter question with great abruptness, as children will when they speak of matters quite foreign to the subject under discussion.

"Not very far from here," Lance replied meekly.

"I'se so glad. I'se *dreffly* hungry. And I like milk for supper."

Mr. Graham smiled at this broad hint, and dutifully promised that the desired refreshment should be forthcoming at any cost.

The walk, enlivened by quaint questions and scraps of childish philosophy, proved to be a short one, and, indeed, from Euston Road to Upper Bedford Place can scarcely be called a long journey. So Graham carried his tiny acquaintance to his room, and installed her in state before the fire, bidding her remain there quietly while he retired to consult his landlady upon the important question of supper.

Little Nelly's remark was not beside the mark, when she confessed to the alarming extent of her appetite, for the bread and milk disappeared with considerable celerity, nor did the imperturbable young lady disdain a plate of biscuits suggested by Graham as a follower. Once the novelty of the situation had worn off, he began to enjoy the pleasant sensation, and to note with something deeper than pleasure his visitor's sage remarks and noticeable absence of anything like shyness. When she had concluded her repast, she climbed upon his knee in great content.

"Tell me a tale," she commanded ; "a nice one."

"Yes, my darling, certainly," Graham replied, feeling as if he would have attempted to stand on his head, if she had called for that form of entertainment. "What shall I tell you about?"

"Bears. The very, *very* long one about the three bears."

"I am afraid I can't remember that," Lance returned meekly. "You see, my education has been neglected. If it had been tigers now——"

"Well," said the imperious Nelly, with a sigh of resignation, and perhaps a little in deprecation of such deplorable ignorance, "I dess the bears will have to wait. Only it must be about a real tiger."

Graham, obedient to this request, proceeded to relate a personal adventure in the simplest language at his command. That he should be so doing did not appear to be the least ludicrous. As if he had been a family man, and the child his own, he told the thrilling story.

"I like tales," said Nelly, when at length the thrilling narrative concluded. "Did you ever see a real lion?"

"Often. And now, isn't it time little girls were in bed?"

"But I don't want to go to bed. And I never go till I've said my prayers."

"Well, say them now, then."

"When I've a bit gooder. I've got a naughty think inside me. When the naughty think's gone, then I'll say my prayers."

"But I want to go to bed myself."

"You can't go till I've gone," Nelly returned conclusively. "Tell me all about lions."

"Don't know anything about lions."

"Then take me home to mamma."

"My dear child," said Graham, with a gravity he was far from feeling, "can't you understand that you must wait till morning. They have made you a nice bed, and it's very late for little girls to be up."

"Let me see it. Carry me."

The imperious tones were growing very drowsy. When at length Graham's rubicund, good-natured landlady called him into the room, he stopped in the doorway in silent admiration of perhaps the prettiest picture he had ever seen. With her face fresh and rosy, her fair golden hair twisted round her head, she stood upon the bed and held out a pair of arms invitingly.

"What, not asleep yet?" he asked, "and nearly morning, too."

The old look of reproach crept into the child's sleepy eyes. "Not till I have said my prayers. Take me on your lap while I say them."

Graham placed the little one on his knee, listening reverently to the broken medley of words uttered with the deepest solemnity. Yet every word was distinctly uttered, even to the plea for the absent father, till the listener found himself wondering what kind of man this recalcitrant parent might be. Presently Nelly concluded. "And God bless you," she exclaimed lovingly, accompanying her words with a kiss. "And now I will go to sleep."

When Graham woke next morning he did so with a violent pain at his chest, and a general feeling that his beard was being forcibly torn from his chin. It was early yet, but his tiny visitor was abroad. She had established herself upon the bed, where she was engaged in some juvenile amusement, in which the victim's long beard apparently played an important part in the programme. As he opened his eyes the child laughed merrily. "Don't move," she exclaimed peremptorily; "I'se playing horses. You'se the horse, and these is the reins," and giving utterance to these words, she gave a sharp pull at his cherished hirsute appendage, and recommenced her recreation vigorously.

A man may be passionately fond of children, but when it comes to a healthy child lying upon his chest, and a pair of lusty little arms lugging at a sensitive portion of his anatomy, the time has arrived when a little admonition becomes almost necessary.

"Nelly, you are hurting me," Graham cried sharply.

She looked in his face a moment, apparently seeking to know if he spoke with a dual meaning, as children oftentimes do. Then,

deciding that he spoke the truth, there came an affectionate reaction in his favour.

"Poor, poor!" she said soothingly, rubbing her cheek against his. "Nelly is a naughty girl, and I'se so sorry."

"You are a good little girl to say you are sorry."

"Give me some sweeties then," Nelly answered promptly. "Whenever I tell mamma I'se sorry she says 'good little girl,' and gives me sweeties."

"Presently, perhaps. And now run away while I dress."

Obedient to this request, the child kissed him again, and after one regretful glance at the beard, and a sigh for the vanished equestrian exercise, jumped from the bed and disappeared. Graham was not, however, destined to be left long in peace over his toilet, which was not more than half completed when Nelly returned again, and sending herself in a chair, watched gravely every movement of this deeply interesting ceremony.

"Isn't you going to shave?" she asked reproachfully, as Graham with a smile indicated that his labour was complete.

"I never shave," he answered. "What would you have to play horses with if I did?"

This practical logic seemed to confound Miss Nelly for a moment, but with the pertinacity worthy of a better cause she replied:

"All *gentlemen* shave. There is one in our house, and I go to him every morning. I like to see him scrape the white stuff off—I'se *dreffly* hungry."

But by this time Graham had grown quite accustomed to these startling changes in the flow of Miss Nelly's eloquence, though he could not fail to admit the practical drift of the concluding observation.

"Nelly," he asked seriously, when the healthy appetite had been fully appeased. "Let us go to business. Now, what is mamma's name?"

"Nelly, too," the child replied. "Pass the bread and butter, please."

"And you do not know where you live?"

"No. But it isn't far from the stason, where the trains are. I can hear them all day when mamma is out."

"Not a particularly good clue in a place like London," reflected the questioner. "What is mamma like?" he asked. "What does she do?"

"She is very beautiful, beautifuller than me, ever so," Nelly answered reverently. "And she goes out at night—every night."

And once she took me. There were a lot of people, whole crowds of them, and when mamma came in her beautiful dress they all seemed very glad to see her, I thought."

Evidently an actress, Graham determined—and some clue, though still a very faint one. Still, by the time breakfast was concluded, he had matured his plan of action. He hailed a passing cab, and drove away with the intention in the first place of visiting the nearest police-station in the neighbourhood of the Euston Road, as the most likely place to glean the information of which he was in search.

"Are we going back to mamma?" Nelly asked as they drove away.

"Yes, darling, if we can find her," Graham replied gravely. He began to comprehend how much the involuntary little guest would be missed. "She must have been terribly anxious about you."

"She will cry then," Nelly observed reflectively. "She often cries at night when I am in bed, and says such funny things. Did your mamma cry when she put you to bed?"

"I can't remember," said Graham carelessly. "I dare say she did, I used to be very naughty at times."

"But big people can't be naughty—only little boys and girls; mamma says so, and she is always right."

"I hope so. What will she say to her naughty little girl?"

"I know," came the confident reply: "she will look at me as if she is going to beat me, then she will cry, like she does when I ask about papa."

But any further confidences were checked by the arrival of the cab at the police-station. The interview was not however entirely satisfactory. A stern-looking but kindly guardian of the peace, replying to Graham's questions, vouchsafed the information that no less than five people had visited the station during the previous night in search of lost children. It was a common occurrence enough, though usually the children were speedily found. In his perplexity Graham suggested that if the officer saw Miss Nelly he might perchance be able to give some information; in answer to which the constable shook his head doubtfully. Directly he saw the child his stolid face brightened.

"Bless me, of course I know her!" he exclaimed. "My wife keeps a lodging-house, and this young lady's mother lives in the same street. I can give you the address if you like, sir, or I will take charge of her."

Graham demurred to this proposal for two reasons: first, because he felt a strange reluctance in parting with his tiny friend; and, secondly, he felt some curiosity to see the mother.

The house to which he found himself directed was by no means a striking-looking one, nor by any stretch of imagination could it be called aristocratic. There was about it a general air of pretentious seediness—dingy curtains, and windows more or less grimy, in contrast to a new red front: a house to be summed up in the expressive expression, “shabby-genteel”—such an abode, in fact, as is usually affected by those who have “seen better days.” In answer to the bell, and on inquiring for Mrs. Gray, a swarth domestic vouchsafed the information that she was in, coupled with a side whisper to Miss Nelly containing the dire intelligence that she would “catch it.” Mrs. Gray was not yet down, Graham discovered, having been out very late the previous night in search of her child. In answer to an invitation, Graham followed the dusky maid up the innumerable stairs leading to Mrs. Gray’s room, and sat himself down patiently to await her coming.

He had ample time to note the common hard furniture, the never-failing neutral-tinted Brussels carpet, and the dim-looking glass, termed by courtesy a mirror, over a mantel decorated with those impossible blue shepherdesses, without which no London lodging-house is complete. Some wax flowers under a glass-case and a few play-bills scattered about completed the adornment of an apartment calculated to engender suicidal feelings in the refined spectator. Graham had time to take in all this; and at the moment when man’s natural impatience began to assert itself, a rustle of drapery was heard, and Mrs. Gray entered.

She was tall and fair, in age apparently not more than five-and-twenty years, with a fine open face, its natural sweetness chastened by the presence of some poignant sorrow. As she saw the child, a bright smile illuminated every feature, and she snatched Miss Nelly to her arms, covering her with kisses; indeed, so absorbed was she in this occupation that she failed to note Graham’s presence until Nelly pointed in his direction. Then, and not till then, she looked up to him, her eyes filled with tears. His back being to the light, his features were to be seen but indistinctly.

“I have to thank you deeply,” she said, and her voice was very pleasant to the listener. “You will pardon a mother’s selfishness. All night—”

Graham, at first half-dazed, like a man in a dream, came quickly forward, and with one bound stood by the speaker’s side. He had turned towards the light. She could distinguish every feature now.

“What ! Nelly !”

“Lance !”

For a few moments they stood in a kind of dazed fascination, the eyes of each fell upon each other's face. But gradually the dramatic instinct inherent in woman, and carefully trained in her instance, came to Mrs. Gray's assistance. With a little gesture of scorn, she drew her skirts a little closer round her, and as her coldness increased so did Graham's agitation.

“Well, what have you to say to me?” she asked, with quiet scorn. “Have you any excuse to offer after all these years? What! no words, no apology even, for the woman you have wronged so cruelly?”

“I did not wrong you—not intentionally, at least,” said Graham, with an effort. “No, there has been no forgetfulness; my memory is as long as yours. It seems only yesterday that I returned from Paris to find my home empty, and proofs, strong as Holy Writ, of your flight.”

“And you believed? You actually believed that I—— Shall I condescend to explain to you how I received a letter to say you were lying there at the point of death, and that I, in honour bound, came to you—only to find that a scoundrel had deceived us both.”

“But I wrote no letter. I——”

“I know you did not—all too late. I know that I was lured to Paris by a vile schemer who called himself your friend. And when I returned, what did I find? That you had gone, never giving me a chance to clear myself. Deceived once, you must needs fancy deceit everywhere.”

“But I was ruined,” cried Graham. “That scoundrel Leslie had disposed of every penny of our partnership money. I must have been mad. I followed him, but we never met till last May; out in California that was. He was dying when I found him; and before he died he told me everything. Nelly, I only did what any other man would have done. Put yourself in my place, and say how you would have acted.”

“How would I have acted?” came the scornful reply. “I would have trusted a little. Do you think, if they had come to me and shown me those proofs, I would have believed? Never!”

“Helen, listen to me one moment. I was mad then, mad with despair and jealousy, or perhaps I might have hesitated. Let us forget the past and its trials, and be again as we were before. I was wrong, and bitterly have I atoned for my hasty judgment. I am rich now,”

"You are rich! Who cares for your riches?" Helen Graham answered passionately, conscious that his words had moved her deeply. "What is wealth when there is no love, or which has been killed by doubt? There would always be something between us, some intangible——"

"My dear wife, for the sake of the little one——" Graham had touched upon a sympathetic chord, and he continued, "It was no mere coincidence which led me to find her last night. Nelly, never at any time during the last four miserable years have I forgotten you. By hard work I have found my lost fortune, but I have not found forgetfulness."

He pointed to the wondering child, who stood regarding the speakers with eyes of deep intense astonishment. The tears rose unbidden to the mother's eyes, but she dashed them passionately away.

"Do you think I have never suffered," she cried, "all this time, with a taint upon me, and the hard struggle I have had to live? As you stand there now you doubt my innocence."

"As Heaven is my witness, no!" Graham answered brokenly. "I am no longer blind."

"I thank you for those words, Lance," came the reply with a certain soft cadence. "I know you loved me once."

"And I do now. I have never ceased to love you."

"Do not interrupt me for a moment. For the sake of your kindness to my child I forgive you. Friends we may be, but nothing more. She is your child as well as mine. I cannot hinder you from seeing her, for the law gives you that power, I know."

"The law!" Lance returned bitterly; "things are come to a fine pass when husband and wife, one in God's sight, can calmly discuss the narrow laws of man's making. In this little while the child has twined herself round my heart more than I dare confess. I cannot come to you as a friend, you know I cannot. I will not take the little one away from you, and there is no middle course for me to adopt."

There was another and more painful silence than the last. All the dramatic scorn had melted from the injured wife's heart, and left nothing but a warm womanly feeling behind. Strive as she would, there was something magnetic in Graham's pleading tones, conjuring up a flood of happy memories from the forgotten past. Graham, throwing all pride to the winds and perfect in his self-abasement, spoke at length, speaking with a quiet tender earnestness, infinitely more dangerous than any wild exhortation could be.

"Nelly, I must have the truth," said he; "I am alone in the

world, nay more, for I am beginning to realise what I have lost. If you will look me in the face and tell me that all the old love is dead, I will go away and trouble you no more."

"But as a friend, Lance. Surely if I might——"

Graham beckoned the little Nelly to his side and took her on his knee. "Little sweetheart," he asked, "tell me all you told me last night about your wicked runaway father. Who taught you to say 'God bless dear papa and send him home again,' as you said to me last night?"

"Mamma," said Nelly confidentially, "and she says so too."

Graham looked up with a smile. There were tears in his wife's eyes beyond the power of control, and a broken smile upon her face.

"Let the little one decide," she said.

Lance leant down and kissed his child with quivering lips. Then with one of her imperious gestures, she pointed to her mother and bade him kiss her too. There was a momentary hesitation, a quick movement on either side, and Helen Graham was sobbing unrestrainedly in her husband's arms.

"As if I could have let you go," she said at length. "Oh, I always knew you would find the truth some day, Lance."

"Yes, thank Heaven," he said gravely. "Providence has been very good to us, darling."

He turned to little Nelly. "Do you know who I am?" he asked.

"Oh yes, yes," she cried, clapping her hands gleefully. "You are my own dear runaway papa. Mamma, you mustn't let him run away any more."

"You will find him if he does," said Helen, with a glorious smile.

"But I am not afraid."

GEOLOGY AND NATURAL HISTORY OF THE ALGERIAN HILLS.

THE most striking features of the Algerian Hills in early summer is their wealth of flowers. Large areas are covered with them, like the patterns of a gaudy carpet. They gleam in the bright sun with all the distinctiveness of primitive colours. Nevertheless, although the number of species is abundantly represented, the number of kinds of butterflies is not great. They make up for this, however, by numerical abundance. The "painted lady" (*Vanessa cardui*) is everywhere, larking about in sixes and sevens, settling out of sight on the ground, and then off like leaves swirled away by a strong wind. There were thousands of this butterfly about. Next to it in numbers was the large "tortoise-shell" (*Vanessa polychloros*); and the occasional aerial combats between it and the "lady" were amusing to behold. Every now and then the "common blue" (*Alexis adonis*) flitted in and between like a sapphire. Practically, these three species of butterflies had the "Promised Land" to themselves, as regards their kind. Bees were very abundant—more so than I ever beheld. They were wild ones, of course; and one day, whilst quietly hammering out some fossils from the limestone, all of a sudden there came the *crescendo* sound of a rapidly approaching storm, which passed away *diminuendo*. It was a vast cloud of wild bees migrating, or "swarming," as we should say of our domesticated kinds.

One day we met with a very curious circumstance. I have heard or read something of the same kind in one of the Malayan islands, where numbers of a certain species of spider will so group themselves into five-sided or other geometrical forms as to resemble flowers, and to these flower-like objects some simple-minded insects will be attracted. Perhaps they will settle down thereon—with the same result that a sheep would if the wolves trapped it. The "mimicries" of nature are as yet not half known. But the case to which I allude (and which has probably never been recorded by a naturalist before) was as follows:—The ground of the upper slope of the hill was literally covered with a solitary species of yellow hawkweed

(*Hieracium*). In the centre of each flower-head there was a brilliant scarlet spot. It looked so like a new species, possessed of double colours, that I took out my pocket lens to examine it. Imagine my surprise to find that this central red spot was nothing more than a mass of minute red spiders. There were hundreds of them collected to form a single spot. Every one of the scores of thousands of hawk-weeds about that I saw was similarly adorned. The moment you pluck a flower, away scamper the eight-legged thieves in every direction. Any poor insect visiting one of these hawkweeds could hardly fail to be attacked by the enemy. Even their presence increased the attractive coloration of the flowers.

Of course a little discovery like this, when one is laboriously walking up a hill to a prescribed spot, lightens the wearisomeness of the journey. It was not long before that I noticed that a species of light purple thistle flower-head was infested by red spiders. But on them the spiders had, in every instance I examined, arranged themselves so as to look like the stamens of an ordinary and non-composite flower—that is, in regular rows of five expanded rays, radiating from the centre. What can be the meaning of all this? One suspects that the multitudinous red spiders gain an advantage. They are enabled to get a cheap passage by clinging to the bodies of the insects which visit the flowers. If no such trick as this existed, thousands of millions of red spiders would find it impossible to live long. But do the flowers gain any advantage by their presence? Nature is everywhere a game of “give and take.” The modern scientifico-philosophic word, “symbiosis,” expresses that fact laconically. Animals and plants are constantly found living together—perhaps they are seldom met with except in some condition of “messmatings.” Do the Algerian hawkweeds and thistles reap any advantage from the crowded presence of these myriads of minute red spiders? I think they do. They make their flower-heads more attractive than otherwise they would be; so that insects frequent those thus adorned in preference to others not infested, and consequently ensure them the benefit of cross-fertilisation.

One of the sweetest-looking flowers, crowding the lines of stratification of the limestones, is a blue stonecrop (*Sedum cæruleum*). It is everywhere—frail and pretty. Close by it, in almost equal abundance, are dense patches of a blue pimpernel (*Anagallis Monelli*), easily recognisable by its magnificent blueness. There are more flowers than leaves—more blue than green. And such a blue! It is worth the while of a botanist to go to Algeria to see it. Hardly less common are the dwarf irises, similar to, if not identical with, the kind recently introduced into our gardens at home. Here also is growing in dense profusion a similar sort of small red campion to those

we cultivate in patches or parterres in our gardens at home. There is also an abundance of "lady's fingers" (*Anthyllis vulneraria*)—a limestone-loving and also sea-side plant. Its long, yellow, pea-like flowers, springing from their central head of vegetable wool, make it easily recognised. In those places where the rocks are perpetually shaded and damp (very few) we find a curious navelwort, nearly related to our English species, and looking so suspiciously like it that I had little belief in the human species-maker. It is *Umbilicus patulus*. In the cool waters of a small spring hard by I found a rarish plant, belonging to the primrose family, which grows sparingly in the valley of the Gipping, very near Ipswich, and is tolerably abundant in the swampy water-courses near Norwich, and in several other parts of England—the water-pimpernel (*Samolus Valerandi*)—a plant remarkable for its wide-spread geographical distribution. The pellitory of the wall (*Parietaria officinalis*) grew in the shady places as profusely as it does on old English churches and ruins. In the cornfields, which crept as near the summits of the hills as they could, was an abundance of the pretty bright-eyed, rightly named "pheasant's-eye" (*Adonis æstivalis*)—rare with us ; the much commoner sherardia, or field-madder ; the shining cranesbill (*Geranium lucidum*), which occasionally grows abundantly on shady and damp hedge-banks and walls, and British nettles, and even the Roman one (*Urtica pilulifera*)—a rare kind, found however near the ancient ruins left by the wonderful people of the same name. The yellow rock-rose (*Helianthemum vulgare*), which grows so abundantly along the margin of chalk pits and on our English limestone rocks, is everywhere. Buttercups are rare even in moist meadows ; other flowers crowd them out. But a species of "traveller's-joy" is here, and although it goes by a different botanical name (*Clematis flammula*), I could really find little distinction between the Algerian species and that so abundantly festooning the hedges of our own English green-lanes in the earlier part of the summer. Everywhere the Algerian hills are splendid hunting-grounds for an all-round naturalist—in the flowers, insects, birds, &c., which haunt them ; in the abundant fossils with which the rocks are crowded ; in the shapes the latter have been carved into ; in the deep ravines (some of them nearly a thousand feet) cut by the still flowing rivers since they began to run, like a hand-saw. There never was a greater scientific truth uttered—certainly never a clearer or sharper-cut axiom in geology, than Tennyson's lines :

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands.

These lines were written years before geologists and physical geographers had recognised the great fact that all denudation was atmospheric rather than marine—that it was “rain and rivers” which had been the chief tools by which the Almighty had carved and cut the hills into their scenic forms !

Clouds form, dissolve, disappear ; mountains do the same. It is only a comparison of time between one act and the other !

The age of these Algerian mountains can be plainly stated by the geologist. The rocks out of which they are carved abound in fossils, and you can tell a rock by its fossils as easily as a tree by its fruit. From top to bottom of many of these North African *djebels* there is the most abundant evidence that ancient life had to do with their formation. Life and death, death and life—that is the great pendulum swing ! One is the concomitant of the other. Without earthly life there could be no death—without death (as we know it here) there could be no earthly life : perhaps, also, there could have been no Life Eternal !

So one ponders and muses, and allows thought and imagination to go holiday-making. Rocks, crowded with evidences of ancient life, are covered with a thin soil, supporting the beating pulse of organisms which perhaps have never known a break in their continuity since the Laurentian period. Every succeeding geological epoch has veneered its predecessor with a characteristic life of its own. Some relics of the latter, in their time, become a platform for the next. The geological history of our planet is one of progression mainly. There have been

Fallings from us, vanishings,

Black misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realised ;

but the chief fact and the most encouraging is that “evolution,” not “retrogradation,” is the law of the universe. “From matter to life : from life to spirit”—was the formula of a well-known writer concerning the organic history of this small but not unimportant planet of ours, on which men and women are serving their spiritual apprenticeship !

Look at these flowery hill-slopes. They foreshorten until they seem like garden parterres. How familiar some of these wondrously abundant wild-flowers are—how rare others ! Think of the vicissitudes of a family of plants. We are apt to imagine this class of events is human property only. We are wrong. Plants have to shift for an existence like any other group of living things. You find Australian plants which have come rambling northwards along the hill-tops of the big Malayan Islands (before the archipelago was formed), and

which have passed northern plants on their way to Australia, by the same route—just as if they were two sets of railway trains. The marvels of the world increase the longer we live in it, and the more we study its natural phenomena.

So I wonder why these familiar British plants are crowding Algerian hill-sides ; why the same kinds of butterflies have kept them company ; why the same British birds sing here ? Deep down the valley of the Mejerda the nightingales are piping, night and morning ; the cuckoo fills the sky with his ventriloquistic “ wandering voice ” ; the thrush chants its loud matins at day-break.

It is in the moist, shady places, that you find the greatest abundance of plants like those at home—milkwort, honeysuckle, wild-rose, bladder-campion, black and white bryonies, henbane and milk-thistles, &c. The hot rocks are often covered with yellow stone-crop and wild thyme, just as in Europe. You see the lovely scent-glands of the latter plant with your pocket microscope, crowding the sepals of the calyx, and looking like precious stones set in a ring. Wild mignonette, mallows, nettles, corn-cockles—all are like ours. The cornfields creep up as high as they can, as if in quest of the phosphates the rocks contain. The quails call from the standing corn all the day long—call answering unto call.

Out of this lovely tangle of wild-flowers and creeping-plants, green lizards a foot long emerge, stare at you, and disappear as quickly as young rabbits. Never was there a more lovely reptile. To call it green is almost to lead a person astray. I have seen no green like it, except the green of budding leaves. Its chief desire is to cut and run, which it does with a celerity that persuades you a reptile is not a sluggish creature. If it cannot do so it comes to a dead stop, like a young partridge. Both of these creatures adopt mimicry as a defence under such circumstances. The partridge is so like the ground it squats on that you mistake it for a clod ; the green Algerian lizard so resembles the green things about that it is protected thereby. I brought one of them to bay one day : it stood stiff and firm as a green branch. I poked it with the tip of my white umbrella : it took no more notice than if it had lived for years in an umbrella shop. Then I happened to look aside about the fourth of a second, but the green lizard had levanted, and it was only the tremulous leaves of the plants which informed me of the direction it had taken in its escape.

That which interested me most in my rambles, however, was the geological character of the country. Down by the coast, at Bona and elsewhere, you behold the naked, ancient rocks, formed when

the world was very young. Four thousand feet higher, among the mountains, you come upon quite a different set of strata. Between the periods of the formation of the coast rocks and those of the high hills, by far the largest part of the geological history of our globe transpired. The rocks forming the bold headlands near Bona are crushed, crystallised, metamorphosed. They have been buried beneath thousands of feet of more recently formed strata ; have perhaps been brought within the metamorphosing influence of the earth's internal heat. The overlying rocks have been slowly stripped off—chiefly, perhaps wholly, by the agency of the weather. The denudation went on continuously through parts of the primary and nearly all the secondary periods of which geologists tell us, until the deeply-buried and much altered rocks were laid bare, as we now see them all round the wild North African coast.

There is not a fossil, nor trace of one, in the coast rocks. Perhaps there was once an abundance, but the great mechanical and chemical changes have completely obliterated them, as they certainly have obliterated and re-arranged the original structure of the rocks themselves.

But how different is the case up among the very highest summits of these hills ! Fossils are so abundant that the rocks are literally composed of nothing else. You cannot see wood for the trees. All of them are marine fossils—that is, the solid remains of creatures which formerly lived in the sea. By “formerly” I do not mean in the very ancient geological period, when the mica schists and other crystallised rocks of Bona were elaborated ; but in the Tertiary period—the latest of the great divisions of geological time. To put it more plainly and homely, the highest rocks of the Algerian hills were formed in the sea—as marine muds, sediments, and accumulations of dead creatures—about the time when our London clay was deposited in the sea, where a mighty northern river poured therein the weathered spoils of an extensive northern continent. The blue clay cliffs of the Essex and Hampshire coasts were thus and then formed, as also the dense bed of blue clay underlying the greater part of London City and the Essex marshes.

These Algerian limestone rocks, crowded with fossils, were not only slowly formed at the bottom of the sea during the earlier part of the Tertiary period, but of course they have been hardened and upheaved to their present height of four thousand feet above the Mediterranean since then. The upheaval must have been slow ; for, had it been rapid, the mechanical movements would have been converted into heat, or perhaps chemical action. The limestone rocks

would then have been metamorphosed into white marble, like the statuary marbles of Italy, which were formed thus. The fossils would have been baked, roasted, or metamorphosed out of all recognition.

Climb with me up this slippery, heated, and yet flower-clad escarpment. It seems to be nothing but a heap of fossil oyster-shells. They are packed in vertical sections, one above another, just as we see them in a fishmonger's shop. Some (most of them) are about the size of your hand—others (*Hinnites*) are a foot long, and every fossil of the latter weighs two or three pounds. In each instance both shells are together. It is evident this is a grand old oyster-bed, such a flourishing one that the Whitstable Company would willingly have hired the selection had they lived three or four millions of years ago, when these mountain-tops were the bottom of a sea occupied by an abundant and flourishing marine life.

The fossils are everywhere. The middle parts of the hills seem to be composed of nothing else. They appear to be just cemented together—that is all. There they weather out and strew the slopes. You might imagine that a continuous Colchester oyster feast had been going on for hundreds of thousands of years. No mayor could stand it, but nature can.

The oysters and their oyster allies (as I have said) were *in situ*. They had lived and bred on the spot, when it was a sea-bottom, nearly five thousand feet lower. I have frequently had brought me, from our Suffolk coprolite diggings, fossil oysters with the “mate” in, as the boys call it. The two unseparated valves are filled with the ancient mud which took the place of the soft mollusc that was really the organism—the shell being nothing more than its external bones.

But what became of the soft-bodied creatures which secreted these large shells, secreted them so abundantly that beds of them were formed in the old sea floors thick enough to cohere into limestones; to be upheaved into table-lands, cut into by rivers until gorges and precipices a thousand feet deep were formed; to be carved into castellated summits and pinnacles along the crests of the hills, and to be honeycombed into caverns lower down where the rivers flow? Here is the limey material! Where are the other parts of the Tertiary oysters?—where the iodine (for whose sake men not only eat modern oysters, but will actually take Chablis with them to help them down)?—where the fluorine, the phosphorus, the nitrogen, carbon, &c., &c.? Do you think for a moment that nature takes thought for lime, and none for these more precious things—all

necessary to organic life? No, there is, there always has been, there always will be, a circulation of the materials necessary to the life of living things. The materials composing the body of the writer served the same purpose to trilobite and the ichthyosaurus, ages long ago.

These limestones are steeped in phosphorus. A bed of earth twenty feet thick yields in places 70 per cent. of phosphate of lime. The commercial world will hear more of this ere long. The same strata yield traces of fluorine, &c.—perhaps the fossil oysters (or rather their molluscos bodies) are represented thereby. Who shall say “nay”? The phosphate occurs in large nodules, and also in little roundish granules in a bed of brick earth, like material sandwiched between the limestone masses. The latter also contains the beautifully preserved teeth of fossil sharks. In some places the limestone is green with *glauconite*. It is from the continual weathering of these phosphate-bearing beds that the cornfields are naturally fertilised.

The geologist soon recognises one stratum which enters into the composition of the Algerian hill—the *nummulitic limestone*. This well-known rock forms the summits of the hills. It is a remarkably hard rock, and, as I before stated, weathers into picturesque castellated forms and pinnacles, which stand sharply out against the greyish-blue sky. They soon get so hot by absorption and reflection of the sun’s heat that only one or two kinds of plants can grow on them. One of these is our own common wild-thyme, which is found creeping everywhere in the cracks of these rocks, the characteristic perfume of its leaves forming a barrier to exclude the sun’s heat-rays. It is now well known that perfumes cool flowers as well as rooms, by barring out the heat of the sun. If you take up one of the little flower-heads of the wild-thyme, or mint, or sage, and examine their calyces with a pocket-lens, you will see, as I already remarked, every sepal spangled with scent-glands. How little one thinks, when regarding these and other characters of humble weedy plants, that they are part and parcel of a beneficent political and social economic arrangement for their well-being.

We clamber upwards, with the heat thrown back into our face like a furnace, and then, to our surprise, detect amongst the castellated summits of the hills various Arab encampments insidiously hidden away. The rocks themselves are crowded with dark-looking, thin, and sharp-edged objects. They are about the size of a sixpence, and resemble the corroded silver pennies of Henry II.’s time. On this account they go by the name of “nummulites” (from the ancient Greek

name *nummus*, for money). They are in reality the calcareous remains of a group of the most lowly organised animals, the foraminifera. It is an order remarkable for its being able to live only in clear sea-water, that is, water free from mud. So it is characteristic of deep seas and oceans, and of deep-sea and ocean beds. The white chalk of England is entirely composed of members of the same family, a quarter of a million to the ounce. The *nummulites* are their big brothers ; and the upper parts of these Algerian Hills seem to be as entirely built up of the big foraminifera, as the white chalk is of the small ones.

This nummulitic limestone is one of the most important formations of the world. It is certainly by far the most important of the Tertiary system. It is well developed in the south of Europe, and helps to build up the Alps, the Carpathian Mountains, the Apennines, and the Balkans. It is found on both sides of the Mediterranean, in Spain as well as in Morocco and Algeria. We can trace it through Greece, Egypt, Asia Minor, Persia, and the Himalayan Mountains, into China and Japan.

Just think of the "run" of this one formation. The geologist has little doubt it was formerly continuous throughout this vast area. Its physical structure and fossils tell us plainly it was formed along the floor of an extensive ocean. It was being deposited there and thus when the London clay was accumulating as the muddy delta of a great tropical river ; and the "basins" in Hampshire, Paris, &c., were lakes or brackish water lagoons.

Since that comparatively recent geological period, therefore, the whole of the vast tract of the northern hemisphere, now dry land, has not only been upheaved, but various mountains and chains of mountains have been formed by the crumbling up of the same. In Algeria this limestone is four thousand feet above the sea. The Mediterranean has been created since this *nummulitic* period. The limestone has been peeled off wherever it is no longer found between outlier and outlier. The mountains composed of it have been cut and carved into their present shapes by the agency of weather action ; the deep ravines through which rivers run have all been dug out. Who can estimate the vast time that must be granted to allow of all these striking operations ? Are we not detracting from the wisdom and omnipotence of the Deity by endeavouring to contract his laws within the shortest space of time to which we think they ought to be limited ?

Nevertheless, I verily believe that all these operations went on so slowly that if mankind had been on the earth at the time (which it

undoubtedly was not) probably people would have taken little or no notice of the great but slow physical changes which were going on, and which only required time enough to accumulate into the vast results I have briefly indicated.

These early Algerian Tertiary limestones pass down into a kind of "passage bed," like the Maestricht chalk in Holland, and similar strata found at Faxoe, Denmark. They contain many of the same fossils as the latter. Beneath them (lower down the mountain sides) we find the lower chalk rocks, hardened into limestones. Some of the upper beds, however, are softer, and they are crowded with pretty little fossil sea-urchins (*echini*), about the size of peas. They have weathered out of the parent rock, and you may pick them up as easily and as numerously from the surface as if so many peas had been spilt.

The main mass of the Algerian table-land forming the basis of the district, and from which these picturesque mountains seem to spring, does not contain a single fossil. Notwithstanding, I verily believe they were once crowded with them. They belong to that geological period called *neocomian*—the lowest subdivision of the chalk. Life was then abundant in the seas of the earth; and limestones are always associated with plentiful marine life. The fact is, these Algerian *neocomian* rocks have been *dolomitised*—I never use "hard words" when softer will do. The last term simply means that rocks once composed of carbonate of lime have somehow or another been chemically changed into a hybrid mineralogical structure of carbonate of lime and magnesia. This is believed to have taken place by means of hot waters impregnated with earthy salts. In other words, these rocks, which now surround us, and over which we are rambling, were once covered up by thousands of feet of overlying rock, all of which has been removed by denudation. It was when they were so lowly seated that they were literally stewed and simmered by the heated waters—heated by the earth's own kitchen-boiler. These hydrothermal influences have not yet died out, as the numerous hot springs and "baths" among the mountains plainly testify. Perhaps, deep down where these modern heated waters have their source, the process of *dolomitisation* is still going on.

J. E. TAYLOR.

LITERARY FRAUDS, FOLLIES, AND MYSTIFICATIONS.

THE list of literary follies, if complete, would be a long one. Scholars, *savants*, men of letters, have in all times and countries displayed an unedifying readiness to plunge into rash assertions and indulge in hazardous inventions. It must also be admitted that their sense of honour has not always been as keen as one could wish, and that they have too frequently exhibited a callosity of conscience which in the unlearned we should reprehend with justifiable severity. One feels almost inclined to drop a regretful tear as one records the following instances of what is euphemistically called "sharp practice" on the part of those who, by right of scholarship and intellect, should have been the most rigorous guardians of morality.

One of the profoundest scholars of the sixteenth century, Sigonio, or Sigonius, the Modenese, whose writings, as Hallam observes, exhibit not only perspicuity and precision, but as much elegance as their subjects could permit, the author of "*De Jure Civium Romanorum*" and "*De Jure Italiæ*," having discovered some fragments of Cicero "*De Consolatione*," introduced them in a treatise to which he gave the same title, and allowed to pass as the work of the great Roman orator. Even Tiraboschi himself was deceived as to the authorship, until he met with some unpublished letters by Sigonius, wherein he confessed the forgery.

Corradino, described as a Venetian poet of the eighteenth century, had the audacity to announce that he had discovered at Rome a manuscript copy of the exquisite lyrics of Catullus, of greater antiquity and correctness than any previously known; and published it (at Vienna, 1708) with the title of "*C. Valerius Catullus, in integrum restitutus*." There never yet was knave who did not find dupes willing to be deceived, but this fictitious edition enjoyed only a brief popularity.

About 1788, the Latin poet Heerkens pretended to have laid

hands upon a tragedy entitled "Tereus," written by the Augustan poet Lucius Varius, and preferred a request that it might be printed at the press of the Louvre. The French Ministry referred him to the Academy of Inscriptions, who naturally expressed a wish to see the manuscript ; but this wish Heerkens refused, because unable, to gratify. He afterwards published some pretended fragments of the tragedy in his "Icones" (1787), but they were soon detected as borrowed from the "Progne" of Gregorio Corrarior, which was printed at Vienna in 1658. It is difficult to understand the frame of mind of a man who could deliberately perpetrate so petty a fraud, when he must have known that its exposure could not long be delayed.

In 1800, a Spaniard named Marchina, then attached to the French army of the Rhine, diverted himself, while detained during the winter at Bâle, the head-quarters of the staff, in composing some imitations of Petronius Arbiter, which were published with the imaginative title of "Fragmentum Petronii, ex Bibliothecæ S. Galli antiquissimo MS. excerptum . . . Gallice vertit ac notis perpetuis illustravit Lallemandus." It does not appear, however, that Marchena intended a deliberate imposition. We might as well accuse Lord Lytton of deceiving the public when he professes to have deciphered his romance of "Zanoni" from the mysterious characters of a Rosicrucian manuscript, or Sir Walter Scott, when he put before the reader as responsible for some of his fictions the imaginary Jedediah Cleishbotham or Jonas Dryasdust. But, alas ! the success of the Spaniard's "Fragment" proved too much for his vanity, and led him to publish, under his own name, in 1806, a fragment of Catullus, which he pretended to have found in a papyrus recently unrolled at Herculaneum. Thereupon he was "hoist with his own petard." Professor Eichstadt, of Jena, took up and caricatured the fiction by proclaiming, in August, 1887, that the Jena library contained a very ancient MS., in which were to be found exactly the same verses of Catullus, but with important variations. Under pretence of correcting the copyist's errors, he exposed some gross errors in prosody committed by Marchina ; and he added a score of lines, in which, continuing the Spaniard's political allusions, he made Catullus announce the Pacificator of the Universe.

As late as 1844, a certain M. Bégin, of Metz, professed to have discovered in Spain two letters of Claudius Numatianus Rutilius, a Latin poet of the 5th century, author of the "Itinerarium." As M. Bégin made his discovery in a comparatively remote part of the country, he escaped the difficulty, so often experienced in relation to such "finds," of showing the original MS. to the incredulous ;

but there seems no reason why, instead of simply giving a French translation, he should not have published the entire text of the two letters. All he did was to print a single phrase of four words—"alta et aurea societas" (the high-gilded society), which has so exceedingly modern a sound as to suggest a tolerably conclusive reason for M. Bégin's non-publication of the entire text of Rutilius.

In this connection it will be convenient to refer to the violence done to Shakespeare by an anonymous MS. corrector, whom the late John Payne Collier claimed to have unearthed. In 1853 Collier published an edition of Shakespeare with extensive emendations, copied, he said, from a recently discovered folio of 1632, and he claimed for these an incontestable authenticity. After a prolonged controversy, he was compelled to submit the corrected folio to examination by the experts of the British Museum, and it was then ascertained beyond dispute that the annotator was not, as Collier had contended, a contemporary of the Shakespearian stage, but a "modern hand." Not a few of the emendations had first been pencilled, and afterwards laboriously inked over. The object of this forgery was, of course, to secure the acceptance of Collier's own guesses and violent tamperings with Shakespeare's text, by foisting them upon an emendator whose authority would seem to be beyond dispute.

Forgeries, or fictions, if the reader prefer a milder word, in support of suspicious genealogies or historical systems, have been numerous enough. Take the case of Thomas Dempster, at one time professor of humanity in the University of Bologna, and afterwards James the First's historiographer-royal. The slanderous imputation that all history is more or less a mystery finds considerable support in this patriotic Scotchman's writings, for in his efforts to extend the glories of "Caledonia stern and wild" his *perfervidum ingenium* has led him to invent the titles of books which never existed, and to record events which never took place. A list of half a hundred of his works is given by Dr. Irving in his "Lives of Scottish Worthies"; but in very few of them, I suppose, would it be safe to put one's trust.

The most impudent impostor of this kind was Anniius of Viterbo, a Dominican, and Master of the Sacred Palace under Pope Alexander VI. As he figures in the elder Disraeli's well-known pages, I shall refer but briefly to his achievements. In 1498 he published at Rome, under the title of "*Antiquitatum variarum Volumina XVII.*," a collection of the original works of such mysterious worthies as Berossus, Fabius Pictor, Myrsilius, Sempronius, Archilochus, Cato, Megasthenes, Manetho, and others, all of which

he said he had found buried in the earth at Mantua. The exultation of the learned over this supposed treasure-trove was, at first, immense ; but a minute examination gradually disclosed a number of important errors, and before long the fraud was only too clearly revealed. It is still a moot point, however, whether Annius was the fabricator or whether he was imposed upon by some ingenious and unscrupulous knave. Perhaps the forgery was at first intended as a sly jest at the credulity of the learned, which Annius shrank from acknowledging when he saw with what enthusiasm it was accepted.

A much more serious imposition was that of the "Decretals of Isidore," which were forged for the maintenance of the papal supremacy, and for eight centuries formed the foundation of the canon law and ecclesiastical discipline. They first made their appearance about 840-850, and to recommend them to the faithful were associated with the honoured name of Bishop Isidore, of Seville, a voluminous writer of great learning and genius, who held his see from 590 to 636. They were introduced at Rome in 864, when Pope Nicolas referred to them as authentic. It would seem that he was brought acquainted with them by Rothad, Bishop of Soissons, who was probably privy to the forgery. But that the Pope knowingly adopted an imposture we need not assume. "The principles of the Decretals," says Canon Robertson, "had been floating in the mind of the age ; on receiving the forgeries, the Pope recognised in them his own ideal of ecclesiastical polity, and he welcomed them as affording an historical foundation for it. We may, therefore (in charity at least), acquit him of conscious fraud in this matter, although something of criminality will still attach to the care with which he avoided all examination of their genuineness, and to the eagerness with which he welcomed these pretended antiquities, coming from a foreign country, in disregard of the obvious consideration that, if genuine, they must have all along been known in his own city." Dean Milman, however, takes a much less lenient view of the Pope's conduct.

These Decretals contain nearly a hundred letters written (probably by Benedict, a deacon of Mentz) in the names of the early bishops of Rome, beginning with Clement and Anacletus, the contemporaries of the Apostles—also some letters from supposed correspondents to the Popes, and the acts of some imaginary councils. Their spuriousness is proved by their gross anachronisms and by other instances of clumsiness and ignorance. Some of the forgeries were of earlier manufacture, such as the "Donation of Constantine"; a great part of the other materials have been traced to various sources—scriptural,

liturgical, historical, and legendary—the forger's task having been to gather and connect them in something like order and sequence, and give them the appearance of binding authority.

The forged "Donation of Constantine," to which I have just referred, made its appearance in the latter half of the eighth or early in the ninth century, for the purpose of investing with a venerable authenticity the claims of the Popes to a wider jurisdiction. Constantine, so runs the story, was baptised by Pope Sylvester, and, at his baptism, was miraculously healed of a leprosy from which he had long suffered; wherefore he relinquished Rome to the Pope, conferred on him the right of wearing a golden crown and other insignia of sovereign dignity, and endowed the Apostolic See with the Lateran Palace, and with all the provinces of Italy "or" the western regions. The forgery maintained its credit throughout the middle ages; but when the critical spirit awoke in the fifteenth century it was assailed and exposed by Nicholas of Cusa, by Bishop Reginald Pecock, and, most conclusively, by Lorenzo Valla. On this and similar subjects the reader may consult Dr. Döllinger's "*Papst-Fabeln*." I may also refer him to Gibbon's stately recital of the circumstances in his 49th chapter; and I may remind him of Ariosto's contemptuous allusion to the fictitious deed in his "*Orlando Furioso*" (34, 80), where he describes the Paladin Astolpho as finding it in the moon among the things that had been lost upon earth:

Questo era il dono (se però die lece)
Che Constantino al buon Silvestro fece.

Dante also mentions (but not incredulously, for in his time the fable had not been exposed) Constantine's baptism:

As in Soracte, Constantine besought,
To cure his leprosy, Sylvester's aid.

Spain, the land of the Cid, is also the home of some superlative literary mystifications. Thus, late in the 16th century, the Jesuit, Jerome de Hyguera, made a bold attempt to dispel the clouds which rest upon the introduction of the Christian faith into his country. Availing himself of the traditions which lingered among its mountains and valleys, and of such documents as he could anywhere collect, he compiled a series of chronicles, and coolly attributed them to Flavius Dexter, an historian cited by St. Jerome, whose works have been lost. In his *modus operandi* the Jesuit showed a craft worthy of the traditional reputation of his order, and evaded the difficulty with respect to the original manuscript, which has so often tripped up the literary forger. He took into his confidence one of his brethren, a certain

Torialba, who started off into Germany, and with commendable celerity reported his discovery, in the library of Fulda, of an authentic manuscript, comprising the chronicles of Dexter, Maximus, and others. The Jesuits endorsed the report, and Torialba forwarded a copy of the manuscript to J. Calderon, who published it at Saragossa, in 1620, with the title of "*Fragmentum Chronici Fl. Dextricum Chronico Marci Maximi*," etc. The more effectually to blind the lynx eyes of suspicion, Hyguera had been satisfied with explaining different passages of the text with notes ; but he died before his compilation was given to the world. Heavens ! what a pen-and-ink controversy it stirred up—a battle of the books, in which assailants and defenders of its authenticity charged each other gallantly ! Enough to say that the victory finally rested with the assailants, as represented by the learned Thomas Vargas.

The reader will probably be acquainted with L. A. Condé's "*Historia de la Dominacion de los Arabes en España*," of which there are translations both in French and English. Early in the seventeenth century this was anticipated by a book with a similar title, written by Michel de Luña, Arabic interpreter in the service of Philip III. of Spain, who affirmed, however, that it was translated from an Arabian chronicle, whose author, he said, one Abul-Cacion, had been a witness of the events he related. His romance enjoyed a great popularity in Spain for many years, and became the basis of most of the national histories. Though it has long been known as a forgery, its credit is not wholly extinguished.

The Inghirami forgeries were the earliest example, I suppose, of those sham antiquities which Sir Walter Scott has so pleasantly ridiculed in "*The Antiquary*." The learned were surprised, in 1637, by the appearance of a magnificent folio, entitled "*Etruscarum Antiquitatum Fragmenta*," in which the antiquary Curzio Inghirami transcribed the inscriptions and a fragment of a chronicle, dating sixty years before the vulgar era, engraved in uncial characters on numerous "*Etruscan relics*" that had been exhumed, he said, in the grounds of his family at Rome. He afterwards published a quarto volume of more than one thousand pages to vindicate their authenticity. Their fictitious character, however, was soon established. Curzio was not suspected of their authorship. "The design was probably merely to raise the antiquity of Voltaterra, the family estate of the Inghirami, and for this purpose one of its learned branches had bequeathed his posterity a collection of spurious historical monuments which tended to overturn all received ideas on the first ages of history."

Nearly a century later came into the world of fiction the "Analecta Belgica" of Gerard Dunbar (1719), a rhymed chronicle of the Counts of Holland, in nearly twelve hundred verses, which its author attributed to a Benedictine monk named Kolyn, of the Abbey of Egmont, near Haarlem. For a while it made a great noise, but about twenty years later the critics, as is their way, pricked the bladder, and it immediately collapsed.

There is the vulgar and more commonplace mystification of Edward Kelly, alchemist and astrologer, who professed, while lodging at an obscure inn in Wales, to have obtained from the landlord an old manuscript, undecipherable by the *profanum vulgus*, which had been found in the tomb of a bishop in the church hard by—that is, it is said, in the church of Glastonbury Abbey. By means of this manuscript (known as "The Book of St. Dunstan") Kelly obtained an introduction to Dr. Dee, the greatest of our English magicians. There can be no reasonable doubt but that it was compiled by the ingenious Kelly himself.

The story of the imposture of Joseph Vella, whilom chaplain of the Knights of Malta, reads like a romance. Being at Palermo in 1782, he accompanied the ambassador of Morocco, Mohammed-ben-Olham, on a visit to the Abbey of Saint Martin, where he was entertained with the sight of an Arabic manuscript of great antiquity. Listening to the chatter of the monks about their hopes of finding in the Arabian writers the data which would enable them to fill up a lacuna of two centuries in the Sicilian annals, Vella seized upon the idea ; and it was not very long before he delighted the hearts of all true Sicilians with the intelligence that the Morocco ambassador, in looking over the conventual library, had put his hand upon a precious manuscript containing the correspondence between the Arabian governors of Sicily and their sovereigns in Africa.

To confirm the authenticity of this pretended "find," and to increase its importance in the eyes of his patron, Airolđi, archbishop of Heraklia, who, he knew, would spare no cost in the publication of a work of such historic interest, the ingenious Vella invented a correspondence between himself and the ambassador, who had returned to Morocco. The fruit of this imaginary correspondence was not only the assurance that a second and more complete copy of the monastic manuscript existed in the library at Fez, but the discovery of another work, forming a continuation of it, as well as of a series of coins and medals, illustrative and confirmatory of their historical and chronological details.

So brilliantly successful was this little drama that the King of

Naples, to whom Vella presented his translation in manuscript, proposed to send him on a mission to Morocco to purchase, or copy, in the libraries of that State all the Arabian manuscripts bearing on the history of his kingdom. What a field would have been opened to Vella's invention if this project had been carried out !

The translation of the newly-found Arabic manuscript was announced in 1786 in all the journals of Europe, and the first volume was published in 1789 under the title of "*Codice Diplomatico di Sicilia sotto il governo degli Arabi, pubblicato per opera e studio di Alfonso Airoldi.*" The sixth appeared in 1793. The first volume was dedicated to the King of Naples and the second to the Queen.

The Archbishop next desired to publish the whole of Vella's so-called Arabic text, and for this purpose obtained a fount of Arabic characters from Bodoni. An artist, named Di Bella, was commissioned to engrave the coins and medals fabricated by Vella—who, by the way, to render more difficult the detection of his fraud, had obliterated the greater portion of the monastic manuscript. At last, in 1795, at the expense of the King of Naples, was published at Palermo the first volumes of the two editions, the principal of which, a costly folio, contained the Arabic text with the Italian translation of the manuscript "discovered" at Fez, under the imposing title of "*Kitab Divan Misr, or Libro del Consiglio d'Egitto*" (Book of the Egyptian Divan or Council). So far, so good. Vella probably thought himself in Sicily safe from exposure ; but Nemesis, determined on his punishment, sent, as a tourist to the island of volcanic fires, a German orientalist—J. Hager. As a matter of course he heard of the historical treasure-trove ; procured a copy of Vella's folio, examined it, and at once detected the imposture. Airoldi, however, stood gallantly by his fraudulent *protégé*, and, determined at all costs to save him, appointed a commission of five highly respectable persons, against whom the only objection was that they did not know a word of Arabic. Their mode of procedure should have been this : they should have placed before Vella the Arabic text of the "*Codice Diplomatico*," and have required him to translate at sight whatever passage they thought fit to point out to him. His Italian version would have served them as a comparison to ascertain if he translated accurately, and if he contradicted himself in the printed version. But the absence from the tribunal of an Arabic scholar nullified the verification.

Vella committed to memory two or three passages of his translation ; and when the Arabic translation was laid before him he chose whatever page he pleased, as if he had opened upon it accidentally, and proceeded

to repeat by rote what he had learned. The commissioners would never have arrived at a satisfactory result if Vella had not at length made a clean breast of it, and acknowledged his deception. Finally, in 1796, he was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment, and had abundant leisure, therefore, to regret that visit to the Abbey of St. Martin which had tempted him into the ways of dishonesty.

As late as 1836 the scientific world was fluttered in its dove-cots by the announcement that the Greek translation, by Philon of Byblos, of Sanchoniathon, the Phœnician historian, had turned up in an obscure convent in Portugal. The discovery was well calculated to awaken profound interest, since of Sanchoniathon's history of Phœnicia we possess only a few fragments inserted by Eusebius in his "*Preparatio Evangelica*," and these refer exclusively to the cosmogony. A few months passed, and behold ! the press at Hanover published an "*Analysis of the Primitive History of the Phœnicians*, by Sanchoniathon, compiled from the newly-found manuscript of the complete translation by Philo," with observations by F. Waymfeld. It was enriched with a *fac-simile* of the manuscript and an introduction by Grotefend, the learned director of the Hanover Lyceum. Great was the mortification of this celebrated scholar when he found that he had been the too easy dupe of Waymfeld, a young student of Bremen, whose work, however, seems to have been distinguished by a fine imagination and a wide and deep knowledge of Semitic antiquities.

Some interesting examples of literary mystifications belong to the eighteenth century ; and of two of the best known one had its origin in the Scottish Highlands, the other on the banks of the Severn.

It was in 1760 that James Macpherson, a Highland schoolmaster, gave the signal for a prolonged and bitter contention in the republic of letters, by the publication of his "*Fragments of Ancient Poetry*," collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and translated from the Erse or Gaelic language. These, in the previous year, he had submitted to Home, the author of "*Douglas*," professing to have heard them recited in the Highlands. Their success was immediate and immense ; and Scottish enthusiasts hastened to provide him with ample funds that he might collect further remains of a poetry which was considered to be essentially national. His mission proved unexpectedly prosperous ; for he recovered two full-blown epics, respectively entitled "*Fingal*" (in six books) and "*Timora*" (in eight books), which he attributed to a Gaelic poet named Ossian or Ossin. They were published, with notes and translations, in 1763, and achieved a wide popularity, on the Continent not less than in the United Kingdom. When the first loud chorus of praise and panegyric, how-

ever, had subsided, the voice of detraction began to make itself heard. Macpherson was accused of having imposed his own compositions, in a Gaelic garb, upon the public ; and a violent controversy arose, the echoes of which have scarcely died away in our own time. On the side of the Gael fought Lord Kames and Sir John Sinclair, Gray, and Blair ; against him were marshalled Dr. Johnson, David Hume, Pinkerton, and Malcolm Laing. The opinion at which the best critics have arrived is stated very succinctly by Lord Neaves : "The Ossianic poems, so far as original, ought to be considered generally as Irish compositions relating to Irish personages, real or imaginary, and to Irish events, historical or legendary ; but they indicate also a free communication between the two countries, and may be legitimately regarded by the Scottish Celts as a literature in which they have a direct interest, written in their ancient tongue, recording traditions common to the Gaelic tribes, and having been long preserved and diffused in the Scottish Highlands." But he adds : "The poems published by Macpherson as the compositions of Ossian, whether in their English or their Gaelic form, are not genuine compositions as they stand, and are not entitled to any weight or authority in themselves, being partly fictitious, but partly, at the same time, and to a considerable extent, copies or adaptations of Ossianic poetry current in the Highlands." I should be inclined, after careful study of the Macpherson epics, to modify Lord Neaves' judgment in the direction of further restriction, and to say that they are to a very limited extent based upon actual Ossianic remains.

When Thomas Chatterton was a pupil at the Bristol Charity School, known as Colston's or the Bluecoat, he was accustomed to spend his holidays in the beautiful old church of St. Mary Redcliffe, among its famous figures of knight and lady, squire and monk, its fine engraved brasses, its altar-tombs, and ancient sculptures ; and there and then he seems to have conceived the idea of a series of poems, based on the early history of Bristol, to be written in the character of one Thomas Rowley, parish priest of St. John's. The idea was partly suggested, perhaps, by his researches among a pile of mediæval documents which had long lain in the Treasury House, a chamber over the north porch of St. Mary's Church, but had been removed to his own residence by Chatterton's father, the parish schoolmaster. In September, 1768, a new bridge across the Avon was opened with great public rejoicings, and a few days afterwards appeared in the *Bristol Weekly Journal* what purported to be a contemporary description (from an old manuscript) of the opening of the old bridge, which naturally attracted a good deal of attention. When

it was known that Chatterton had transmitted it to the newspaper, he was strongly pressed to state where he had obtained this precious manuscript, the genuineness of which no one seems to have suspected. After some hesitation he unfolded the fiction which loaded his memory with so much obloquy, and made his life so disastrous a failure, namely, that "he had received the paper in question, together with many other manuscripts, from his father, who had found them in a large chest in the upper room over the chapel, on the north side of Redcliffe Church."

It now became necessary that he should produce these manuscripts, and thus he was drawn on from a comparatively innocent mystification, of a kind common enough in the annals of literature, to the perpetration of a commonplace fraud. The Treasure House chest supplied him with parchments; and his caligraphic skill, together with the application of ochre and other pigments, enabled him to produce such imitations of mediæval documents as satisfied the not very critical appetite of the Bristol antiquaries. Flying at higher game, he submitted some Rowley poems to Horace Walpole, who referred them to the poets Gray and Mason; both at once pronounced them forgeries. The closing chapters of Chatterton's sad story do not come within the object of this paper; and, in truth, it is a story too well known to bear or need repetition. The only extraordinary thing about his forgeries is their undoubted literary merit, and their vast superiority to his own poems written in everyday English. His strength as a poet seems to have been derived wholly from the past, or rather from its picturesque accessories; for the spirit and tone of the Rowley poems are thoroughly modern, though their subjects and language are mediæval. "Whether, in the composition of these poems," says Professor Masson, "it was his habit first to write in ordinary phraseology, and then, by the help of glossaries, to translate what he had written into archaic language, or whether he had by practice become so far master of ancient words and expressions as to be able to write directly in the fictitious dialect he had prescribed for himself, certain it is that, whenever his thoughts and fancies attained their highest strain, he either was whirled into the archaic form by an irresistible instinct, or deliberately adopted it. Up to a certain point, as it were, Chatterton could remain himself; but the moment he was hurried past that point, the moment he attained to a certain degree of sublimity, or fervour, or solemnity in his conceptions, and was constrained to continue at the same pitch, at that moment he reverted to the fifteenth century, and passed into the soul of Rowley." So one has sometimes seen an

actor, who in the clothes of everyday life is tame and commonplace, develop into a gallant cavalier, bold, original, and picturesque, when he assumes the plumed hat, doublet and trunks of the seventeenth century.

In 1803, C. Vanderbourg, a man of letters of some distinction, published a series of graceful poems under the name of Clotilde de Surville, a poetess, as was alleged, of the reign of Charles VII., and a friend and correspondent of Charles, the poet-Duke of Orleans. These verses had remained unknown till 1782, when her descendant, Joseph Etienne, Marquis de Surville, discovered them while searching the family archives, studied the language, and deciphered the hand-writing, and rejoiced that among his forbears he could reckon so sweet a singer. In 1791, during the troubles of the Revolution, he emigrated; but, most unaccountably, left Clotilde's manuscript behind him, and of course it perished, with other heirlooms, when the populace plundered and set fire to his château. In 1798 the Marquis unwisely reappeared in France, and was shot as a returned *émigré*; but some copies which he made of his ancestress's poems were given by his widow to Vanderbourg, and were thus preserved for the world's delectation.

Such was the story. The poems when published received at first a hearty welcome, but by-and-by messieurs the critics began to look into them with those sharp eyes of theirs, and soon detected incontestable proof of their recent origin, in their metrical variety, accuracy of scansion, and purity of language, as well as in their prevailing sentiment; in fact, they were eighteenth-century poems tricked out in fifteenth-century archaisms. Moreover, they contained allusions to events of which Clotilde, unless possessed of the spirit of prophecy, could have known nothing. There was a quotation from Lucretius, whose works did not penetrate into France until half a century later; and an allusion to the seven satellites of Saturn, the first of which was not observed until 1655 (by Huyghens) and the last until 1789 (by Herschel). And finally, at the beginning of her volume Clotilde placed a translation of an ode of Sappho, though the fragments ascribed to that poetess were not printed till long after Clotilde's death. It was sufficiently evident, therefore, that the poems to which the name of Clotilde de Surville was attached could never have been written by her, though it is not equally clear whether these compositions proceeded from the pen of the Marquis de Surville or from that of Vanderbourg.

The career of the real Clotilde may be sketched in a few words:—Marguerite Eléonore Clotilde de Vallon Chalys was born at the Château de Vallon, in Languedoc, in 1405. From her mother she

inherited a taste and a talent for the *belles lettres*, which became conspicuous at an early age, for she was only eleven when she translated one of Plutarch's odes with so much success that Christine de Pisan, upon reading it, exclaimed: "I must yield to this child all my rights to the sceptre of Parnassus." In 1421 she married Berenger de Surville, a gallant young knight, to whom she was passionately attached. Seven years later her husband fell at the siege of Orleans; and thereafter she devoted herself to the education of girls who gave indications of poetical capacity, among whom were Sophie de Lyonne and Juliette de Vivarez. Her poems attracted the attention of Charles, the poet-Duke of Orleans, who made them known to Queen Marguerite. This princess, failing to induce Clotilde to abandon the seclusion of her widowhood, sent to her a crown of artificial laurels, surmounted by twelve pearls with golden studs and silver leaves, and the device "Marguerite (the pearl) of Scotland to the Marguerite of Helicon," a compliment quite in the taste of that age. The date of Clotilde's death is uncertain; but as she celebrated the victory of Charles VIII., at Fornova (1495), she must have been upwards of ninety when she died.

Among the poems published by Vanderbourg many are remarkable for their refinement and delicacy. That such is the case the reader may judge from the following "Verselets à mon Premier-né."¹ I give also the translation (of the first three verses) by Longfellow:

O cher enfantelet, vrai pourtrait de ton père,	Sweet babe! true portrait of thy father's face,
Dors sur le seyn que ta bouche a pressé!	Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed!
Dors, petist; cloz, amy, sur le seyn de ta mère,	Sleep, little one; and closely, gently place
Tien doux œillet par le somme op- pressé!	Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast!
Bel amy, cher petist, que ta pupile tendre	Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
Gouste ung sommeil qui plus n'y faict pour moy!	Soft sleep shall come that cometh not to me.
Je veille pour te veoir, te nourrir, te défendre;	I watch to see thee, nourish thee, de- fend;
Ainz qu'il m'est doux ne veiller que por toy!	'Tis sweet to watch for thee—alone for thee!
Dors, mien enfantelet, mon souley, mon idole,	Sleep, my sweet child, my idol, my delight;
Dors sur mon seyn, le seyn qui t'a porté;	Sleep, sleep upon the fond maternal breast;
Ne m'esjouit encor le son de ta parole, Bien ton soubreiz cent fois m'aye en- chanté!	Thou who so often with thy prattle bright Hast charmed my ears, sleep now, and be at rest.

¹ See the *Recueil des Poëtes Français*, par Anguis. Also Villemain, *Cours de Littérature* (tome ii.).

About the same time that these poems of Clotilde de Surville, falsely so called, appeared, Fabre d'Olivet published the "Poésies Occitaniques," a work which he pretended to have copied from the Provençal and Languedoc languages or dialects, and in his notes he introduced some fragments in the *langue d'Oc*, which he described as original. They are written with an elegance, a refinement, and often with a vigour, which have deceived no small number of *littérateurs*, and they have frequently been quoted as authentic. In order to impose upon his readers the more completely, D'Olivet adopted an ingenious stratagem. In one of his pretended translations he inserted passages from the manuscripts of the Troubadours, and this mixture of the genuine with the fictitious had, no doubt, in many cases the effect he desired. But he did more: as the language of the ancient Troubadours whom he cited in his notes was marked by certain differences, or *nuances*, which might have rendered comparatively easy the detection of his mystification, he watered down this language to the idiom he was himself employing, so that it became much more difficult to suspect the authenticity of the fictitious poems, which, by the way, possess very decided merits.

A mystification of a more than ordinarily skilful character was practised by the Italian scholar, Gigli. He published at Siena a quarto volume entitled "Relazione del Collegio Petroniano delle Balie Latino, aperto in Siena nel 1719," wherein he minutely described an institution which had never existed, attributing its foundation to Petroni, a cardinal of the thirteenth century, and stating its object to be the substitution of Latin for Italian as the language in use not only at Siena but throughout Italy. According to Gigli, a spacious mansion had been placed at the cardinal's disposal by the Government; young nurses, who spoke nothing but Latin, had been brought from Poland, Hungary, and Germany, and the children of the first families in Siena placed under their charge. The names of the nurses and of the families who patronised them, the Latin discourses delivered on the occasion of the installation of the nurses and administrative staff—all were elaborately set forth in Gigli's work, the success of which was complete. In Italy and in several other European countries it was assumed as a fact that there existed at Siena a Latin college, the professors of which were nursemaids speaking Latin, and that this college was destined to revive in all its purity the language of Cicero.

M. Lalanne, to whom I have been indebted for some of these notes, recalls the trick played by Desforges-Maillard, who, having been an unsuccessful competitor for the prize poem of the Academy,

endeavoured to obtain the insertion of his rejected composition in the *Mercure de France*. The editor, De la Roque, refused ; and to avenge himself Desforges, in a disguised hand, and under the pseudonym of "Mademoiselle Malerais de la Vigne," addressed to him a number of fugitive verses, which De la Roque hastened to publish. He admired them so much that he became enamoured of their imaginary authoress, and wrote to her : " I love you, my dear lady ; pardon me, but the word has slipped from my pen." Voltaire and Destouches were also duped. After a while, Desforges confessed the trick—which was unwise, for thenceforth the wits, to punish him, lost no opportunity of ridiculing the poems which appeared under his own name.

I cannot omit so colossal a forgery as that of Psalmanasar, though the story has often been told.

This man was born in France about 1679. After receiving his education in a Jesuit college, he for some months acted as tutor to a young gentleman ; but a restless temper rendered him unable to remain long in any settled vocation, and a love of mystification impelled him to assume a variety of characters. At one time, having "annexed" a pilgrim's cloak and staff which he found in a chapel, he announced that he was going on a pilgrimage to Rome ; at another he appeared before the public as a Japanese ; and next he masqueraded as a native of Formosa. Wandering from land to land—by times a soldier, a teacher, a servant, and a beggar—now professing himself a heathen and now attitudinising as a recent convert to Christianity—he passed through a cycle of adventures, sufficient for a dozen ordinary men. In some way he contrived to secure the patronage of Brigadier Lauder, who introduced him to the Rev. Mr. James, a regimental chaplain, and in his company he visited England. There his fluency of speech and confidence of manner imposed upon the Bishop of London, and a large number of *savants*, *littérateurs*, and persons of distinction, who listened with deep interest to his picturesque recitals of incidents that had never happened and his vivid descriptions of countries he had never seen. In his latest assumption, that of a native of Formosa, he published an account of the island, inventing a new language with new characters, a new religion, a new form of government, and a new calendar, in which the year was divided into twenty months. In all this he showed a capacity and a diligence which were worthy of better ends, and to better ends they were devoted, after he had been brought, at the age of thirty-two, under the influence of religious convictions. He then acknowledged his imposture, and

applied himself steadily to literary pursuits, compiling several volumes of the "Universal History," a new version of "The Psalms," and an essay on "Miracles." He died in 1763, at the age (as was reputed) of eighty-four. A permanent place in literature he was not able to attain, and he owes his reputation, such as it is, not to the creditable industry of his later life, but to the ingenious knaveries of his *jeunesse orageuse*.

So it may be said of Mr. William Henry Ireland that his notoriety rests on his misdeeds, for neither the present nor any future generation will now care to revive any one of his works, plays or poems, and probably few persons remember that he wrote also a life (and a very bad one) of Napoleon. I fancy that not even Mr. James Payn's clever rehabilitation of the scamp in his lively novel, "The Talk of the Town," has awakened the slightest interest in his productions. He is remembered only as the audacious perpetrator of Shakespearian forgeries of a singularly bold complexion. Ireland was still in his early manhood when he produced a deed of Shakespeare's which he had discovered, he said, among some old papers. He afterwards pleaded that he was induced to commit this forgery to gratify his father, an enthusiastic collector of Shakespeare relics, whom, some three years before, he had accompanied on a visit to Stratford and the valley of the upper Avon. But I fail to see that a forgery is more excusable when perpetrated on one's father than on a stranger! However, the elder Ireland was easily deceived and excessively delighted; and the younger, proud of his success, continued to put to the test his imitative talent. A holograph profession of Shakespeare's religious belief, various letters between the poet and his friend, the Earl of Southampton, and at last a complete tragedy—one marvels at the man's reckless insolence!—were successively presented to an admiring circle. In our own day these forgeries would have at once been detected; but in Ireland's time Shakespearian archæology was in an elementary stage, and they not only met with ready acceptance from Dr. Parr, Pinkerton, Boswell, George Chalmers, and others, but their genuineness was actually certified by experts from the public offices. The tragedy entitled "Vortigern" Sheridan was induced to purchase for Drury Lane, where it was produced on April 2, 1796, with John Kemble and Mrs. Jordan as representatives of the principal characters. It was damned, of course. Kemble, from the first, had disbelieved in its authenticity, and having to deliver, towards the close, a line to the effect,

And now this solemn mockery is o'er,

he uttered it in a tone so significant that the whole house broke into laughter. This public *fiasco* set the writers thinking. Malone, the

best Shakespearian scholar of his day, who had persistently discredited Ireland's remarkable discoveries, published a trenchant *exposé* which settled the matter. The forger was called upon to produce the person from whom he had received the so-called Shakespearian MSS. As he could not do this, he made confession of his deceptions, though with no pretence at regret or repentance, but rather as one who gloried in his shame.

W H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

ROWING SONGS.

“FOR the tired slave song lifts the languid oar,” and for the hearty young athlete, too, if one may judge by the number of rowing songs there are. Who has not felt the charm of music on the water, the soft cadence of song set to the rhythmical accompaniment of sweeping oars, the breeze from the river wafting the music from shore to shore, or, it may be, the echo from some wild crag giving back the tones of the Gaelic boatman’s *jorram*.¹ Canada, too, with its plaintive *voyageurs’* chants, which bring back memories of the far-away pilgrim days, and Louisiana, where travelling used only to be by water, where every planter had his boat and skilled crew of black oarsmen, who, with their bare or turbaned heads and shining bodies bowed forward and straightened backs in ceaseless alternation, chanted the praise of their broad-hatted master, who sat in the stern silent and unmoved by their eulogies. To go still farther away, there are the boatmen of the Amazon, who have numberless songs and choruses with which they relieve the monotony of their slow voyages, and which are known all over the interior. The Nile boatmen, too, are amongst the best singers in the world, and the songs with which they encourage one another at the labour of the oar are generally couched in strains of invocation, and often they have a most beautiful effect. The Sonaris, too, have their boat-songs, or professional melodies, and when wading and hauling the canoes up the rapids they sing a kind of “Cheerily, boys,” the chorus of which is “Yoho Ram,” and which, heard above the roar of the waters, has a most extraordinarily weird sound. The Samoan and Tonga islanders have their paddling songs, which they call “Tow Alo,” the strokes of the paddle being coincident with the cadence of the tune. They are most frequently sung on leaving Vavaoo. The following is a specimen of these “Tow Alo” :—

Oiaaoé ! goóá mów téoo felów,
Ca toógoo Móngá-láfa, béa mo Taláo !
Gooá te leóli ger nófo ; colíái, tenne áloo ?
Cá toógoo Vaváoo, móe mótoo lálo,

¹ Rowing song.

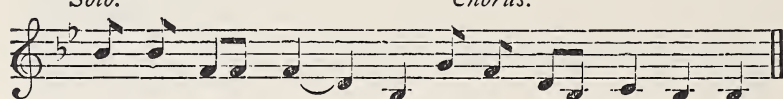
Licoo o'ne, Moe Váoo-áca,
 Moë Tlálla-vy ; gi Maccápápa,
 Máttalóco, mo fanga Myile,
 A'na a Toótaw-i, béa Mofoóe,
 Iky, Séoo toó gi lu lufóanga,
 Yio hifo gi he felów ta fángá,
 Toogoo he foogi héa a Tláfooloohow
 Ger Vála he gnáfi-gnafi a Toofóoa mo Kao.

Which, being interpreted, means :—

Alas ! we are entering upon our voyage,
 By leaving Móonga-lafa and Tálów.
 Anxious am I to stay ; who can wish to go ?
 Departing from Vavaoo and her neighbouring isles,
 And Licoo-óne, and Vávao-áca,
 The road of springs near Maccapapa,
 Mataloco and the myrtle plain,
 The cave of Tootaw-i, the beach of Mofoóe,
 No longer can I stand upon high places,
 And look downwards on the flood of small canoes ;
 We must leave the crimson guatoo of Tlafóoloohow,
 To wear the coarser mats of Toofóoa and Káóö !

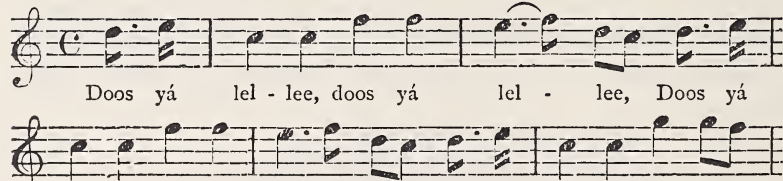
The Japanese have some decidedly charming rowing songs, which are frequently used on board the sampans, which are like the salmon fisher's punt used on certain British rivers. They are sculled—not what we should call rowed—by two or four men with very heavy oars, and they stand up and use their thighs to rest the oars upon. I give the notes of one of these songs as accurately as possible, but the words I cannot translate, as I am told they have no meaning :—¹

Solo. *Chorus.*



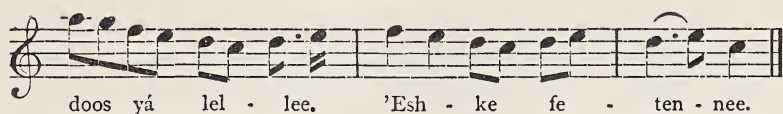
Hou-ra Hoi Sa . no - San - ya Hou - yei - ya.

The chorus is to give emphasis to certain strokes, and is repeated alternately with the solo without change of either words or tune. The next song is a great favourite with the Nile boatmen ; it is a little love-ditty, but it seems to suit them well as a rowing song :—¹



Doos yá lel - lee, doos yá lel - lee, Doos yá
 lel - lee ; Doos yá lel - lee. Doos yá lel - lee,

¹ From Lane's *Modern Egyptians*.



The choruses of the canoemen's songs of the Amazon consist of a simple strain repeated almost to weariness, and sung generally in unison. Occasionally, however, there is an attempt at harmony. There is a wildness and sadness about these tunes which harmonise well with, and in fact are born of, the canoeman's life ; the echoing channels, the endless glowing forests, the solemn night, and the desolate scenes of broad and stormy waters and falling banks. Whether they were invented by the Indians or introduced by the Portuguese it is hard to say, as the similarity between the customs of the lower classes of Portugal and those of the Indians is very great. One of the best known of their songs is very wild and very pretty. The refrain of it is:—

Mai Mai.

“Mai” means mother. There is a long drawl on the second word. The verses are most variable, as, like our sailors' chanties, they are merely improvised to suit the occasion. The best wit on the boat starts the verse and the others join in the chorus. They all relate to the lonely river life and the events of the voyage—the shoals, the state of the wind, how far they shall go before they stop to sleep, and so on. Here are a few stanzas of a Creole rowing song :—

Sing lads, our master bids us sing,
For master cry out loud and strong.
The water with the long oar strike,
Sing, lads, and let us haste along.

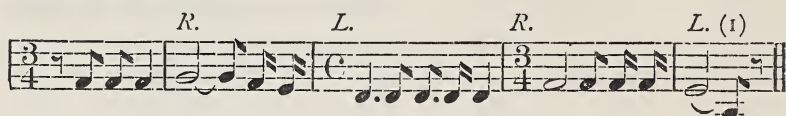
'T is for our master we will sing,
We'll sing for our young mistresses,
And sweethearts we must not forget,
Zoé, Mertente, Zabelle, Louish.

Sing, fellows, for our own true loves,
My lottery prize ! Zoe, my belle !
She's like a wild young doe, she knows
The way to jump and dance so well !

Black diamonds are her bright, black eyes.
Her teeth are lilies white ;
Sing, fellows, for my true love, and
The water with the long oar strike.

See, see the town ! hurrah ! hurrah !
Master returns in pleasant mood ;
He's going to treat his boys all round,
Hurrah ! hurrah for master good !

They were quite happy singing these simple songs, these fine fellows of Louisiana. They had a loyal love for their master, the planter, and a chivalrous affection for their tawny Zilies, Zabettes, or Zallis; and a song in praise of them would carry them over the water quicker than any other incentive could do. The negroes of Western Africa row to this tune, which is sung by the whole crew. It is strictly regular as to rhythm:—



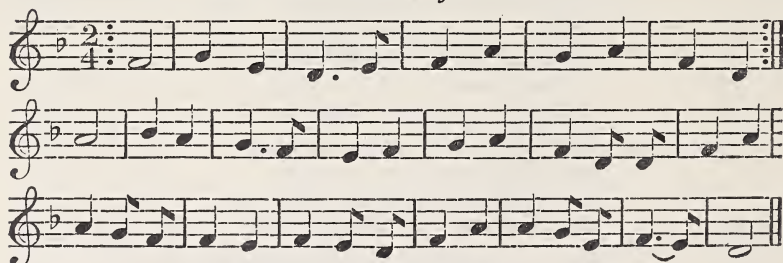
It is a Serere air. The change from triple to common time and from common to triple again seems strange for a melody which is to regulate work; but nevertheless it is strictly rhythmical, for what can be more isochronous than the movement of the oars of a well-trained boat's crew?

Almost as celebrated as the sailors' chanties of England, the gondoliers' songs of Venice, and the troubadours' lyrics of ancient France, are the boat-songs of the old Canadian *voyageurs*. The hymns to Saint Anne,² which are so popular amongst the hardy Breton fishermen of to-day, all owe their origin to the French-Canadian pilgrims; and to these we owe that most perfect of rowing songs, Moore's boat-song, written on the river St. Lawrence—

Faintly as tolls the evening chime.

Perhaps two of the most popular of these *voyageur* songs are "En revenant de la joli' Rochelle" and "V'la l'bon Vent."

EN REVENANT DE LA JOLI' ROCHELLE.



En revenant de la joli' Rochelle,
J'ai rencontré trois joli's demoisell's.
La voilà ma mie qu' mon cœur aime tant,
La voilà ma mie qu' mon cœur aime.

¹ The *R* above the stave denotes the oars being raised, and the *L* their being lowered into the water.

² Their patron saint.

In returning from pretty Rochelle,
I met three charming demoiselles,
There's the dear my heart loves,
There's the dear my heart loves.

V'LA L'BON VENT.

Chorus.



V'la l'bon vent, v'la l'jo - li vent, v'la l'bon vent,
ma mie m'appelle ; V'la l'bon vent, v'la l'jo - li vent,
Fine. Solo.
v'la l'bon vent, ma mie m'attend. Der - rière chez nous y-a-
D.C.
t-un é - tang, Trois beaux ca - nards s'en vont bai - gnant.

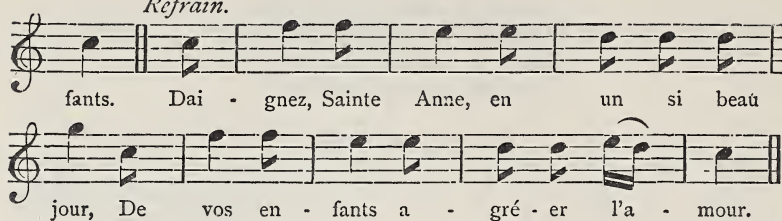
Chorus.—There's a good wind,
There's a fine wind,
There's a good wind,
And my love is calling me.
There's a good wind,
There's a fine wind,
There's a good wind,
And my love is awaiting me.

Solo.—Behind our home
There is a pond,
Behind our home
There is a pond,
Three handsome ducks
Go there to paddle.

This is the pilgrim's rowing-song which they sing on their way to the shrine of Saint Anne :—



Vers son sanc - tu - ai - re de - puis deux cents
ans, La Vierge à sa mè - re con - duit ses en-

Refrain.

The French-Canadians are a light-hearted, song-loving people, and the very poorest amongst them have an instinctive taste for music ; many of the raftsmen and *voyageurs* among the Iroquois Indians who served under Lord Wolseley in Egypt might often be heard singing their quaint old-world songs. The province of Quebec has a peculiarly musical population.

There is a very characteristic sample of the style of one of the old "Jorrams," or rowing songs of the Gaelic boatmen, to be found in Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake." The song, "Hail to the Chief," which the clansmen sing in honour of Roderick Vich Alpine, is an imitation of the Jorrams—

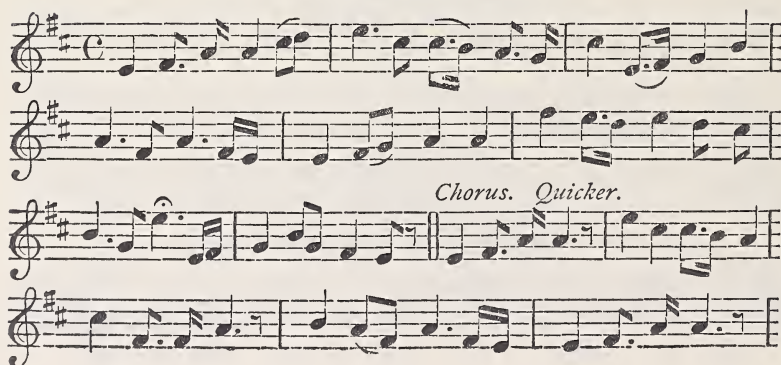
Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands,

In the following love boat-song we have some touch of the true Hebridean labour rhythm—

Row on, row on, my hearties,
Seize an oar, and raise the boat-song ;
Bring her quick to yonder haven,
Lest from me my bride be taken.

Gaelic.

Falv ora ho, Ro shin Robeg,
Och ora ho, Ro shin Robeg,
Falv ora ho, Ro shin Robeg,
Lift up your song, and speed the boatie.





Mr. William Black has made us familiar with this "Ho, Ro! Clansmen."

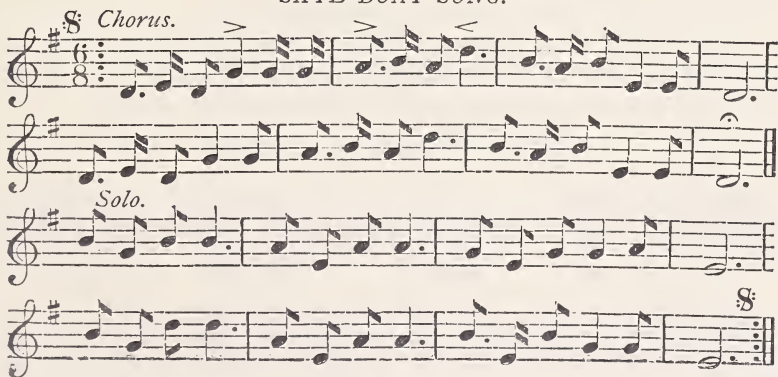
Cheerily, and altogether !
 Ho, ro, Clansmen !
 A long, strong pull together !
 Ho, ro, Clansmen !
 Soon the flowing breeze will blow ;
 Will blow the snowy canvas on her.
 Ho, ro, Clansmen !
 A long strong pull together,
 Ho, ro, Clansmen !
 Wafted by the breeze of morn
 We'll quaff the joyous horn together.
 Ho, ro, Clansmen !

HO, RO! CLANSMEN.



Another gem of Scottish water-music is the beautiful Skye boat-song, which no one could possibly mistake for other than a rowing song. One can imagine the zeal with which the little band of devoted Highland boatmen and the brave Flora Macdonald would press onward to the strains of this entrancing melody—

SKYE BOAT SONG.



Chorus.—Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward the sailors cry,
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye.

I.

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Thunder-clouds rend the air ;
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore,
Follow they will not dare.
Speed bonnie boat, etc.

2.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep
Ocean's a royal bed ;
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head.
Speed bonnie boat, etc.

One would fancy that amongst the gondoliers of Venice there would be a fund of original song ; but no, those of the olden time used to chant strophes of Tasso's as they skimmed over the lagoons, and the gondoliers of to-day ply their oars to the same inspiring strains as the rest of their fellow-men. On St. Mary's Day one may hear them chanting the ever-popular "Sicilian Mariners' Hymn." This they do in chorus, and very solemn it sounds in the still early morning before the bustle of Venice has commenced. The German boatmen row up and down the Rhine singing the popular songs of their Vaterland ; such as "Goldne Abendsonne" ; this they will do in the evening when the day's work is over, and there is time for a little relaxation on

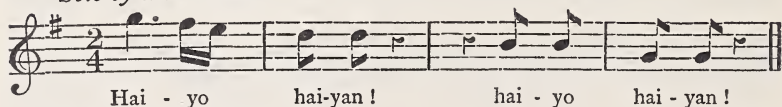
The broad and German Rhine.

And of course their beloved Lorelei forms part of every river programme. It is one of the most beautiful water-songs in the world ; so harmonious that it seems of itself born of the silvery waves, so melodious that it clings to the memory long after the spray from the water has blinded the eyes to the passing boat.

It is not fair to omit such a country of good oarsmen as China in this little account of rowing songs, so I quote this short one, which is a great favourite amongst the sons of the Celestial Empire.

SONG OF CHINESE ROWERS.

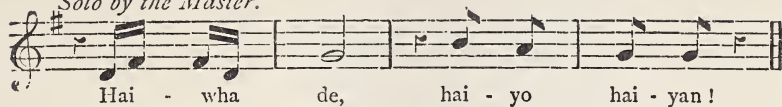
Solo by the Master.



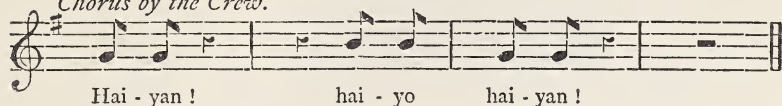
Chorus by the Crew.



Solo by the Master.

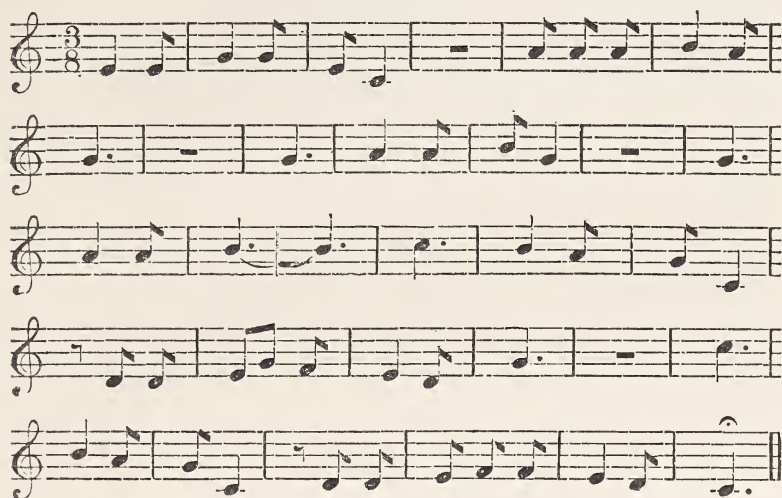


Chorus by the Crew.



And now, with this rowing song of the Eton boys, I must leave the singing oarsmen.

BOATING SONG.



Jolly boating weather
And a hay harvest breeze,
Blade on the feather
Shade off the trees.
Swing, swing together
With your backs between your knees ;
Swing, swing together
With your backs between your knees.

Harrow may be more clever,
Rugby may make more row ;
But we'll row, row for ever,
Steady from stroke to bow. . . .
And nothing in life shall sever
The chain that is round us now ;
And nothing in life shall sever
The chain that is round us now.

.

Twenty years hence this weather
May tempt us from office stools;
We may be slow on the feather
And seem to the boys old fools. . . .
But we'll still swing together
And swear by the best of schools ;
But we'll still swing together
And swear by the best of schools.

LAURA ALEX. SMITH.

SUIO ON THE GARIGLIANO.

SIGNOR DE SIMONE, member of Parliament, landowner, poet, and sportsman, one of our hosts for the next three days, was waiting for us at the station of Cassino. Attired in a shooting-suit of grey linen, with yellow high boots and soft felt hat, he, with his flowing beard tinged with grey, jovial countenance (which, by-the-bye, in feature strongly resembles the face of Michelangelo's "Moses"), and his gun slung across his shoulder, looked the very model of an Italian country gentleman.

Packing sundry bottles of wine he had brought from his vineyard into a carriage, he hurried us in after them, and, a party of five, we rolled away on a pretty bye-road shaded with trees. The lofty chain of the Abruzzo Apennines, and the monastery of Monte Cassino on its promontory under the peak of Monte Cairo, lay behind us ; and the pretty River Rapido, worthy of its name, ran beside us on our left.

A special charm was lent to the anticipation of our excursion by the fact that no line of railway, and not even a high-road, approached within several miles of our destination, to which we were going by river.

We passed the ruins of the Roman Amphitheatre in the valley of San Germano, admired sundry groups of peasants in the sombre costume of that district, then mounted a little hill and drove through a quiet and sleeping village, obtaining a lovely view over the valley below, where a bridge was thrown over the Rapido. To the east Mount Cimmino rose into the sky, with the castle and village of Rocca d'Evandro perched on a projecting rock in the centre of its stony bosom—a village and castle which played a part during the struggle between the Dukes of Capua and the abbots of Mount Cassino in the Middle Ages.

We soon turned our backs on this view and reached a sandy lane leading down to the ferry of St. Apollinare, on the Liri, on which river we were to embark. This lovely stream, anciently called the Liris, rises far away in the valley of Roveto, below Monte Passaro, and is soon increased in volume by the waters of other rivers, so that

where we joined it it was already broad and sufficiently deep. A few villagers from the hamlet above had come to the waterside to stare at the rare sight of a carriage full of visitors.

Lying under the opposite bank we perceived a broad flat-bottomed boat about forty feet long, which was our *sandolo*—a species of barge used for carrying timber or other material down the river. For some time all commerce of the kind has ceased on the river, and the *sandolo* procured by our hosts was the last of its kind, the others being rotted by disuse and broken up. The cute country folk had so managed that our barge should be waiting for us at the wrong side of the river, so as to force us to cross in the common ferry to reach it. A dozen pairs of hands seized our bags and wine-baskets, and we were soon ferried across by means of a rope and deposited in the big boat.

Here we found half-a-dozen rush-bottomed chairs placed beneath an awning in the centre of the barge. This awning was a temporary erection of coarse linen sheets stretched over a frame of willow-boughs, the intersections being tied together with freshly gathered withes.

The *sandolo* is fitted with a huge rudder at each end, a pair of broad rough oars, and a number of poles with hooks or prongs. Three men serve the rudders, and five the oars and poles, for the current in the river is strong. Among these men was a youth with six toes on his right foot, as we could plainly see when he pressed it naked against the crossbeams of the flat deck.

The ferry of St. Apollinare soon vanished behind us, and we entered into perfect solitude.

Silently and swiftly the slightly opaque, grey-green water slipped along beneath the dipping boughs of the luxuriant willows on the banks, whose shade deepened the green reflections in the water. Swiftly and silently we glided on between the gentle hills, the rice, maize, and hemp fields at their foot, now and then catching sight of the village of St. Ambrogio, perched on a little hill round which we wound.

As we twisted and turned with the meanderings of the river, we caught new views of the mountains and valley at every turn.

Nought was heard but the creaking of the great oars, the sigh of the gentle breeze, the lapping of the water beneath the lazy sunlight; nought seen but, at rare intervals, a group of peasants beating hemp in the water, a woman washing clothes, or a herd of white cattle with widespread horns coming to the top of the high bank to stare at us.

As the hills encompassed us more closely, shutting out all distant view, we found their leafy monotony very sweet, and, as the long afternoon wore away in dreamy stillness, we frequently applied ourselves to the sparkling wine of our friend the M.P., while we listened to the flow of brilliant conversation adorned with quotations from the poets.

Now and then magpies and fieldfares, startled by our approach, would fly across the river, too far away to be hurt by the ready fire from our sportsman's gun, who was thereupon mercilessly chaffed by our old friend Don Luigi, one of the promoters of the expedition.

The boatmen's smiling faces show that they appreciate the fun, and have time to listen, though they are never at rest. Now they push us off some shallow towards which the current, in spite of steering, irresistibly drives us ; now force back the willow boughs into which we rush on the opposite side of the river ; and now they row hard as we gain the middle of the stream and can go straight ahead. They cleverly guide us down a rapid where the little Rapido discharges its waters into the larger river ; and once, when we reach a sharp bend, all their strength has to be exerted to resist the force of the southerly breeze, which blows hard up stream, bending the supple willow trees to the earth, raising little waves on the water, catching our canvas tent and nearly stopping our forward course, and roaring with a merry triumph among the trees with a noise in striking contrast to the utter calm and quiet of the moment before. Very welcome was this breeze in the sultry summer afternoon. After another two or three miles our river receives the Peccia, becomes still deeper, and soon we reach the ferry of Mortola, where the Liri takes the name of the *Garigliano*.

From this point to the sea, the fine river, now never less than six to nine feet deep (except where rapids—believed to have been purposely made by the successors to the Arab colonists, to prevent the return of the latter—interrupted its smooth course), runs in a generally southerly direction, with a gentle decline, through beds of volcanic tufa, the result of the ancient activity of the now extinct volcano Rocca Monfina. This volcanic soil ceases abruptly on the right bank of the river, where the Ausonian Mountains, part of the grand chain of the Apennines, rise precipitously, covered with holm-oaks, beeches, alders, and ilxes ; broken into craggy ravines ; pierced with romantic grottos ; containing many veins of precious variegated marbles ; full of limpid springs ; lovely to the eye, and hanging, with all their greenery, close over the river winding at their foot.

In contrast with this wild beauty, the opposite shore is characterised by gently swelling hills, divided by small valleys, and rising one above the other to the bald summit of Rocca Monfina. Now and then a ravine is worn by the action of water in the basalt rock ; but the hills are well cultivated in terraces in the style inherited from the Arabs, and bear many fruit trees.

On each side of the river a limited level space is occupied by maize or bean fields. The underwood on both sides is composed of millions of myrtles, brambles, fragrant herbs and plants, while the mace-reed towers in moist spots in profusion, and, close to the water, poplars and silver poplars, with now and then a carob-tree, intrude upon the close-set willows, forming a delicious variety of tints of tender and gleaming green.

But we have reached the entrance to the

Angusta valle, che asconde un tesoro,

sung by our friend the M.P. Our barge is lying at the Mortola ferry, and very soon our third host, the Mayor of Castelforte, to whose administration belong Suio and all the scattered villages around, comes running down the bank, followed by an escort of two sturdy carabineers. He welcomes us to his territory with great cordiality, and away we glide once more, while the conversation turns on the history of the river, into which Signor de Simone has made diligent research.

The Garigliano, now so peaceful, has constantly been the scene of warfare. In the very earliest times its surrounding mountains were the haunt of proud and rebellious men, the aborigines of Italy,

Fierce Auruncans from their hilly ground,

who took an active part in all struggles before and after the rise of the Roman Empire. The original inhabitants lived on peaceful terms with the early Roman colonists established in this region. Roman authors speak of the Garigliano (Liris) as "a very gentle and tranquil stream flowing through a lovely vale," which description, in spite of its five rapids, equally applies to it now.

As we talked we approached a bend of the river where the high mountains seemed to block its course. We were entirely surrounded by thick woods overhanging the stream, and halted to drink of a pure spring that spouted a few feet above the bank. The scene was so beautiful that we immediately named the spring "The Water of Paradise," which name it specially deserved, because it was the only

spring free from the mineral mixtures brewed by Vulcan in his subterranean vaults.

Turning an elbow of the river, we now fairly entered that part of it called the Valley of Suio. Here we met with a small wooded island which we tried to explore ; but, though the carabinieri cut down the obtruding branches, and helped us to land and scramble up the bank, it was so overgrown with prickly plants that we preferred to return to our floating tent.

We had reached the region of the mineral springs for which Suio was anciently, and is now locally, celebrated. These springs of various qualities burst forth along the river-side for a distance of about ten miles, to the number of a hundred or more, and with more or less volume of water. Some rise in the hills, where no less than five mills are moved by mineral water. Others have their birth close beside the river, rushing forth from the rock already full-grown rivulets. Their temperature varies from cold to about 104° Fahrenheit. Those strictly belonging to Suio yield no less than 256 cubic feet of water per minute, and contain quantities of carbonic acid, sulphur, magnesia, &c., one of them, for its richness in chlorate of iodine, ranking third in the world.

Yet this treasure is now hardly known beyond the district itself. Tradition alone, transmitted from Roman times and from the Middle Ages, when a sanctuary of St. Antonio, now totally destroyed, existed near the beneficent springs, caused the country people year after year to resort to the beautiful valley, the delightful climate of which was no less precious than its healing waters. They came, and still come, these simple peasants, by thousands ; and lately, since the analysis made of the waters by the Italian scientists Roccatagliata and Ferrero have drawn more attention to the place, well-to-do families begin to go to Suio, in spite of the difficulty of access. The late Italian Minister of Public Instruction, De Sanctis, once resided there during some weeks in a thatched hut.

We landed first on the right bank of the river, and walked through a stubble maize-field to a beautiful pool called the *Mola Solomone*, because its waters move a mill in a romantic gorge above, named the Ravine of Spirits. The pool is circular, about twenty-four feet in circumference and nineteen feet deep, and clear as crystal, revealing every tiny leaf of the aquatic plants growing on its white bottom. The temperature of the water is 61° Fahrenheit, and it has an acidulous and slightly bituminous taste. Lying solitary at the foot of the hills, it looked a true haunt of naiads. Once more we entered the boat and swept down the river, and finally, after a voyage which had

lasted in all five hours, we bade farewell to our barge and landed for good at the spring of St. Egidio, the most famous of all, where a picture of human wrong-doing awaited us. This hot sulphur spring, rich in iodine, and used externally, was the first to be publicly utilised. In 1866 the Provincial Council of Terra di Lavoro voted 80,000 francs for the construction of a bath-house over the springs, on condition that the inhabitants of Castelforte, to whom the land belonged, were allowed the gratuitous use of the waters, and that a road should be made from Castelforte to the valley. After years of exertion on the part of our friend De Simone, who was a member of the Council, the road was granted, and will soon be commenced. The bath-house, however, was built at once, and stands as a scandal to the province, for a great part of the money granted must have gone into the wrong pockets, so miserable is the condition of the establishment.

It is a solidly built, oblong building three stories high, lying about seven feet above the river, between it and the rocks. During spring and autumn the river, swollen by rains, generally floods the bath-house, as, indeed, it overflows most of the spring in the valley.

In front of the house is a rapid, and then the river suddenly widens into a placid stream; the rocky mountain at the back of the building leaves only room for a narrow path. The situation is lovely, but the house, without and within, is hideous. The baths are in a kind of damp cellar, scarcely lighted by a narrow window. There are no comforts of any sort, and the stench arising from the fumes of sulphur and from the unimaginable filth allowed to accumulate beneath and around the staircase, is terrible. On the first floor—which, however, is level with the rising ground behind—we found a kind of waiting-room, shabby and dirty, and opening into it some small bedrooms, equally desolate, for the use of which and the baths a family must pay four francs a day for one room. On the story above are a few more rooms of the same kind, while the rest of that story is filled by what are called “paper-rooms”—that is, partitions dividing the whole space into compartments of a few feet square. The partitions are of lath and paper, not clean and neat, but patched with all imaginable kinds of rags of paper, dusty, torn, and filthy. These partitions do not reach the ceiling, and a tall man could look over them. For one of these miserable compartments, scarcely to be called private, the bathers pay three francs a day! They bring their own bedding, and spread it on the floor, for there are no bedsteads. The attics, above, are worst of all, and furnish a promiscuous lodging to the very poor. The dirty walls are marked by numbers at short distances indicating the space where bedding may be laid, the people

lying in rows like herrings in a box, and every numbered place costs one franc. These attics looked like the abode of a rag-collector. They were full of men, women, children, bundles of bedding and clothing, cooking utensils and other necessities lying about on the floor, for not a table or chair was to be seen. That those who nevertheless come to the baths are not killed by all this dirt and overcrowding is owing, I suppose, to the small and unglazed windows, which give free entrance to the pure air of the valley. But that such a condition of things, contrary to all laws of hygiene, should be allowed by the authorities of this rich province, is incredible. Signor de Simone has more than once raised his voice against the abuse in vain. Still, in spite of all, he himself has seen miraculous cures effected by the use of the waters; poor cripples arriving supported on horseback by their relations, and able to walk alone after taking a few baths.

In the narrow space between the back of the establishment—where also is the only door—and the mountain, an outdoor kitchen, a sort of lean-to with a roof of straw, had been erected. Here stood a crowd of country people in their bright costumes, which resemble that of the Roman peasantry. They were very quiet and courteous in manner; and many a lovely face, quaintly framed by flat, broad braids of hair drawn over the ears and temples, and softly shaded by the white *magnose* on the head, did we admire. Both sexes wear the leather sandals peculiar to Italian mountain folk.

The bathers come to the valley for periods varying from a week to a fortnight, and bring everything they need with them—mattress-covers, which they then fill with clean, fresh maize-straw; clothes and bedding, and cooking-vessels; and the groups of families constantly coming and going along the winding woodland path, each with its ass or mule carrying the sick or the bundles, resemble so many “flights into Egypt.”

The horrible “provincial establishment” we have described, another smaller one belonging to a private speculator, and the more pretentious “Hotel of the Quattro Torri”—the property of our friend the Mayor of Castelforte, and kept by a custodian—are far too few for the lodging of the crowds who come to the baths. Therefore a very primitive and picturesque custom prevails. At various points along the river-side, near the principal springs, are erected straw sheds, many feet long and about five feet high, looking like a lengthy but narrow thatched roof planted in the ground. These sheds are divided by thick straw internal walls into numberless small compartments no bigger than a dog-kennel—regular gipsy abodes. And

very gipsy-like were their occupants, sitting before the low apertures that serve as doors, cooking their dinners on fires lit in the shelter of some neighbouring crag or rock, or lying on the bundles within the hut. But these simple habitations are outdone in picturesqueness by the abodes in the natural caves along the sides of the ravines that debouch into the valley, or on the precipitous face of the hills. There, perched high up, you see a group of red-petticoated and white-kerchiefed women, clustered in careless, graceful attitudes before a cave in some beetling precipice which looks as if it might fall and crush them at any moment. The white smoke from the domestic fire floats among the boughs of the trees, or creeps up the face of the dark rock which they overhang; down the rugged twining path climbs a slender female form, agile and erect. She bears on her head a tall terra-cotta vase of antique shape, and her left arm is stretched upward to its full extent as her hand grasps the handle of the vase. Both figure and pose are worthy of being transferred to canvas. She is coming to fill her vessel at the sulphur spring below. All along the right bank of the river for the extent of two or three miles such scenes may be observed, giving life and colour to the reposeful landscape.

Before sunset, when the valley already lay in shade, we visited most of the separate springs, named by the bathers themselves, "Water for the Eye," "For the Skin," the "Inferno," &c., for the people are only cognisant of their beneficial effects, and not of their respective mineral qualities. Some springs are of a beautiful light-blue colour, perfectly limpid; others are white and opaque; many seem to boil in their rocky basins, from the quantity of carbonic acid that bubbles up.

Our last visit that evening was made to the ruins of a great Roman bath, which was excavated by the proprietors of that part of the valley in 1886. The excavation is about twelve feet below the level of the ground, and at present measures about 1,500 square feet, but scarcely the half of the bath has been dug out. You see stairs, corridors, Roman pavement, ornaments, and the remains of an upper story and of a road and bridge which must have led to the central door. The edge of a well-preserved basin is neatly cut, and it is provided with steps. Most of the ancient basins still contain the bubbling tepid waters and are available for use. The walls are pierced with holes for canalisation, and in the wood just above the bath is a wall honeycombed for pipes, which perhaps brought *sweet* water from the mountains to the establishment, which must have been on a handsome scale. A porphyry seat found here is now

in the museum of Monte Cassino, and at the Quattro Torri we were shown a piece of amethyst engraved with the figure of a winged female genius, also found in the ruins.

Is, perhaps, the figure that of Marica, mother of Latinus, whose sacred temple and grove were situated near the mouth of the Liris, and frequented not only by the Ausones of ancient Minturnæ but by the Roman colonists? Or is it that of one of her nymphs, the presiding goddess of this particular spring? In such a miraculous valley, where every source heals some special malady, surely in ancient times each must have had its peculiar divinity. We were also shown a small dark cornelian, beautifully engraved with the figure of a bull; and some thin, slightly convex silver coins, and tiny gold ones, which we were told were Arab, all found in the ruins of the Roman bath.

The Arabs, indeed, called by the Duke of Gaeta to assist him in his war against Capua, got possession of this very valley about A.D. 880, and fortified the towns near the mouth of the river, maintaining their dominion for thirty-six years. They were powerful on the sea and on land, assailing with their light cavalry the heavy horse of their Italian enemies, whom they greatly admired, singing of them in high-flown terms. One of their songs our friend De Simone quoted in the following translation:—

They have steeds beside which our Barbary horses look like asses, and not even asses of the desert.

On these steeds, or rather eagles, sit lions with destructive talons and fiery eyes.

The colour of the blood which flushes their cheeks resembles the colour of the wine drunk by their chieftains, and it reddens the blue blades of our cimeters.

It was from these Arabs that the present name of the lower course of the Liri is derived, the Arab word *Garyl* (whence Garigliano) meaning "mud," the river in time of rain being very turbid with the soil washed away from its banks. The savage ravines and extensive grottos so numerous among the hills are still called *catafri*, meaning, perhaps, "African caves." A grotto on the left bank, beneath the village of San Carlo, is celebrated. It runs into the mountain to the length of about 1,200 feet, and our friend the M.P. loves to think of it as the last refuge of the Arabs when, in the year 916, they were ultimately defeated on the Garigliano. In this battle two Roman patricians distinguished themselves—Theophylact, who was one of the first to take the name of Consul, and Alberic, a foreign mercenary who acquired great influence in Rome, and whose son was that second Alberic whom the rebellious Romans raised to be

their master. Nor did the defeat of the Arabs put an end to the warfare on the Garigliano. In the fifteenth century the bridge over the river on the Appian Way was defended by Bayard against Genoese and Venetians ; in the sixteenth century Gonzalo of Cordova won a battle on the river against the French ; and in our own times it was the scene of a victory obtained by the Sardinian troops against the Bourbons. The Italian historian Coletta, in his report on the defence of the frontier of the kingdom of Naples, described this river as a true line of defence, and ardently advocated its fortification at exposed points.

All these things did we call to mind as we sat enjoying a Lucullian supper in the rustic dining-room of the Quattro Torri. Our host, the Mayor of Castelforte, with patriarchal hospitality, had taken pains to have transported thither all that one could desire, and not usually to be found there : fine linen, fresh curds and cheeses from his own famous dairy at Castelforte, tender meats, and other things which were real luxuries in this out-of-the-way valley, to which everything has to be conveyed on mules and asses ; the only food to be had on the spot being the fish in which the river is abundant, a few fowls, and the haricot beans grown in the scanty fields. New milk is never drunk by the natives, except perhaps in case of illness, though droves of cows are continually crossing the ferries. The mineral springs, the not very inviting river-water, boiled coffee, and wine are the only beverages. At present, except in such favourable conditions as ours, only persons able to rough it a little, and enamoured of all that is primitive, could enjoy a stay in the valley, beautiful as it is, but this state of things will be improved when the new road and the railway to Gaeta are finished. By that time also the Hotel of the Quattro Torri will be enlarged by another story ; at present it has only a ground floor. The view from its windows on to the slopes of Mount Rocca Monfina is very lovely. As we gazed from that of our sleeping chamber at night, the moon had risen behind the volcano, and filled the valley with a soft and peaceful light, which glimmered on the ripples of the low-voiced river.

Rising early next morning, we crossed the ferry near the hotel to visit the spring of the Aspidi, or, by its other name, "Little Hell." Our party was increased by the company of Professor Ferrero, Director of the Agrarian Station at Caserta, who has analysed the waters of Suio and made a geological study of the valley. The waters of the Aspidi bubble with a tremendous noise from the side of the hill, forming various turbulent pools, the noxious fumes from which kill all vegetation for a distance of several feet.

From all the cracks in the soil beside the little foot-path the gases exploded with noises that often resembled the rhythmic tap of a drum. The water is white, opaque, rich in carbonic acid, and has a rather disgusting bituminous taste. We then pursued a dewy woodland path, through male-fern and brambles, from which we made a regular feast of large ripe blackberries that seemed so like home, and in half an hour reached a ravine called, like many others, Catafri, and containing a ferruginous spring named the Marziale. The ravine is very beautiful; a semicircular recess on the top of a hill, surrounded with lofty basalt rocks, at the foot of which the plentiful spring seems to explode, rushing out of a small hole in great bubbles with a constant "woof ! woof !" that sounds exactly like the muffled bark of a large dog. Away runs the pretty brook as if glad of its escape from under the rock, depositing as it flows its red sediment. The water is effervescing and pleasant to drink, and certainly scarcely another iron-water spring can rival it either in quality or in natural beauty of surroundings, and it seems to endue the vegetation near with a peculiar succulent deep-green colour. The country-women come all the way from Castelforte with baskets full of bottles on their heads, which they fill at the spring, and return the same way to sell them in the little town.

We were followed up the hill by a semi-idiotic man who farms the land—not as well as might be, for, as we were informed, the peasants often own larger tracts of land than they can manage, not having the means of cultivating it to the fullest extent. This man demands one sou from each person who visits the spring—not an exorbitant tribute. We returned by a different path in order to visit one of the five principal *moffette* of the valley. These are holes or depressions in the ground whence issue sulphurous and carbonic acid gases, generally circular in shape and several feet in diameter. Within their circle the ground continually sinks, and is filled up again by throwing stones into the hole. In dry weather only gas escapes; in wet weather the *moffette* resemble tiny mud volcanoes, giving a good idea of volcanic action. The one we visited was dry, so our guide, as it was near the river, fetched some water and threw it in. It immediately began to bubble as if boiling furiously, and was cast up by the escaping gas out of the various cracks in muddy founts and spouts. On returning home we rested during the midday hours, and towards evening sat on the river bank to watch Professor Ferrero fish. We sat in the shade of the westward hills, but Rocca Monfina was still in sunshine. Down to the green water galloped a drove of dark-grey sows with their lively litters, and a dog who swam after

his master when the latter crossed in the ferry-boat, excited our interest as he fought against the rapid current, which dragged him down the river so that he finally landed on the opposite side some yards below the point from which he started.

In the hotel we had seen a grandson of Michael Pozzo, the famous Fra Diavolo, who was well known in this district. He took to brigandage—or rather to revenging himself on the French—we were told, because the latter had killed his old paralysed father, whom during an attack he had tried to save by carrying him away on his back. And we were joined on the river bank by a gentleman whose brother had been killed by brigands only twenty years ago ; this valley and the neighbouring hills having for a long time been a favourite haunt of such bands, to whom, indeed, it must have afforded inaccessible shelter.

We soon left the Professor “whipping the stream,” and visited the baths near our hotel, tasting the sulphur water of the most copious spring, which rushes out a full-grown rivulet below one of the largest and most steady of the *moffette*. Our man set a large bundle of straw on fire and held it about three feet above the hole, when it was instantly extinguished. The fumes from this *moffetta* are carried a great distance, and are considered, thus diluted by the air, to be very beneficial in certain diseases. But close at hand they are fatal to all life, and a bather recently arrived in the valley, and ignorant of the danger, had shortly before sat down on the edge of this *moffetta* and been suffocated. On the river bank close by is one of the rows of straw huts, and as we looked at the women with their little children playing about, we wondered that the fatal *moffetta* was not walled in, for a child going astray would easily fall a victim to its fumes. The largest bath here lies close under the steep bank ; it is covered with rushes and canvas, and after bathing in its bubbling warm water one can cross a low wall and plunge into the river. A little farther on is the last of the five rapids, after which the river flows smoothly on, turning suddenly to the north under the Bosco of Suio, and thence meandering through the plain to the Gulf of Gaeta.

After another merry supper at the hotel, in which the large dish of fish caught by the Professor played an important part, we retired to rest ; and at dawn next day the last bath was taken, the luggage placed in a straw pack-hamper, hanging across the back of a donkey, and our party soon after climbed the hill above the rapid and took its last glance of the beautiful valley. A dozen women, immersed up to their necks in the sulphur bath below, nodded good-bye to us as we got a peep at them from the top of the high bank. Descending

again to the level of the river, where the hills retreat on each side and the plain begins, we found ourselves at once in a more southern climate. Enormous olive and fig trees, huge oaks, rich gardens of oranges, lemons, and vines surrounded our pretty bridle-path ; the hills were clothed with chestnuts and carob trees, fruit trees showed above the garden walls, the blue sulphur springs ran in ditches at our side, and in bits of marshy ground we gathered lofty specimens of the reed-mace with its tall spikes of brown-red blossom.

We passed the village of Suio, which gives its name to the valley at the entrance to which it lies, perched on the top of a hill, and forming, with the two broken towers of its old feudal castle, a most picturesque object. One of its ancient citizens, Tommaso of Suio, was among the brilliant groups of savants and politicians at the court of Frederick II. At a later time Suio became one of the fortresses of Terra di Lavoro, and, like Capua, was fortified by order of Pietro delle Vigne in 1239. Now it has a population of only four hundred souls. We ate, as we sat on our donkeys, fresh quince peaches from a tree hanging over the road, as different from the fruit sold in the market as life from death, for in this fruit but a moment ago the living sap of the tree had circulated. We were presented with the last sweet oranges of the season by one of the Mayor of Castelforte's tenants, for to the former gentleman belonged a great part of the land through which we were passing. We rested at one of his farms, under a gigantic oak, and were regaled with muscatel grapes ; then we crossed the dry white bed of a winter torrent, which seems to bring down real avalanches of stones when in its wrath, and climbed the equally stony and painful lanes which lead to the smooth high-road of Castelforte, where we finally arrived about midday. At the entrance of the little town a crowd of gentlemen came to meet our friend the M.P., welcoming him with great warmth. Castelforte boasts a fine feudal castle, built of immense square blocks of stone, on the summit of the hill above the town. It is faced by another mediæval tower on an opposite hill—that of Ventosa, the feudal seat of the Dukes of Traetto. A little below this, and divided from Castelforte by a ravine, is the picturesque village of San Cosimo e Damiano. All these ancient places, high up amid the mountains, are extremely interesting both on account of their beautiful position and their history.

From the windows of our host—in whose quaint dining-room we took our farewell meal, talking politics and drinking to future meetings—we looked down upon the wide plain where once lay four flourishing ancient cities—Minturnæ, Suessa, Sinuessa, and Vescia.

The plain is now one green expanse without a break, the river flows through a solitary land, and only far away on the opposite edge, between Monte Rocca Monfina and Monte Massico, can we just discern Sessa Aurunca, the modern successor of the ancient town.

Our kind host the Mayor accompanied us to the carriage which had been sent for from Formia. It was an old travelling vehicle which looked as if it had come out of a museum, and no doubt, long before railway times, had carried many a traveller on the old road from Terracina to Naples.

The whole population of Castelforte had gathered together to witness our departure, and, after hearty leave-takings with our host, we rattled away at a spanking rate down the hill. We noticed that the women of Castelforte had a peculiar type of countenance, with delicate aquiline features and golden hair, at which we were surprised until we were told that it was bleached with lime in exactly the manner used by the old Romans, the tradition having been handed down by the successive inhabitants of these mountains and practised to this day. We soon reached the plain, and frequently looked back at the castled towns on the heights, and at the inaccessible mountains of Traetto, which towered into the sunset sky in awful majesty—black against the gold. We passed the ruins of the aqueduct—sole remnant of ancient Minturnæ—and crossed the suspension bridge across the Garigliano. The sea-breeze had fallen, and our three horses dropped into a lazy walk as we began the gentle ascent towards Sessa. We had a last glimpse of the river gliding quietly between its willows through the dry and cultivated plain in which Marius could hardly now find a hiding-place. Daylight still lasted long enough to enable us to admire the celebrated beauty of the women of Cascano, a village lying at the top of a hill. We walked, allowing the carriage to precede us, both up and down this hill, stopping on the way a group of girls who were bringing water from the fountain, each bearing an earthen vase on her well-set head. They had tall fine figures and a noble expression of countenance, very Greek, with large solemn eyes. They wear much smaller *magnose* than those of Suio, edged with lace.

In silence they lifted down their water-vessels from their heads, for each had to share in assuaging the travellers' thirst, and the prettiest was obliged to lower her vase twice, as the M.P., with many compliments, begged to drink from *hers* again. His flattery and thanks were accepted with a quiet smile.

As we re-entered our vehicle night fell, and we jogged on listening to the lively conversation carried on between Signor de Simone

and Don Luigi, who, to wile away the time for us, cleverly imitated the hackneyed phrases and manner of different parliamentary speakers. We could only dimly discern the rocks and hills, the ravines or wide fields among which we passed. On the fields fires were burning away the stubble, and the blaze was reflected by the clouds that had gathered in the northern sky, where now and again the summer lightning flashed.

We joined the railway at Sparanise after a drive of five hours, and at Caserta parted with the last of our kind friends, to whom we owed three days of unclouded interest and pleasure.

And now, when from the heights of Naples we look across the Campagna Felice at the distant mountains, we feel that another tract of beautiful Italian land nestled within their recesses has become familiar to us ; a tract deserving the attention of tourists and those in search of health, and to which access will soon be more easy if less romantic.

LILY WOLFFSOHN.

“*EL MAGICO PRODIGIOSO*”
AND “*FAUST.*”

“Es geht nichts über den Genuss würdiger Kunstwerke, wenn er nicht auf Vorurtheil, sondern auf würdiger Kenntniss ruht.”—GOETHE.

Let's write good angel on the devil's horn ;

'Tis not the devil's crest.—*Measure for Measure.*

TRAGEDY is the highest product of the human intellect when that is applied to the drama or to dramatic poetry. Sir Philip Sidney, writing in 1583, speaks, in his “Defence of Poesie,” “of the high and excellent tragedy that openeth the greatest wounds and sheweth forth the ulcers that are covered with tissue : that maketh kings fear to be tyrants, and tyrants to manifest their tyrannical humours ; that, with stirring the effects of admiration and commiseration, teacheth the uncertainty of this world, and upon how weak foundations gilded roofs are builded.” Sidney evidently imagined tragedy to his own mind as dealing chiefly with such stately stories as those of Pelops' line, or of the tale of Troy divine ; and saw, with Milton, the gorgeous Muse in scepter'd pall come sweeping by. Sidney did not realise that wonderful union of regal dignity with human sorrow which Shakspeare blended into the highest ideal of tragedy which the world has seen ; but then Sidney died before Shakspeare wrote for the theatre, and was acted before he was read. Tragedy is that form of dramatic poetry which exhibits action and shows character, passion, pathos, thought, sorrow, crime, by means of dialogue only—dialogue unassisted by narrative, unaided by description. Earnestness is tragic ; sport is comic ; but a drama only attains to its fullest vitality when it is nobly acted to a noble audience. The abstract ideal passion of the poet must be embodied and lived by the mighty actor. Tragedy, which presents the idea of fate ruling or influencing human action, involves a moral conflict between man and fate, and suggests the unseen powers working behind all human action.

But, while the tragic poet, as a rule, suggests the presence behind the action of the Good Spirit and of the Evil Spirit, he has yet but rarely shown these mysterious essences mingling with his human

creations and taking part in the progress of the drama. The Deity always remains invisible ; but the demon has sometimes, though in rare instances, been allowed to tread the boards and to visibly affect human concerns. To find God the Father represented on the stage we must sink far below the poets, and descend to the coarse irreverence and gross blasphemy of monkish miracle-plays. Scherr, in his "*Geschichte der Deutschen Kultur*," quoted by George Henry Lewes, cites a striking instance of this monstrous buffoonery applied to the highest religious themes. During the crucifixion an angel appears to the sleeping Deity, and the following dialogue occurs :—

ANGEL : Eternal Father, you are doing what is not right, and will cover yourself with shame. Your much-beloved son is just dead, and you sleep like a drunkard.

GOD THE FATHER : Is he, then, dead ?

ANGEL : Ay, that he is.

GOD THE FATHER : Devil take me if I know anything about it.

We gladly rise from the priest to the poet. Out of several poetical works in which the attempt has not irreverently been made to let the *dæmon* under human disguise appear upon the scene and act among mortals, there are two works which stand out supremely—Goethe's "*Faust*" and Calderon's "*Mágico Prodigioso* ;" and these two works it will be interesting and profitable critically to consider and to compare. Of our own Marlowe's "*Tragical Historie of Doctor Faustus*" it is not now my hint to speak. Goethe and Calderon are more nearly akin in respect of their spiritual art treatment of Mephistopheles and of Lucifer.

One star differeth from another star in glory, but when we try to compare Goethe with Calderon it must be borne in mind that we are not comparing one star with another, since Goethe is a sun and Calderon only a star, even if a bright one. The true plan of comparison consists in forming first a just estimate of each of the two great dramas, or dramatic poems, separately, and then in bringing the two estimates into conflict and comparison.

Before examining the "*Mágico*" of Calderon, it seems in place to give a condensed account of the man and the leading incidents of his career, and to endeavour to picture to our minds the poet, his time-surroundings, and his sombre if sincere beliefs. Pedro Calderon de la Barca was born 1600 and died in 1681. Like Loyola, he began life as a soldier and ended it as a Churchman. He commenced his career as a dramatic author in 1622, the year before Hemming and Condell collected together all the genuine plays of Shakspeare and published the invaluable "*first folio*"

edition. Calderon entered the Church in 1651 and became chaplain to the Chapel of the Kings at Toledo. Philip IV. of Spain, who died in 1665, was five years younger than Calderon. When, in 1623 our Charles I. visited Madrid on his romantic marriage expedition, Calderon was living in the royal capital of Spain. The prolific Lope de Vega, author of some 1,500 dramatic works, recognised Calderon as his successor as stage poet. Cervantes died in 1617. Velasquez, who, as Murillo also was, was a contemporary of our poet, painted the cession of Breda to Spinola in 1645; and it is probable that Calderon, as a soldier of Spain, was present when the keys of the city were yielded to the conqueror.

Calderon was the contemporary of many of our dramatic poets of the Elizabethan age, of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, of Ford, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, and also of Shirley; and his life and work included the time of the Restoration and its comedy, and covered part of the career of Dryden. Of the events of history which occurred during the long life of the Spanish dramatist no notice need be taken here. It seems improbable that he was acquainted with English dramatic literature, and Calderon himself was not known in England until after the Restoration. Indeed, the first real discovery of Calderon as an European poet was made by August Wilhelm von Schlegel, to whose writings on the subject we shall refer later on. Calderon was the youngest of four children, and was educated in the Jesuit College. His parents belonged to the class of gentry, his father having been secretary to the Treasury Board under Philip II. and Philip III., while his mother was descended from a good Flemish family long settled in Castile. They are said to have been virtuous and discreet persons. Calderon was a prolific writer for the stage. He is credited with more than 120 dramas and with some 70 *autos sacramentales*, or religious masques or mysteries, and with several *fiestas*, or festival pieces, written on occasions of national fêtes or rejoicings. He wrote, by preference, in the trochaic line of seven or eight syllables, and relied upon the *assonants* or rhymes, which are not full rhymes, but require only that the vowels should accord. There would seem to be in this metre a certain fatal facility which leads to length, an instance of which may be found in the long speeches of Sigismund in the "*Vida es Sueño*." His best works—those works which most fitly display his characteristic talents—are probably his comedies and dramatic romances, either historical or of cloak and of sword. In these latter he depicts with equal skill and charm a world that took the pleasures of life boldly, and was not restrained by conscience from cultivating

and enjoying to the full intrigues and amours. The mimic stage, which presents to men a magic mirror in which all human life which rises above the commonplace sees itself reflected, was filled by Calderon with true and lively effigies of Spanish cavaliers and Spanish ladies. His figures, if conventional, are lifelike, and his pictures portray manners truly. Of his *fiestas* it is not necessary to speak. It is the *autos* concerning which the opinion of criticism is most strongly divided. In these Calderon quits the earth, upon which his footing is so secure and his step so firm, for theology and for religious miracles and mysteries. In his comedies, one of the best is, I think, "Beware of Smooth Water." He is ingenious, animated, full of invention and of fire and colour, and he can depict love intrigues, jealousies, quarrels, successes, with real mastery. In construction he is able, in situation skilful. His strength does not lie in drawing character, nor is his gift of humour great, though he makes due use of the *gracioso*, or low-comedy clown. He cannot fairly be accused of indecency, though his comedy morality may be open to question. "One great and infallible sign of the absence of spiritual power is the presence of the slightest taint of obscenity," says Ruskin ; and Calderon does not descend to obscenity. He has not drawn a single character which lives as a figure in European thought. With Calderon the incidents or occurrences are the main thing. Unlike Shakspeare, he does not use events in order to illustrate character, greatly conceived and nobly drawn, but he uses his personages with a view to assist and illustrate event. There is not much evidence of *heart* in the work of Calderon ; nor does he, true, perhaps, to his land and time, care to depict ideal love. His excellence consists rather in easy invention than in true creation. He does not always touch the passions with a master hand.

Goethe wrote and said much about Calderon, but many of his opinions, especially those recorded by Riemer in his "Mittheilungen," are so well known that it is not necessary to do more than slightly to refer to them here ; while many of his criticisms, recorded elsewhere, are less known, and it may be well worth while to cite them. Goethe's criticisms on other writers are always as generous as they are luminous ; and Goethe valued Calderon to the utmost of his worth, while he never pushed praise beyond that high limit. Goethe naturally and rightly ranked Calderon's merely dramatic above his religious work. The depth of Christian meaning which many find, or affect to find, in Calderon was not so apparent to great Goethe. Thus, speaking of the "Steadfast Prince," Goethe said that, though many put the Prince forward as a Christian martyr,

he could only term him a Christian Regulus. Goethe praises one dramatic work as *so galant wie irgend ein Stück von Calderon*. Goethe says that the Spanish dramatist had no influence whatever upon him, whether for evil or for good ; but he adds that Calderon might have misled Schiller, since Calderon is *unendlich gross im Technischen und Theatralischen*, is infinitely great in technicality and theatricalism ; while Schiller was so much greater *im Wollen*, in aims and objects. Influenced by Calderon, Schiller might have lost something of his superiority without attaining to the special excellence of the Spaniard. Goethe praises highly Calderon's *unbegreiflicher Verstand in der Construction, und Genie in der Erfindung* ; his inconceivable talent in construction and genius in invention ; and the German poet lays stress upon *die unendliche Produktivität des Calderon, und Leichtigkeit des Gusses, wie wenn man Bleisoldaten oder Kugeln giesse*.

That is, Goethe lauds the infinite productiveness of Calderon and the ease with which he pours forth his work, as if casting leaden soldiers or bullets out of a mould. Calderon *ist ein grosser Dichter ; nur eine gewisse freche Rhetorik müsste man ihm zugestehen* ; a great poet, but one must admit a certain tawdry rhetoric. Goethe admired his voluptuous colour as a distinguishing characteristic of Calderon rather than his power of drawing character, a quality in which he ranks Calderon much below Shakspeare. In comedies of intrigue Calderon is particularly a master. Goethe was delighted with Gries's translation of Calderon. The great Spaniard was a practical playwright, and the effect of his pieces on the stage is with him the first and the last thing. When Goethe was director of the Weimar Theatre he was active and zealous in producing Calderon upon its boards.

It may be well to cite here a few of the broad general opinions expressed by critics about Calderon. Salfi, for instance, cannot read Calderon without indignation, and accuses him of having no other aim but to make his genius subservient to the lowest prejudices and superstitions of his countrymen. Sismondi terms Calderon the poet of the Inquisition. Hallam's estimate of him is very frigid. Southey found matter for ridicule in some of the *autos*. Archbishop Trench terms him "the last great poet who will be found in the Roman Catholic Church as distinguished from, and, alas ! sometimes as contrasted with, the universally Christian art of poetry ;" and he adds, in another place, "I would not in the least keep out of sight that Calderon, a zealous Romanist, and that, too, after the Spanish fashion, writes earnestly as such ; and sometimes, therefore,

in the interests of his Church, as distinct from and opposite to the interests of eternal truth.” Shack, in an eloquent panegyric, lauds highly the religious tendencies of Calderon’s *autos*; but two thorough partisans of the poet remain to be noticed. These are Friedrich Schlegel and his brother, August Wilhelm von Schlegel.

Of August Wilhelm, the cavalier of Madame de Staël, Gottschall says that he *nur ein formelles und philologisches Talent besass*; that his talent was only formal and philological. He, like his brother, was a learned man, but he put so many coals upon a small fire that it could only feebly burn. He rendered good service as a translator of Shakspeare and of Calderon; but, as Goethe says, *alle Gelehrsamkeit ist noch kein Urtheil* (all the learning in the world confers no critical powers); and A. W. Schlegel is not eminent as a poet or really important as a critic. His judgment is warped, one-sided, poor; and he has no love, and therefore no light. He is *doctrinaire* and dry. *Denn im Grunde reicht doch Schlegel’s eigenes Persönchen nicht hin so hohe Naturen* (those of Shakspeare and Calderon) *zu begreifen, und gehörig zu schätzen*: “Schlegel is too small a creature to be able to comprehend and properly to estimate such high natures as those of Shakspeare and Calderon”—so says Goethe.

Tieck, to do him justice, was a much greater man than was either of the Schlegels; and Tieck does not concur in the Schlegel estimate of Calderon. Tieck ranks Calderon much below Shakspeare, and finds in him no evidence of the *grosse Vernunft* of our great dramatist. Tieck calls Calderon “a mannerist,” though he applies the term in a good sense. Goethe also stigmatises Calderon as “conventional.”

The high priests of the Romantic School, so called, which also became a Romanist school, were the Schlegels, Tieck, Novalis, and Zacharias Werner. Theirs was a *dilettante* plunge into mediæval art and into Catholicism. It was a sickly and affected school, started by men who were neither genuine nor even thoroughly in earnest. “Theory was bursting with absurdities” amongst them. Belonging to that unvirile class out of which such converts are commonly made, Friedrich Schlegel joined the Church of Rome in 1805, and plunged with Werner *kopfüber* into Catholic reaction. For this school Shakspeare was “too Protestant;” and Goethe, the Voltaire of Germany, Herder and Luther, were fiercely attacked; and Calderon became *die ideale Blüthe aller Poesie* (the ideal blossom of all poetry).

Calderon in his one aspect was the very poet for such men as the Schlegels. Their souls are dissolved into half-real, half-affected

ecstasies by his *autos*. They rank him above Shakspeare. Oehlenschläger describes Friedrich Schlegel and his *ironisch-fettes Gesicht* (his fatly ironical face), which betokened a convert who, in half sincerity, was full of the mischievous freaks by means of which he sought to prove zeal and to attain to *reclame*. Schlegel put in evidence his efforts to stupefy his former self, to proclaim his new doctrines, and to prove his degradation. Of course men like the Schlegels both envied and hated Goethe, and the great tolerant sage has seldom spoken so severely as he did of foes whose tendencies he despised so thoroughly. Of August Wilhelm's "Ion," Gottschall says that *der Inhalt ist so ärmlich und undramatisch wie möglich*; and yet Goethe, in his noble tolerance, and in his desire to give any poet a fair chance, produced this play on the stage at Weimar. Friedrich Schlegel's "Alarcos" is a "barbarous mixture of Greek and of Spanish romanticism;" yet Goethe gave it its opportunity on his stage, though the result was a *fiasco*. The theatre echoed with a tumult of mocking laughter; and then the Jupiter arose and called out in his powerful voice: "Silence! silence!" The piece was a total failure on the boards. "Beauty, like limpid water, must be drawn from a pure well;" and yet Friedrich Schlegel, the romantic Romanist, is the author of "Lucinde" (1799), a poem which is, says Gottschall, *eine Mischung vom Bordell und Atelier*. Goethe speaks of the *Pfiffigkeit*, of the cunning of Werner and the Schlegels; and again, talking to Boisserée, he complained *über die Unredlichkeit der Schlegel und Tieck* (of the dishonesty of the Schlegels and Tieck). *In den höchsten Dingen versiren und daneben Absichten haben und gemein seyn, das ist schändlich*. Of August von Schlegel's attack on Molière Goethe said that Schlegel felt that Molière would have turned *him* into ridicule if he had met with him in life. The Schlegels, in their jealousy of Goethe, tried to set up Tieck as the rival of the author of "Faust," but such an effort was naturally vain. When August was in Weimar, Goethe gave a great party in his honour. Schlegel, after his manner, tried hard to "show off" before the ladies; and Goethe said privately to Eckermann, *er ist freilich in vieler Hinsicht kein Mann*, he is certainly in some aspects no man; but then the noble poet went on to praise the learning and the merits of a guest for whom he could feel but little real sympathy.

We have now obtained a glimpse of the chief partisans of the Spanish dramatist, and have had the advantage of hearing their opinions of the poet and also the opinions of the wisest, greatest man of his time, a man who knew the Schlegels and could thoroughly appreciate Calderon.

Calderon belonged to the Spain which finds its representative ruler in Philip II. His comedies, "poured like bullets out of one mould," are those of his works which have for us the greatest attraction and the highest charm. It is improbable that he could have known more than the mere names of the Elizabethan dramatists, if he even knew the names; but several of his productions might have been based upon hints given by our poets. Thus, "We are such stuff as dreams are made of" might have served as a motto or text to preach from to his "*La Vida es Sueño*." His fine allegory, which contains the noble line, "Act your best, for God is God," and which he calls the "Great Theatre of the World," might have had for its sponsor "All the world's a stage;" or Heywood's "The world's a theatre, the earth a stage." Goethe, a critic as capable as impartial, preferred the comedies and plays; Schlegel, a convert of affectation, naturally preferred the *autos*. It must be borne in mind that Calderon had to write in subjection to the censorship of the Inquisition; but there is little evidence to show that he felt himself greatly lamed or hindered by the priestcraft of his land and time. His nature was subdued to what it worked in. Calderon, like Dante, was scarcely greater than his Church; and yet we love to fancy the soul of the dramatist struggling, if unconsciously, to free itself from its dark environment; and we imagine gladly a wistful gaze trying to pierce through the black shadow which fell between him and the light. He sometimes seems to transcend his bigoted, narrow limitations and surroundings. The soul, pressed down by the priest, seems at moments to escape into the free air in which the poet best can live. No dramatist could probably have less felt the restraint and restrictions of his Church when dealing with high themes; and yet Calderon must, we like to think, have yearned occasionally at least to soar beyond the shadow of the sacerdotal night. His art undoubtedly suffers from the laming influence of the priest whenever the adroit dramatist essays themes which lie outside the comedy of manners or the drama of romance.

It may be disputed whether the "*Mágico Prodigioso*" should be classed as an *auto* or as a tragedy, but it will rank higher if estimated as an *auto* rather than as a tragedy. How much greater would Calderon himself, and therefore his works, have been, had his lines, in the time in which he lived, been cast in the country of Shakespeare!

The "Faust" legend is a creation of the Northern imagination. There is no evidence known to me to prove that Calderon had heard of the Teutonic conception of the visible workings of the evil

spirit. It seems likely that the "Mágico" was based upon Surius, *De probatis Sanctorum historiis*, t. v., Col. Agr. 1574; *Vita et Martyrium SS. Cypriani et Justinæ, autore Simone Metaphraste*; and also on chapter cxliii. of the *Legenda Aurea* of Jacobus de Voragine de *Santa Justina virgine*.

Cyprian—Thascius Cæcilius Cyprianus—lived between 200 and 258, and was bishop of Carthage. In 245-46 he was baptised as a Christian by Cæcilius (whose name he adopted) presbyter of Carthage. Under the persecution of the Christians by Decius, in 250, Cyprian had to fly, but under the milder rule of Gallus he returned. He was banished (253) by the consul Valerian. He was beheaded in Carthage. Gibbon says of him: "He possessed every quality which could engage the reverence of the faithful or provoke the suspicions and resentment of the pagan magistrates." The character and the fate of Cyprian of Carthage would, doubtless, be known to Calderon. There is a memorable passage in Gibbon on the subject of martyrdom for religious opinion and faith, which, well known as it is, it seems good to quote here. Gibbon says (chapter xvi.):—

It must, however, be acknowledged that the conduct of the Emperors who appeared the least favourable to the Primitive Church is by no means so criminal as that of modern sovereigns, who have employed the arm of violence and terror against the religious opinions of any part of their subjects. [Gibbon here alludes specially to Charles V. and Louis XIV.] The multitude of Christians in the Roman Empire on whom a capital punishment was inflicted by a judicial sentence will be reduced to somewhat less than two thousand persons. . . . Even admitting, without hesitation or inquiry, all that history has recorded or devotion has feigned on the subject of martyrdoms, it must still be acknowledged that the Christians, in the course of their intestine dissensions, have inflicted far greater severities on each other than they had experienced from the zeal of infidels. . . . The Church of Rome defended by violence the empire which she had acquired by fraud: a system of peace and benevolence was soon disgraced by proscriptions, wars, massacres, and the institution of the Holy Office.

. . . In the Netherlands alone, more than one hundred thousand of the subjects of Charles V. are said to have suffered by the hand of the executioner; and this extraordinary number is attested by Grotius, a man of genius and learning, who preserved his moderation amidst the fury of contending sects. . . . If we are obliged to submit our belief to the authority of Grotius, it must be allowed that the number of Protestants who were executed in a single province and a single reign far exceeded that of the primitive martyrs in the space of three centuries and of the Roman Empire.

In dealing with Calderon's "Mágico" we have the advantage of two translations of mark—one by Mr. Denis Florence MacCarthy, the other by the late Edward FitzGerald. The translation of Mr. MacCarthy may be nearer to the metre of the original, while that of FitzGerald pierces more nearly to the meaning of Calderon. Mr.

MacCarthy's work in its stress and strain gives evidence of being a translation, while FitzGerald's rendering, as does his version of “*Omár Khyáyám*,” seems to be, not a translation, but an original poem, written in stately lines of vigour, purity, force and melody. The rich harmony of FitzGerald's blank verse gives us the idea that Calderon might have written in English. FitzGerald paraphrases and omits, but he gives us the best of Calderon, and renders nobly the entire essence of the poet. George Henry Lewes has a pregnant passage on this difficult art of translation. He says : “ I do not say that a translator cannot produce a fine poem in imitation of an original poem, but I utterly disbelieve in the possibility of his giving us a work which can be to us what the original is to those who read it.” Goethe, on the other hand, maintains that it is a note of greatest work that the ideas are in themselves so powerful that they can be reproduced and conveyed through translation. Shelley has given us a free and musical rendering of a portion of the “*Mágico* ;” but we may esteem ourselves fortunate to possess two such translations as those of MacCarthy and FitzGerald. The scene of the play opens in a little wood near Antioch. “ And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch.” Cyprian appears in a student's gown attended by two young, poor scholars, who carry the master's books. The philosopher has sought retirement for study because it is the day when Antioch, the mighty city, celebrates with festive rejoicings

The great temple newly finished
Unto Jupiter ; the bearing
Thither, also, of his image
Publicly, in grand procession.

Calderon depicts Cyprian as a sage, a rhetorician, a scholar, who has yet some touch left of the Spanish *pundonor*. Cyprian is also a pagan agnostic, a heathen sceptic ; and, though he is the “ wonder of the schools,” he doubts the gods of heathendom, and feels ignorantly after that Unknown God whom St. Paul declared unto men. Cyprian is studying “ this last Roman,” Caius Plinius, and yearns after a God who shall be

One all-informing, individual whole,
All eye, all ear, all self, all sense, all soul ;

when to him enters Lucifer attired as a merchant ; and the evil spirit, incarnate in the flesh, appears upon the wonder-working scene. In tragedy, the Evil One, whose occult workings are often suggested, yet remains commonly invisible, and, present to the thinker, is not

revealed to the spectator. Calderon shows us Lucifer in the guise of humanity, and his drama becomes a miracle-play.

Satan and the scholar soon become engaged in high argument, and the fiend uses dark speech, pregnant with cynical suggestion and chilling with scornful doubt. Cyprian doubts the gods of Polytheism and distrusts Zeus himself. Lucifer bids him "eat, drink, be merry." Up to this time the scholar knows only a wandering merchant learned in sophistry and in the lore of the schools.

To them enter Lelio and Floro, two young gallants, who belong more nearly to Madrid than to Antioch, and who, rival lovers of Justina, are about to settle their claims by the sword. Calderon's genius for love intrigue renders this scene very lively and striking. The mild wisdom and sage eloquence of Cipriano have their due influence with the incensed lovers ; they agree to suspend their quarrel until the great master shall have visited the lady to ascertain which of the two she prefers. Justina, the fair and chaste, is painted as

Scarce of earth, nor all divine,

and the lovers go out with Cipriano, who is to execute his delicate mission without delay. The devil, in the drama as in life, often tempts men to their ruin by means of woman's love ; and Lucifer, who now reveals himself to the audience for what he is, but who seems a dæmon by no means very astute or very powerful, declares his intention of ruining the souls of scholar and of maiden. He hates Justina,

Whom I have long and vainly from the ranks
Striv'n to seduce of Him, the woman-born ;

but it appears that this poor fiend has so little supernatural prevision or occult powers of combination that

Two fools have put into my hand
The snare that, wanting most, I might have missed.

Mephisto needed no suggestions from fools. We must now see how Cipriano fares on his embassy. The time is that of the persecution of Christians in Antioch, and Justina is secretly a Christian, liable to be denounced and exposed to danger of death. Cipriano has not this key to her motives and actions, and supposes that she is only cold towards love. He does not see that she, a Christian, would not listen to the love of any pagan. However, he pleads ardently the cause of the rival lovers, but finds that they must despair. He asks : "Is the throne preoccupied ?" and is told enigmatically, "By one that Antioch little dreams of." Cipriano himself falls in love with Justina, and Lucifer says :

The shaft has hit the mark ; and by the care
Of hellish surgery shall fester there,

Alexander VI., the infamous Borgia Pope, when he rode to meet "his eyes and his heart," Madonna Adriana and Giulia Farnese, was attired as a cavalier, wearing sword and dagger, Spanish boots, a black velvet doublet, and a velvet barret cap ; and Cipriano in the second act appears, for love of Justina, in the habit of a cavalier, with feather in his cap. Love has changed the scholar into a gallant, but we learn that he had not been fortunate as a wooer. It seems that,

For me
She closest veils herself, or waves aloof
In scorn.

And the resolute Justina, with her secret motives for action, tells the sage that she

Will never but in death be his.

In the despair of his passionate, vain love the demented scholar cries :

I would, to possess this woman,
Give my soul —

and the demon, now about to become known to Cipriano for the first time, answers :

And I accept it !

The dramatist, divided between poetry and priestcraft, makes Lucifer declare himself as he might do were he trying to pass an examination before a college of theology. The Evil One's statement of the case would be approved by any sacerdotal censor ; and yet this speech of Lucifer is a noble passage, the mighty line being nobly translated, with all his characteristic swing and melody, by FitzGerald. A compact, signed with his blood, is entered into between the scholar and the fiend, and Satan promises to procure Justina for the lover and to teach magic to the sage. The storm ceases, and the apparition of a vessel shows Justina to the man who has just sold his soul in order to possess her.

Cipriano undertakes to study magic for a year, locked in a mountain with his preceptor, and the twain depart in that "wondrous Argo" that sails for

Such Hesperides
As glow with more than dragon-guarded gold.

Be it observed, in a parenthesis, that the theatrical machinery of the stage for which Calderon worked must have been excellent. Stage-mountains are moved by the cunning of the scene ; storms rise and cease ; magic barks appear and disappear. The scenic resources of Madrid theatres must have been great.

There is in this play, or *auto*, a comic underplot relating to one Livia and her lovers ; but the whole of this business is trivial and wearisome. Mr. MacCarthy renders it all, but FitzGerald does not deign to translate the low comedy of the piece.

Act III. opens "before the mountain" that we wot of. Cipriano's year's apprenticeship is complete. He is a master magician, and desires the fulfilment of the devil's compact and the possession of Justina. Lucifer proceeds to tempt Justina. Soft music floats around her and her senses are steeped in images of sensual delight. Meanwhile Satan whispers at her ear, as he did at the ear of Eve ; but all in vain. Justina remains firm in her purity, and calls upon the sacred name of Jesus Christ. The impotent and easily baffled fiend recoils. He has magic enough to give a theatrical representation, but knows nothing of that subtler magic that can seduce and win a soul. When the virtue of dear Gretchen seemed quite impregnable, Mephisto found out a way ; but Calderon's Lucifer can effect nothing.

Enter to Cipriano a veiled figure of Justina. Inflamed with mad longing the enraptured lover clasps it in his arms, when the veil falls away and reveals a skeleton, which exclaims morally, vanishing as it speaks :

Behold ! the world and its delight
Is dust and ashes, dust and ashes——

The maddened Cipriano calls on Lucifer. A greater master knows how to make his fiend powerful or terrible, but Calderon's dæmon is neither powerful nor terrible, and can only offer lame and futile excuses for his gross failure. The blood-signed bond still exists, but Satan has evidently failed to keep his part of the compact. Now comes a case of Satan casting out Satan, of Satan divided against himself ; for the fiend, when straitly interrogated, admits all that it is his interest to conceal. He concedes reluctantly that Justina was saved by the God of the Christians, and that He is more powerful than the Prince of this world. The premonitions of Cipriano as to the existence of an ideal God find their realisation in this God of the Christians, and, calling upon Him, he escapes from Lucifer. Cipriano thanks the God who saved Justina from his unholy desires. In his remorse and regret he sees how vain are

All the guilty wishes of this world.

He resigns his wand ; he abjures magic ; and, more than all, he becomes an ardent convert to Christianity !

To such a pass has Calderon's Satan brought all these tangled

matters. The result is edifying, but the process must gratify the priest rather than the poet. Antichrist has plumply and naïvely served the Christ.

The hall of justice in Antioch. Justina,
This cursèd woman, whose fair face and foul
Behaviour was the city's talk and trouble,
Now proved a sorceress, is well condemned,

and waits her death ; when Cipriano, in a sort of noble madness of conversion and defiance, enters and declares that he too is a Christian. Doomed also to death he falls senseless to the ground, and then Justina appears, passing to her death, and is left alone with her former lover. This terrible last interview, dealt with by such a poet as Ford, would have been a scene of profound power and pathos ; but Calderon, a hybrid, composed in part of practical dramatist, in part of technical theologian, wholly neglects the human element, and Justina acts chiefly as Cipriano's chaplain. She admits, however, at the very last, that her heart had yearned to him

Across the gulf
That yet it dared not pass.

The twain are united, theologically, in death, as Christian martyrs ; and it only remains to heap one crowning indignity upon the contemptible and unfortunate Lucifer, who, floating in the air upon a winged serpent, above the scaffold on which lie the headless corpses of Cipriano and Justina, is constrained to confess alike his failure and his faults, and to preach true orthodox doctrine before he sinks into the earth.

So ends the marvellous miracle-play which, however it may fail wholly to charm poet and critic, must yet certainly have yielded the fullest contentment to the Inquisition.

Johnson says : " The topicks of devotion are few, and being few, are universally known ; but, few as they are, they can be made no more ; they can receive no grace from novelty of sentiment, and very little from novelty of expression."

The stage is a magician, with strange and singular gifts and powers, who exacts rigidly his dues both from subject and from treatment. Indeed, the boards of the stage slope so much downwards to the lights that it is hard to erect upon them a pulpit which will stand upright and remain steady.

Turning from the "Mágico" to "Faust," with what a different feeling we are filled ! Measures have been taken to prevent trees growing into the skies, but Goethe's altitude of idea seems to know scarcely any limit. How the imagination is sublimed as we transcend

the narrow limits of a constricting creed and rise to the loftiness of noble Christianity! Calderon's doctrines are dark and restricted; Goethe's belong to the service which is perfect freedom. The priest yields place to the angel. There is in "Faust" no lowering of divine ideals to the circumscription and confine of priestly limitation; there is in the "Mágico" but little escape into the loftier regions of ideal truth. The noble theme which Goethe created upon the basis of the old Faust legend rises into the loftiest idealisms, and soars almost beyond the reaches of our souls. An ardent soul, desirous of storming the very skies, life weary, having exhausted all human learning, is withheld from suicide, and turns to the black art and to the eager demon. Led through flat commonplace, after acquiring restored youth, Faust is plunged into sensual love, and, while causing such unutterable woe and wrong, finds that all devil-given joy is but dust and ashes.

Mephisto is a fiend of infernal power, and can enter with demoniacal possession into the souls of Gretchen and of Faust. Gretchen is the sweetest, saddest victim which poetry outside of and below the Shakspeare women has created. Mephisto seems triumphant, and has full power given to him until the harvest. It required a second part of the great tragedy in order fully to work out the final triumph of Good over Evil, of God over Satan. Calderon makes his demon impotent and baffled *ab initio*; Goethe's tragedy is supernatural and infranatural, but is also divinely human. In the presence of his fiend we shudder at a hellish being who is not one of our like. And then the humour of Frau Marthe Schwerdtlein, and the deep pathos of the fate of poor Gretchen! It is to be noticed that in the sublime last scene of the Second Part, Goethe cites those passages of Holy Writ which are the bases and the warrants for his great conception of the Evangel of Redemption. Our very souls respond to the gigantic mental difference between Goethe and Calderon, to the glorious poetry of the German, to the range and power of his intellect, to the wealth of his imagination, and to the height and depth of his spiritual insight. The lofty poem which ends with the ultimate victory of God has, at its beginning, and has most fitly, that Prologue in Heaven in which the great spiritual problem of the play is suggested in such noble melody and through such profound thought.

The learned Rabbi Rambam, called Maimonides, who lived in Cairo between 1135 and 1204, when Arab philosophers were disputing about the nature and operation of the divine knowledge and wisdom, interposed, saying :

"To endeavour to understand the divine knowledge is as though we endeavoured to be God Himself, so that our perception should be as His. It is absolutely impossible for us to attain this kind of perception. If we could explain it to ourselves we should possess the intelligence which gives this kind of perception."

Goethe agreed in opinion with Maimonides. He felt with reverent awe that we cannot fully comprehend God or pierce to the mysteries of the divine nature and actions ; but he recognised deeply all that is revealed, all that it is given to man at his highest to know or to apprehend, and he, too, could dare to justify the ways of God to man.

FitzGerald, in his swinging, sonorous verse, translates the chorus in the "Agamemnon" :—

Oh, Helen, Helen, Helen ! oh, fair name
And fatal, of the fatal fairest dame
That ever blest or blinded human eyes !
Of mortal women Queen beyond compare.

There are one or two curious things in literature in connection with Helen's cheek if not her heart ; things which may or may not—there is no clear evidence on the point—have been known to Goethe ; but which it seems worth while to put on record here.

In Plato's "Republic," Book IX., Chap. X. (translated by Henry Davis, M.A.), it is written : "Hence also they must fight about these things, as Stesichorus says those at Troy fought about the image of Helen, through ignorance of the true one." A scholarly friend, the Rev. J. M. Rodwell, informs me that this Stesichorus was a Sicilian poet who flourished about B.C. 600, and wrote a poem, or *Palinodia*, about Helen, of which fragments are included in Gaisford's collection of Greek minor poets. "I also find similar stories about the mythical character of Helena in Philostratus's 'Life of Apollonius of Tyana,' that strangest of mountebanks," says the Rev. Mr. Rodwell. Simon Magus, or magician, is pilloried to everlasting infamy in the Acts as the sorcerer who, when he saw that, through laying on of the Apostles' hands the Holy Ghost was given, offered them money, saying, "Give me also this power ;" to whom Peter replied : "Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money." In the "Clementis Romani Epistolæ," edited by Adolphus Hilgenfeld (Leipzig, 1886), occurs a passage referring to Simon Magus and to Helen, which my learned friend thus renders for me : "There was a certain John, a disciple of Simon Magus, who was a Hemerobaptist,¹

¹ The Hemerobaptists were a curious sect who seemed to have thought, says Mosheim, that the oftener they baptise the holier and happier are they ; and they, therefore, would receive baptism every day if they could.

and had thirty disciples, to correspond with the days of the month, and a certain woman called Helena, for a definite purpose—viz.: that as a woman is an imperfect part of a man, so she might complete the proper number of the monthly days when they are thirty-one. After the death of this John, Simon travelled about in the company of Helena, teaching that she had come down upon earth out of the highest heavens, and that for her sake the Greeks and barbarians waged war with one another, deeming her an image of truth." The date of the Clementines is the latter part of the second century, about 160 of our era.

In literary criticism comparison is, if half unconsciously, an attempt to find likeness in the works considered, while contrast is an effort to detect disparity; and if we begin by comparing Calderon's "Mágico" with Goethe's "Faust" we inevitably end by contrasting the two works. The one is so narrow and imperfect; the other is so majestic and so complete. Calderon preaches didactically, while Goethe shows and teaches through the purest forms of delightful art. Calderon's "Mágico" extorts a very qualified admiration, while "Faust" remains one of the masterpieces of the world, one of the highest productions of human intellect, insight, imagination.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON

OUR VAGABONDS HUMAN AND FEATHERED.

THE humours of sign-painting, as to paradox, comprehensiveness, or inscrutability, especially when we come upon these sign-boards as quaint revelations, are delightful to contemplate. Frequently with them, as with much else on this planet of ours, "things are not what they seem." Who of us in travelling by the cliffs of Antrim or the wilds of Donegal, amidst the grandeur of Morven or through the Moor of Rannoch, along the picturesque coast of Cornwall or amongst the silvery reaches of the Wye, has failed to observe, and not without a smile, the quaint legend inscribed over the door of some wayside hostelry, "Refreshments for Man and Beast"? The cottage may be unpretentious to the last degree, yet clean and sweet-looking withal, with the accumulated thatch of generations on its lowly roof—thatch tenderly folded in by a coverlet of green moss and golden stonecrop, which Time's hovering hand has been weaving through storm and shine for many a day. To our delight and wonder, often, however, on alighting, we, mayhap, have been courteously ushered into a delightful, clean parlour, with floor well sanded if not carpeted, and, as that fine old gentleman, Izaak Walton, the poet-angler, has it, "with lavender in the windows and twenty ballads stuck about the wall." As a rule, we find, too, that the homely fare is as delicious to our whetted appetite as that which he describes with his dainty wholesome humour: "The dish of meat we will have is too good for any but anglers or very honest men; and if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge."

If we were asked by the immortal Dr. Johnson to define at the present moment the term "Vagabond," it is probable that that ponderous, erudite genius would be ill-satisfied with a definition one tithe less elaborate than, "A Vagrant: one wandering from place to place, having no certain dwelling, or not abiding in it, and usually without the means of honest livelihood." But, in the interests of humanity, and much that is sweet and perfect on this planet of ours,

is not this definition somewhat like a desolating whirlwind, which not only reaps with sharp sickle the earth's rich grain, but at the same time ruthlessly carries it away? We would qualify its finality. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," and there are many delightful creatures, apart from human bipeds, who are classed under the comprehensive "vagabond," yet who, while in their own modest sphere can accomplish Heaven's sweet will, are happy and honest in all their wandering and work.

Let us go abroad, and afoot, together, on the breezy highway in this shining summer day. While we trudge along with light heart and keen, reposeful eye, our hand and our heart open to every genial, honest soul we meet, we shall be all the better able to get a passing glimpse of "vagabonds," both human and feathered, for in the bird-world as well as in human society there are wanderers whom we could ill spare.

We may fitly begin with ourselves ere we consider our feathered friends, whose domain is as large as this green shining earth, from sea to sea. As to the choice of their happy homesteads, or where they will spend the summer, they have decidedly the advantage over us. They sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet they are happy and contented, and, on the whole, find life sweet. The rising or falling of all the Bourses in Europe does not affect their share list, and their little hearts are saved the affliction of the latest bulletins from the wars. Fire and sword may wreck cities and change frontier-lines, but their pendant homes are always safe and leafy bowered, and they have a life-rent of all that their wings can compass, even to the ends of the earth.

With reference to the human vagrant, if we would see vagabond life, not in its squalor, amidst pothouse exhalations and clothed in rags, but in its fresh, picturesque, and not by any means dishonourable existence, we must take to the breezy highway, with the sweet sunlight of heaven on our face and no shadow of the world or human care within our souls.

Let us assume the *rôle* of vagabond, then, for a brief space, treading the hard grit of the healthy highway together, and touching humanity at instructive angles in village and town. What though the millionaire pass us by in his liveried chariot, supremely unconscious of poor pedestrian wights, we can afford to let him roll on, and felicitate ourselves on this royal privilege we have—the liberty of going afoot anywhere on this fair earth of ours at our own sweet will. We do not require to invest anything in our journey; so, if we keep a cheerful heart, a keen eye, and be satisfied with moderate returns, all

involved in that state of grace which true pilgrims must possess, we shall return both wiser and happier for our journey.

Ah ! we are in luck, even at the outset. There, before us, is a scene not only of present charm, but worthy of being retained as a quiet picturesque memory : an exquisite bit of Nature and humanity combined, a gipsy encampment down in the green hollow there, amongst the golden gorse, and under the shelter of the dark belt of pines. What a picturesque cluster they are, old and young, as they encircle the camp-fire ! Two strong, swarthy-looking men are engaged in tinkering ; whilst two women, who, even under such adverse conditions, are decidedly beautiful, are mending some garments of the little community. The patriarch of the company, old and bent, sits by the fire, smoking in calm contemplation. Over the blazing faggots stands a triangle, at the apex of which hangs a huge caldron attended to by an old crone, tall and gaunt, and who, without any additional stage garniture, could step at once into the rôle of the first weird sister in " Macbeth." Half-a-dozen frolicsome brats are tumbling about in that glorious *déshabille* which essentially belongs to the children of nomads, their beaming laughter literally *shining through* faces of long-standing nigritude. The company's huge yellow-painted caravan and their tent are in the background, at the very fringe of the fir wood ; whilst in the foreground their white mare, with a quiet happiness, crops the long luxuriant grass. The whole picture is delightfully fascinating, and, coming on us like a revelation, as it has done, has to us a charm which far exceeds in picturesque effect and human interest the finest canvas of Jacob Ruysdael or Claude Lorraine.

But, beyond the picturesque setting of the scene before us, there is a romance about the personality of these gipsies which is fascinating in the extreme. They seem to be contented ; and, if not demonstrative in their joy, they have a quiet happiness which is more enduring and better than mirth. There is another, and not the least pleasing, feature in the little community—the hereditary look of solid comfort in their faces, strong and seated, as if of the growth of generations. The hunted, *cowed* look of the shiftless and seedy vagrant has no place here. That they have money in the camp it does not require the most subtle power of analysis to see ; and though they may not have a place in any share list of our commercial centres, they have that which is infinitely more satisfactory—sweet content, a competence for the present, and an ample margin to keep them from the frontier-line of adversity or want.

These wanderers have another charm—the vague surmises which

they raise in our minds as to their touch with humanity in the varied scenes which their lives have compassed. The infinite variety of place and circumstance which has been the warp and woof of the web of their destiny is supremely suggestive, and could furnish many a reverie of inexhaustible romance. Tradition ascribes the cradle of their race to Egypt, whilst the earliest voice of History places their first home under the shadow of the Himalayas. If they have been sent forth, like Cain, to be vagabonds and wanderers over all the earth, the terms of the mystic fiat were never announced to the world, and its seal-royal shall never be known to mortal ken. If ever a curse was given it has been long ago revoked, and no brand is now on their brow. They come upon us like a vision, wholesome, picturesque, and pleasant to look at withal, work at their craft, sell their handiwork, strike their tents, and, like a dream, glide again into the infinite, from whence they came. Amongst the vagrants of earth they are undoubtedly the real, genuine article, the Simon-pure "Original Company," as theatrical parlance has it; and, upon the whole, the recording centuries have never disputed their letters patent. As they are now so they were in the days of our grandfathers, changeless amidst change, charmingly picturesque and reposeful in the very centre of the hurry and commonplace whirl of commercial life, within touch of our institutions and civilisation, and yet not of us in language, or religion, or aims of life. Their ancestors may have encamped by the fields of Boaz on the green hills of Bethlehem on some autumn eve when the nightingale's song

Found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amidst the alien corn;

or under the cedars of Lebanon which the axe of Solomon had not yet touched, the ruddy gleam of their camp-fire blending strangely with the silvery light of the full Syrian moon.

In our own country and our own time *semper eadem* may be consistently claimed as the modest legend for their peaceful and humble escutcheons still. The gipsies that encamp under the oaks of Sherwood Forest to-day are kinsfolk in the craft they ply and in their modes of life to those who may have dined with Robin Hood, or, mayhap, have mingled with the crowd who gazed on Ivanhoe in the lists at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. We have seen encamped amidst the blue gentians of the Bavarian Alps, and in the Vale of Chamounix, beneath the shadow of Mont Blanc, groups whose setting was identical—and certainly not more charming or romantic-looking to the eye—with that on the green holm before us, with the background of

sombre, sheltering pines. That picture there has now become part of our life. We have met, and will part, like ships at sea, each one sailing again into the infinite. This scene, transient though it be, is one factor in the countless number which are giving tone to our spiritual complexion for all time.

There is another class of vagabonds which to the bucolic mind have a peculiar fascination—the circus folks and strolling-players. They are part and parcel of the scenes and events of each rural district, and come round with the regularity of the seasons. Christmas-tide, Easter and Lent have, of course, their places in the Calendar, and so has the advent of these delightful vagabonds—with this difference, the exact date of their recurrent arrival is not a fixture either by canon or Church. They are movable feasts, and if they have not been officially blessed in an ecclesiastical sense, they have had that which is to them as comforting and beneficent—the blessing of honest hearts, old and young, who by their coming have been led through the delectable regions of Fancy and Romance. These itinerant artistes are benefactors in their way, and their visit stirs the stagnant blood of many a thorp and town. The circus comes upon the rustics with that charming *glamour* which combines memories of the past with the dawn of fresh expectancy. Will the acrobats display feats more daring than when last they were with them? Will the clown's jokes be as good? Will harlequin be as nimble, and columbine as pretty? All the village is on the *qui vive*, sire and son, matron and maid, tottering age and laughter-loving childhood. The circus tent is pitched, and all the little world of Hayslope, or Kirby-Grange, or Dreamthorpe “steps up” to the mellifluous music of a clarinet, a bass drum, and a wheezy trombone. The “house” is densely filled with all the neighbouring peasant world, with here and there a sprinkling of those who are a step or two higher in the social ascent, and who possibly wouldn't like to see their names in the Sloptown *Herald* as of those who patronised the performance. The assembly is representative, at all events, and the human interest is as keen as ever was that at the Colosseum, with its gladiator fights and eighty thousand spectators. It has this advantage, too, over Vespasian's mighty amphitheatre—it doesn't profess to supply anything so realistic as that provided by the Roman emperors when they had their slaves

Butchered to make a Roman holiday.

There is no hint in their performances of

Dacian mothers weeping, far away—

widows, now, of course—and

Young barbarians, all at play,

amidst the distant marshes of the Danube ! These circus friends of ours have, happily, nothing so blood-curdling and classic in their bill of fare, but they have that which touches the human heart with a witchery more fascinating and healthy—"Dick Turpin's Ride to York." How these villagers follow the dare-devil hero in all the dramatic scenes of the play, till comes the pathetic *dénouement*, the death of Black Bess ! The death of Black Bess ! Why, the event is historic ! What to these assembled rustics is the death of Alexander the Great's Bucephalus, or that of Marengo, which was with Napoleon in the victory of Austerlitz ? Wellington's Copenhagen, which he rode at Waterloo, has, it is true, a far-off hazy personality to those—a painfully limited number—who know anything of its existence ; but here was Dick Turpin's own Black Bess, *in propria personâ*, tricking their senses by the wondrous witchery of her acting, and "dying" for the tearful delectation of those who have paid their money and are now getting its value ! It may be safely averred that the death of that horse has a pathetic corner in the heart of every child in the English-speaking world, and its name shall be fresh when those of the chargers of the world's conquerors are forgotten. It never yet "died" in a circus without having the pathetic event baptised with children's tears ; and, after all, the tears of a child are the purest which this world of ours has yet to spare.

The strolling-players who visit our villages and small towns are equally dear to the hearts of the people. The demands of these rustics are small, and they are delighted with modest returns. Tinsel, spangles, and stage-scenery painted at the rate of one penny per square yard are to them spectacular splendours, and commonplaces are regarded with a kind of awe if delivered in velvet cloak and buskins, and in stately Ciceronian style. These rustic audiences have no touch with the great world, and if knowledge of it, past or present, shall be had by them it must be imported. The strolling-player in a sense becomes one of their benefactors, teaching them the deep records of history, and leading them through the enchanted realms of Romance. Puck, Ariel, and the Fairy Mab convey them to the sweet lands which they have never seen since their childhood's days—and then only in dreams. They cheer with Henry V. at Agincourt, and, with a grim satisfaction, thank the destiny which slays Richard III. at Bosworth Field. What a charming witchery has been wrought for them by these magicians of the stage ! What

a bridging of the centuries ! What a resurrection of history-making events ! Agincourt ! King Henry the Fifth ! Why, here they are, this very night, rubbing shoulders with the monarch, and within touch of the fateful fight that contributed so much to make England's greatness ! Or, mayhap, they have a delectable glimpse of pastoral life so like that in the hamlets, dales and woodlands of merry England. Beyond the footlights there, reclining on the grass by the huge bole of an oak (foliage and vegetation hastily improvised—but no matter), the melancholy Jaques moralises on human life :—

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.

They see Rosalind gleaming like a heavenly vision amongst the shadows of the wood, and in the sharp wit of Touchstone, and the wholesome laughter of Audrey hear echoes of their own round of life, and, as they go home to dream again of "As You Like It," they begin to realise that, after all, the Forest of Arden is not so far removed from them, and that Jaques, and Corin, and Touchstone, and Audrey are wondrously like themselves.

As we trudge merrily along the highway on this breezy summer day, the snow-white filmy clouds driving along the sky of unfathomable blue, we are led to think of another class of vagabonds, our friends the birds. We call them friends, advisedly, for, as a rule, the birds are alike worthy of our protection and friendship. 'Tis true, some of them have a slight infusion of freebooter blood in them, and, uninvited, have *carte blanche* of our orchards and gardens ; but do they not give in return a melodious recompense enough to fill us with rapturous joy ?

Amongst the vagabond or wandering birds who charm us with their more or less lengthy sojourns, may be named the cuckoo, the thrush, the swallow, and—*facile princeps*—the nightingale. Who of us can ever forget our first memory of the cuckoo's flute-like call ? He is the most solitary bird of our woodlands, frequently hidden far away in the deep boughs of umbrageous beeches, or within the sombre shadows of the pines. His notes have a dash of melancholy in them, as if "some natural sorrow, loss, or pain" were weighing on his mind. He is so shy that he is more a melody than a visible thing. Wordsworth has said this well for all time in his fine touch—

O cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird ?
Or but a wandering voice ?

Tennyson makes a pleasing reference to him in those charming

lines in "The Gardener's Daughter," in which he describes so well a bird-chorus in Nature—

From the woods
Came voices of the well-contented doves.
The lark could scarce get out the notes for joy,
But shook his song together as he neared
His happy home, the ground. *To left and right*
The cuckoo told his name to all the hills.

There is another melodious vagrant whom we meet in summertime on the margin of the woodlands, now amidst the golden bloom of the gorse, and again on the topmost bough of a solitary ash—the wood-thrush. There is one before us at the present moment. Listen to his peculiar kind of song and his wide range of notes! His fluting pipe extends from a shrill treble to a deep hollow bass. He compasses the whole gamut, and has at his command all the tremulous vibrations and artistic changes of an accomplished *prima donna*. Some birds, as the wren, the yellow-hammer, and the robin, are pretty much restricted in the compass of their staves, especially so the robin. He always begins well, but in the midst of his lilt suddenly breaks down, as if he had forgotten his score or lost his music. The wood-thrush, however, has a complete musical syllabary of his own, whose notes he can vary at pleasure. His discourse is versatile, too, and has in it such a tenacity and flexibility that you would imagine he was turning the point of a logical syllogism, or ending an oratorical climax with a finality which no feathered philosopher could gainsay or resist.

The swallow has to us all a peculiar charm, from his nestling, trustful nature, from the grace of his form and his measured circling flight, and on account of the wide compass of the earth which he overtakes in his journey from home to home throughout the circling year. If by chance we may be early awake or astir in that still hour just before dawn we can hear a faint twittering beneath the eaves. Just as the first grey streak comes up from the rim of the East, these swallows have opened their eyes and are pluming their wings to go forth and forage for breakfast long ere the thrush has awoken in the copse at the sheltered corner of the meadow, or the lark has risen to salute the dawn. And as we hear from time to time their faint chirp, we cannot refrain from falling into a reverie of surprise as to the historic lands and sunny climes they may have overtaken in their flight. These swallows may have been fledged amidst the rose-gardens of Damascus, or may have reared their young under the caves of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. They may

have seen the red sun sink into the hot heart of the African desert as they flew over the Pyramids, or, as they passed the mosques of Cairo, may have heard the Mussulman, from the top of the minaret, call the faithful to evening prayer. Be that as it may, these beloved sharers of our home are ever welcome, and of each of them we can always say—

We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted.

Amongst our delightful feathered vagrants it would ill beseem us not to find a favouring place in our affections for the nightingale. Who that has listened spell-bound on a summer gloaming to the nightingale's song, the dark poplars standing like weird sentinels against the grey sky of the west, and the lustrous evening star hanging over the old church-tower, like a heavenly lamp suspended over one of the altars of earth, can forget those throbbing rills of divine melody? It is the one perfect song of the universe, the one melodious wonder that has in it no shadow or regret. Many a time have we heard the round, full, lute-like plaintiveness of his melodies that seem to sink deeply into the soul, there to remain for ever. It seems to us that the delicious triumph of the bird's song is its utter *abandon*, its fluty sweetness, its liquidness, the bubbling and the running over of its wild gurgling strains. Never poet sang more sweetly of this bird—so well deserving the theme—than Keats :

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird !
No hungry generations tread thee down ;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown.
Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
The same that oftentimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faëry lands forlorn.

The nightingale's song can never be reproduced. Try to grasp it and it eludes you. It is not the melody of mortals, but is ecstatic and ravishing, like the music of heaven. Well did quaint old Izaak Walton realise this when he said of the bird, "The nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet, loud music out of her little instrumental throat that it might make mankind to think that the age of miracles had not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted up above earth and say,

‘ Lord, what music hast Thou provided for Thy Saints in heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music on earth?’ ” This language is surely exquisitely fine. As a pastoral in prose it could not be well surpassed, and the object is worthy of the theme.

In our ramble we have been in touch with humanity and nature at some of their most picturesque and charming angles. Our demands have been modest and our expectations limited. We have thus been all the more easily satisfied with the returns obtained, and can trudge homewards having in our hearts that grateful satisfaction so well expressed by Wordsworth :

The common growth of Mother Earth
Sufficeth me,—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

ALEXANDER LAMONT.

THE ORDEAL BY POISON:

AN EPISODE OF FETISH WORSHIP.

TO students of racial idiosyncrasies the peculiar freemasonry societies existent among the tribes of Central Africa offer a rich field of research. From the meagre knowledge I could gain about them during my travels there they may be succinctly described as societies in which the youths of both sexes were enrolled, and placed under what corresponded to a priestly supervision, to be initiated into many occult ceremonies and signs and to learn a language known only to the inner circle of members. The influence of these societies and the members of them over the people at large was naturally enormous; the native African being of an extremely superstitious cast of mind, and the members of the societies claiming for their especial control the sphere of spiritualities. The notorious medicine-men and witch-doctors are recruited from their ranks, and the power of an initiated member is supreme in all things—over his neighbours' souls and bodies in theory, or, what amounts to the same thing in practice, over their goods and chattels. Fanaticism is a motive power at once dangerous to encounter and difficult to withstand, but, added to the low cunning typical of the religious impostor, it becomes a power by no means to be despised amongst peoples peculiarly prone to its influences.

Chance made me an unwilling spectator of an instance of the abuse of this power. It had been my fortune to be intimately associated, in performing the duties of my position, with a villanous old African chief whom I will call Emba. He was an obese, sensual-looking black, with small wickedly-leering eyes. His head was adorned with a towering head-dress made of cocks' feathers interwoven with strings of cowries, and his body was wrapped in a large red blanket. He was a man much feared in his locality, where his character for low cunning and cruelty had become proverbial. The tribe neighbouring on his own was ruled by a native queen named Nkula, and at the time I met him this queen was his pet aversion, and he was occupied daily in devising schemes of mean vengeance

on the members of it whenever a chance for doing so presented itself. Emba's district was one in which the influence of these societies I have alluded to was paramount, and he possessed great influence with the leading medicine-men, whose services he was able to command at any time—a power that increased his indifferent reputation. I had seen a good deal of him when orders reached me to advance into Nkula's territory. When I bade farewell to Emba I hardly thought I should be so soon unpleasantly reminded of his vicinity. It appeared in the sequel that his enmity towards Nkula had never slumbered, and that he had conceived a plot of diabolical ingenuity, which he was able to carry out successfully, in order to indulge it to the full.

Having taken leave of him we started on our march, advancing well into the heart of Africa, and each step bringing us into more fertile and more thickly-populated country. The farther we had advanced from the coast the more we had got beyond that territory upon which the old slave-dealing days has, even at this distance of time, left its irretraceable marks in the thinly-populated districts and villages sparsely distributed and well concealed. Daily the aspect of the country partook more and more, as far as natural luxuriance went, of the nature of an earthly paradise. In the vicinity of the villages the land was well cultivated, and each homestead was surrounded with thick plantations of maize and banana. Central Africa is a curious conglomeration of diverse peoples, who, in their tribal relations, resemble in a larger degree the *cliques* of an English country town. Each tribe subsists by and for itself, to the rigid exclusion of outsiders. Though the mode of life is the same in all, because all have the same natural conditions to which to adapt themselves, the customs are not infrequently dissimilar. Thus it is by no means uncommon to find a tribe of restless cannibals with roving and brutal instincts bordering on another that is peaceful, industrious, and home-loving. Another striking trait is the varying degree of difference between the sexes. In the majority of tribes the women are only so many slaves, representing the real property of their lords and masters, and upon them falls the most laborious and menial portion of the daily toil. It was now, however, my good fortune to view the reverse of this picture, where the females were the recognised chiefs of the land and the tribe was ruled by a queen.

The short tropical afternoon was rapidly closing in when I reached the chief village of Nkula, a tributary princess governing one of these latter tribes. As I neared the clustering group of dome-shaped huts I heard the monotonous and lugubrious sound of a tom-

tom, mingled with the crooning of many voices raised in lamentation. Our approach was not unexpected and did not disturb the mourners, who were mostly females, seated in an open space in front of Nkula's hut. On the report of our arrival Nkula stepped out to meet us. Her appearance was a pleasant surprise. She was young, tall, and well-made, with shapely limbs and figure. Her face and expression were full of meaning, and intellect of an unlooked-for capacity seemed to beam from her dark and dreamy almond-shaped eyes. The sunlight glistened on and accentuated the clearness of her smooth dark skin—for her only garment was a grass cincture—and flashed upon her heavy brazen ornaments.

She received me with a quiet grace and manner not altogether free from curiosity, which she repressed with a studied courtesy that elsewhere would have been called well-bred. In response to the usual salutations she offered me the shelter of her village, and gracefully accepted a present in token of good-will. When asked what was the cause of the mourning and lamentation going on around us, her pouting lips seemed to quiver with momentary pain and her nostrils to dilate with sudden passion as she faced me. Then it all faded away, and she simply answered "Come."

Silently I followed her into a hut, to a corner of which she pointed sadly, and in the half-light I could distinguish, lying side by side, the bodies of two small black children stiffened by the hand of Death. The scene had a striking pathos all its own. The dim interior; the tall, sad figure pointing silently to the tiny forms on the ground, over which Death had cast a halo of impressive calm; the wailing sound of the distant threnody, with its rude chant and ruder poetry, contrasting with the hushed chamber and its silent occupants; made up a picture of which I have never lost the memory. Nkula stood thus for a few moments, and then, with pathetic simplicity, she said, with a perceptible tremor in her voice:

"They are mine. Some one bewitched them suddenly, for they were playing together when bed-time came."

Sad little souls! A heavy and unbroken sleep would mark their lengthy bed-time!

Before we had pitched our camp I had learned the particulars of this event. Nkula's two babes, on whom, as is common with all African women, she had lavished an extravagant amount of affection, had died the day of my arrival quite suddenly. In accordance with the customs and traditions of the tribe their death was attributed to witchcraft, and I learned that a messenger had been despatched to Emba, Nkula's foe, to send a witch-doctor, who was to discover the

bewitcher, in order that he or she might be forced to submit to the invariable punishment in these cases—the ordeal by poison.

As the brief twilight of the following evening faded into night, I was summoned to attend the witch-doctor's ceremony. I found the village assembled in the open space by Nkula's hut. In the centre was blazing a large wood fire, by the side of which the medicine-man squatted. He was a thin, meagre and hungry-looking individual, clothed from head to foot in a fantastic robe of twisted grasses dyed in patches. His hair was abnormally long, and stuck out round his head like a bunch of crimped black wire. In his hand he held a quaintly-fashioned stringed instrument, made of a hollow wooden box with thin strips of root-fibre strained tightly across it. At his feet stood a curiously carved calabash containing the poison to be administered to the culprit, and which I afterwards found to be a strong infusion of the bark of a particular tree, and very rapid and deadly in its effects. In the centre of her people stood Nkula, looking very calm and stately. When the whole village was placed she began to speak with the whole force of her rude language. She detailed the tragic deaths of her children, and then, in loud and determined tones, announced the punishment of the accursed wretch who had bewitched them.

I could with difficulty follow her speech, so measured and yet so rapidly delivered were the periods ; but the impression of outraged dignity and intolerant pride that animated her voice ; the profound and bitter threats of vengeance against the offender, whom, high or low, male or female, it was her reiterated determination to punish to the bitter end ; the fanatic fervour with which she explained how her weird creed enforced the rigid law of vengeance, awed and stirred me and infected me with something of the same spirit that held spell-bound the hushed and awe-struck crowd around me. A low murmur of approbation greeted her as she closed her speech and resumed her seat—her eyes sparkling with excitement, her lips firmly compressed with invincible determination. During the whole of the harangue the women around her beat their breasts with both hands quickly and unremittingly ; and the light, regular sound echoing along the line had a curious effect on the listeners. It was a strange, restless, pulsating accompaniment to the words that harmonised with the whole scene.

Then the weird and interesting ceremony commenced. Fuel was heaped upon the fire until its lurid flames played fiercely on the set features of those around it, sending red shafts of light high up amidst the surrounding trees. The witch-doctor seated himself on his

haunches and began a solemn monotonous incantation. Accompanying himself with a running series of tones from his stringed instrument, which, without pretence to harmony, rang out, now sharp and clear, now falling to a low vibration, as the cadences of his song were fierce or sad. The music was savage in the extreme. There was nothing of the tender or the vague, the expression of the whole coincided with the rude denunciation and the description of the unalterable decrees of a stern fate depicted in the song. At its close a band of women with their bodies daubed with red and white paint, their heads hideously decked with feathers, marched round and round the fire, each holding a fowl in her hand, plucking it as she walked and throwing the feathers into the flames. At first their steps were slow and majestic ; then, as the chant gathered volume, they became quicker and quicker till nothing could be distinguished but a maze of whirling black figures over whose bodies the leaping flames flashed. When the last feather was plucked the fowls were thrown on one side, and each seized a small stringed instrument and twanged it loudly to a new chant. Faster and faster round the fire they danced, twirling round in a circle till one became giddy with looking at them. Crash after crash of wild music, mingled with screams and mocking cries, growing shriller and sharper at each repetition, accompanied them as they trod their mad bacchanalian measure, twisting their bodies into nameless contortions and still whirling madly round and round, until exhausted nature gave way beneath the strain of this maddening excitement and one of them fell to the ground in a fit of violent hysterics.

Instantly the music ceased and a dead silence followed, broken only by the crackling and roaring of the flames. On each face was set a look of fearful, heartrending anxiety. Slowly the medicine-man rose and, lifting the panting figure from the ground, supported it in his arms. With the wild gestures of a maniac she seized his arm and dragged him forward, giving vent to a shriek so wild and despairing in its intensity that my blood ran cold. Dragging him along with superhuman force, she flung herself violently on the ground at the feet of Nkula and was seized with a second horrible fit of hysteria.

A perceptible shiver went round the assembly. Expressions of agonised surprise and fearful doubt flitted across their features. The die was cast. *The bewitcher of Nkula's babes was Nkula herself!* She who had been so uncompromising in her denunciation of the culprit, so vindictive in her animosity and so full of threatening vengeance, was singled out by a fiat that admitted of no appeal, as the

victim of her own dread sentence. Who could tell what hands pulled the strings which worked the puppets who performed this tragedy?

The fantastic scene was dramatic in the extreme. My eyes were riveted on Nkula's countenance, and never shall I forget the fleeting expressions of anger, agony, doubt, fear and despair as they swiftly passed over her features so that one could read as in a book the tragic course of those inexpressible emotions.

But her native nobility asserted itself. One moment, and no more, of hesitation and she rose to her feet. Even then, before her affrighted and awe-struck people she might have flung aside the fetters of relentless fate her own fanaticism had forged. But her nature was of sterner stuff. She spoke not, and her eyes seemed to stare dully before her as she stretched her hand to the calabash of poison, destined for the victim of her vengeance. One swift glance round on her silent subjects, one swift quiver of the mobile features, and she raised the bowl without trembling to her lips. Ere one could have stayed the action she was quivering in the dust in a frightful death-agony.

CUTHBERT WITHERS.

OUT OTTERING.

WHAT a long breath the blackbird must draw, to be sure ! Here am I doing my best to feel that I have not risen earlier than usual ; trying to be as matter of fact as one can between the pauses of tea and toast. There is a calm in that slow, deep-chested alto of the blackbird that is beyond all words. And yet he is telling me, for all his own self-possession and May morning quiet, that there are, for such inferior wingless animals as men, certain helps to locomotion which can only come at certain times, and unless taken advantage of, speed off and leave us very much where we were ; and I seem to hear in the oft-repeated, slow-drawn, blackbird's alto some such words as these : "Now sir—make haste—sir—or—you'll—miss—your train—sir."

One would not so much have minded what the blackbird out on the laurel had got to say had one not looked at the hour and found it close to seven o'clock, and realised that in less than thirty minutes, if one failed to catch the train, one would fail to join the pack of otter-hounds who were travelling from Cockermouth to Threlkeld by the said train, and miss the first of their morning hunts for the year along the river Bure and up the valley of St. John's.

Just then a thrush in the lilac bush close by the breakfast-room window began to aid and abet my philosophic blackbird monitor.

"Going, going," it said, "be quick, be quick, be quick." This thrush must have come of a good French family, or else high-schools have been the rage in the thrush world also, for he immediately altered his tongue and called, "Vite, vite, vite," as plain as any Frenchman ever cried it.

"You must really, sir, make haste, sir. Now look sharp, now look sharp, look sharp, pray make haste, pray make haste, pray make haste—vite, vite, vite, be quick." The thrush's call was on my nerves ; I could stand it no longer. Bolting the last mouthful of toast, pouring the cup of tea into a saucer and gurgling it down, I seized my stick, and away out of the house I ran, to catch the train that was conveying the otter-hound pack, and to go with them to the meet.

It is not so easy a matter to fall in with the otter-hounds as is supposed. No meets are advertised, and except to an inner circle no meets are declared.

"You see, sir," said a yeoman friend at the station, "it 'ud nivver deu to hev a vast o' fowk come trailing oop beck sides and river banks at sic a time as thissen. Seed-corn already startit grawin', and a lock of ley-gurse (meadow grass) to be kep' quiet for the mowing. As it is, otter-hounds stops off for ley-gurse mowing."

I did see, and confess that the comparative quiet gained by the fact that the chosen ones who followed the hunt were few, added not a little to the rich enjoyment of the morning.

"Theer's anudder thing as maks for a sma' hunt," said a sportsman as we stood together on the platform. "Otters is few—except for bloodin' young dogs we're not particlar to killin' them—and if there's a gay lock o' fowks oot wi' t' hunds, and there's a drag, otter hesn't a chance, ye kna."

We were soon talking over otters' ways and otter-hound characteristics with the huntsman. A dark-eyed man was he, dressed in blue cloth with silver buttons whose sign was an otter, and who wore knee-breeches, and was evidently made for the "running huntsman's" game. He was no salaried whip, but just a friend of the Master of the Hounds, who in the Master's absence took control.

I learned from him that both otters and otter-hounds were on the increase. There were now in the Lake District and its confines four packs—Kendal, Cockermouth, Carlisle, and Egremont.

As for the hounds, there were ten where there were two twenty years ago ; and if only the rivers could be kept pure from poison, so that fish would multiply, there need never come the time when otters should be scarce.

Only a few weeks since otters had been seen at the mouth of the Keswick town sewer, and otters had been tracked by their "prints" as the spoor is called, up the River Bure we were going to hunt to-day, and also on the sides of Thirlmere Lake, within the past few days.

"But what about the hounds and the size of the packs?"

"They vary. We," said my friend, "hunt with as few dogs as we can ; six to eight couples are quite enough. If you have more the otter has too little chance. As to breed—well, there is the pure otter-hound first and foremost, and then we have strains between fox-hounds and bloodhounds. I generally draft into the pack some of the older, slow-going, safe old fox-hounds from the neighbouring fox-hound pack. You will see all the varieties when we empty our horse-box at Threlkeld presently. As for terriers, we generally take with us an

old British breed—a Dale breed, as it is called ; the Ulpha and Patterdale rough-haired terrier is of the hardiest. No one seems to know its origin about here. Crib ! Crib !” and up jumped from under the seat as good a specimen of an ancient Briton as might be seen among dogs.

Colour—a kind of American walnut ; thicker set than most of the wire-haired English terriers I had seen.

“ ‘Crib ’ is a caution,” said a gentleman beside my friend. “He houses with the doctor all the year, won’t look at me when I meet him any time between mid-August and now, but I send down for him the night before we throw off for the season. He knows all about it, and nothing will induce him to leave me till after hunting is done.”

“When is it done?” I asked.

“Oh, as soon as it gets too hot and water gets low—mid-August or September.”

“And when does it begin ? ”

“As soon as it gets warm enough for the dogs to face the water,” replied my friend. “This is an early start. We are often unable to go to the rivers till June, but this season is mild—no snow water in the rivers—and so we are going to our first meet now, in the second week of May.”

“But have you no close time for otters ? ”

“No ; they don’t need it. They have cubs at all seasons, so far as we can learn, and so that does not enter into our account.”

“What kind of state of water in the rivers do you like best for your hunting ? ”

“Oh, neither too low nor too high. We are oft-times forced to give up hunting in a dry season because of the shallows. An otter, unless he has depth beneath him, is at such disadvantage. And the fact is that the otter is game whose life is too valuable to us to be sacrificed easily, for otters never seem to have more than two cubs, and appear to breed only in alternate years.”

“What time,” I asked, “do you usually like to meet ? ”

“We used to meet at five, and half-past five, in the morning ; but the scent is so tearing hot at that hour that we have found it best policy, and for the sake of the otter’s chances altogether better, to meet a couple of hours later, when the scent is colder.”

As he said this the train drew up with a “girr” at Threlkeld Station.

What a picture of a meeting-place it was ! Here, where Thorold of old—whose mere the Manchester folk are going to drink dry—pas-

tured his flock, and drank of the "keld," or cold spring from the Blencathra's height ; here, where in later time that "shepherd lord " grew up amongst Thorold's descendants and learned "love in the huts where poor men lie." He "whose daily teachers were the woods and rills"—did not he, bethink you, on just such an exquisite morn of May, stroll, crook in hand, among the flowery meadows either side the Bure, startle the heron and flash the sandpiper, and watch with wonder the otter at his feast?

Yet, as one gazes from the vast buttresses of dark Blencathra—Blencathra "that many-bosomed hill," so the Greeks would have called it—to look south and east upon Helvellyn's side, one goes in thought on this our hunting morn, to the shepherd lords of an earlier time, to hunters of an older prime. For there, up above the quarries below the ruddy Wanthwaite Screes, there lie the remnants of the huts of primeval men, who, for aught we know, trained dogs of just such breed as to-day shall hunt for "game" by the river banks they haunted and the river banks they loved.

Certainly about these otter-hounds there is a most primeval look, thought I, as with a yelp the motley pack came tumbling out of their horse-box. I expect these animated doormats, for so the otter-hounds seemed, were just the kind of cross between a stag-hound and a bloodhound that would be needed to press the game through a bethicketed England in the hunters' days of yore.

Gazing at the pack we set aside the old fox-hound stagers, and our eyes fell on what seemed to be bloodhounds. These bloodhound pups were in reality out of a pure otter-hound by a shaggy father whose father had been crossed with a bloodhound, and had thrown back into the bloodhound strain. Yet the Master of the Hunt assured me that the same mother and father had presented the world with hirsute hounds, and he doubted not that in all but the rough coat these pups were otter-hounds indeed, and that their children would return to long-coated-dom.

We certainly got a good idea of the otter-hound build by seeing these smooth-haired gentlemen, for the otter-hound in his long-haired suit defied eye-measurement. The otter-hound shaggy seemed a constant surprise to me. His heavy coat gave him a heavy look, which, however, belied him. Once in movement one saw his litheness.

Dark of muzzle and back and tail, his ears and haunches and belly and legs were ochrey yellow, and when, as was frequent during the hunt, a hound dashed up the bank and rolled upon the grass, one could hardly for the moment think that this yellow, brightly-

shining beast was the dark-haired, sombre creature seen below in the shallows just now.

We threw off with the eight couples and a half, and soon found that our field was a small one—not more than a dozen men at the outside. There was, of course, among these the yeoman whose farm we first entered, and the retired gamekeeper, who knew where the otter was last seen.

“Want-thet’s handkercher’s folding up,” said a man at my side ; “it will fair yet.” And as he spoke a light veil of cloud on Wanth-waite’s crags seemed caught up-by invisible hands and passed out of sight.

Now we gained the river what scents were in the air ! The birches just putting into leaf were fragrant as with paradisal odours ; the bird-cherries poured out their honey perfume ; larks filled the air with song ; cuckoos cried as it seemed from every naked ash and budding oak. And oh ! the flowers. First over carpets of anemone, then through little strips of pearly wood-sorrel we went. At every bank primroses were sweet, and in the open meadows here and there in beautiful isolation orchids bloomed. Such marigolds, too, gleamed in the soughs ; such cuckoo-flowers freckled the grass ; such black-thorn blossom whitened the hedgerows. Shundra was passed ; Hollin Farm, fairly veiled in plum and cherry blossom, was left upon our left.

The silent hounds cast up the bank, not keeping close to the water, but spreading over the grass within 60 or 100 yards, then making for the water again. At last there was a sound of music, and Ringwood, the shaggiest of the doormats on four legs, put his feet well upon a projecting bit of boulder-stone by the bank, and, lifting up his head, seemed baying to the sun.

In an instant the whole pack gathered and gave tongue, and then all was silent again.

“Cush, they’ve spokken till her,” said a man. “But I dar’ say she’s nobbut touched shore happen, and it ’ill be lang eneuf afore they speak agean.”

It was “lang eneuf.”

But that note of music marvellously possessed us, and the fact of an otter’s existence in this old valley of St. John’s seemed to make the valley doubly interesting.

We scrambled down to the water’s edge, and saw among the many “footings” of the hounds who were not scouring away up stream a queer-looking footmark ; a creature half-goose, half-cat one would have said had been there. It was the otter’s “print,” as it is called, and up stream we hurried,

Hilltop was passed, whitely shining on our left—such an ideal spot for a farm. Ah! how the weary Londoner might rejoice, thought we, to find the May dawn break above his head at such a valley homestead. Lowthwaite Farm, quite as enchanting, stood in its rustic loveliness beneath Helvellyn's side a little farther on. The hunters paused. For after crossing the road that leads up Naddle to St. John's School and Chapel, the River Bure runs into a noble horseshoe of liquid silver, and we watched the dogs cast and recast, speak and be silent from point to point all round the emerald meadow.

Music here and music there ;
Music, music everywhere.

Yes, and music of a very different order specially floats upon the bird-cherry-scented fragrant moving air as the wind from the south drifts the sound of the bleating of the lambs from Naddle Fell. For there, as we cross another road and pass into the fields, where the vale seems to grow more narrow, the river turns and glides west right under Naddle, and stepping-stones placed strongly in mid-current give to the river just the kind of natural harp the clear stream loves to twang.

But not with river melody nor with the chiming of the hounds are our ears filled ; for by a solemn yew tree, and overshadowed with tall dark pines and budding poplar trees, there stands beside the bank beneath the hill a very simple Cumberland cottage, "four eyes, a nose, and a mouth" upon its white face, in shape of dark windows, porch, and open door.

That cottage has sent forth songs that will not die—songs born of sympathy with simple men and solemn nature.

There, till lately, dwelt a kind of Isaac Walton among men—a village schoolmaster ; one who himself was ever at school learning what streams and winds and flowers in this beloved vale might tell him of high thought, and gathering from the words and faces of his yeoman friends the deeper melodies that make our common life a psalm which bids even angels desire to listen thereunto.

Truly, as long as men know what pathos is, they will, as they read Richardson's "Cumberland Tales and Other Poems," be glad that the River Bure sang sweetly at yon humble threshold, and of these stepping-stones made so rich a harp for his hearing.

"I dunnet kna," said a yeoman friend, "much about potry and sec like, but I kenned many and many of the men as he put down in verse. You couldn't be off kennin' them. It was o' to t' vara life, his mak' of potry, ye kna ; naw nonsense nor nowt, but just to t' life—

to t' vara life. But what thar, dogs is at wark ; otter ull happen be in one of the soughs twixt here and Fellside."

Away we went, splashing through the wet ground, leaping the soughs full of rich golden light from the thousand mary-buds that had inlaid them, till suddenly Ringwood laid nose to ground and broke away from the bank, and in a moment the dogs seemed to have forgotten all about the windings of the liquid Bure, and to have gone mad across the meadow towards Helvellyn's side.

"Didn't I tell ye sae?" said the gamekeeper ; and after them we scurried.

Away across the meadows to the road beyond the wood and to the rocks. We had run the otter to earth—nay, we had run it to rocks ; and such a "beald" it was that all the "Cribs" in the world could never have stirred his ottership from there.

So back we came, and up the stream we went through the meadow haze ; the cushats cooed sadly from the "Fornside" larch wood, the sandpipers flitted with sharp and piteous complaining hither and thither ; but we were as light-hearted as boys, old men and grey though some of us were. Over the bridge we passed, along under Naddle, through Low-Bridge-End Farm byre, and the men ran out and joined us, and the dogs barked and shrank back into the house. Presently the leading hound cast among huge boulders on our left, opposite the Manchester Waterworks gauge-house.

"Game's afoot," shouted a yeoman. "Didn't I tell ye sae?" said the gamekeeper ; and all the hearts beat faster as upon the terrace path towards Smethwaite, or Smith-thwaite, "Brig" we went.

I doubt if Sir Walter Scott ever saw the Castle Rock he speaks of in the "Bridal of Triermain" in greater glory than to-day, in the pleasant May light. The chinks upon the natural bastions emerald green, the castle walls gleaming as if the wandering sun had found that here was rest and peace at last. The little white houses of Legburthwaite, called "The Green," shone out as if they had gathered beneath the castle hold for sweet security, and could laugh in their peace and hearts' content. The moist fields between the Castle Rock and the Howe were just cloth-of-gold with the mary-buds ; and as we neared the bridge all travellers know—for they all sit hard and hold breath in the mouth as the coach dashes down and over and up from the dangerous crooked little Smethwaite Bridge—we could see beneath the woods on the Howe, as yet not fully leaved, a veil of white anemone, woven, it seemed, into a lucent damask, and brodered with rich parsley fern.

Like a star upon the deep-brown amber of the stream (for there had been rain in the night and the pools were discoloured) flashed by a water-ousel, and settling on a stone, ducked and curtsied, and showed us her little white bib and tucker over and over again, as she bobbed and bobbed her salutation to us.

"Otter's noway n'ar if Bessie Doucker's about," said a yeoman. "Bessie's vara shy of much disturbance, whether of man or beast."

"Bessie Doucker!" I said. "What in the name of fortune is Bessie Doucker?"

"We ca' them dippers Bessies hereabout; they mostly what git Bessie Doucker and nowt else," my friend replied.

"But whist! Dar Bon! that's Ringwood, he's hit drag, he has hooivver! and seest tha' he's gaing reet across owr midder for Helvellyn Beck theeraway." The yeoman was right; we rushed down to the river bank, and how we got across the Bure is more than I mind. Soon we were knee-deep in marigolds, splashing away for the beck that flows down from Brown Cove Crag, and leaves the smithy beneath the Howe that Wordsworth's "rosy-cheeked schoolboys" have made immortal, and makes a straight course by ash and sycamore tree to join the Bure just the low side of Smethwaite Bridge.

The otter had been too swift for the hounds. A splash down stream, a flash of a brown body that looked like a seal's cub, a cat, a beaver, and gigantic water-vole in one, was all I saw; and away the hunt—dog, man, otter-hound, terrier, yeoman, gamekeeper, huntsman, and whip—tore down the beck towards the river.

I made for the bridge—the most picturesque, but the worst bridge for its particular purpose between Keswick and Windermere. Who does not know that bridge?—how many hearts have leapt into how many mouths as to the cry of "Sit hard, gentlemen!" the coachy has dashed at the narrow, crooked, low-parapeted viaduct, and gone with a crack of his whip at a hand-gallop up the steep pitch beyond.

Running round I stood on a kind of miniature escarpment beneath a long-tasselled flowery poplar, and saw the hounds dive into the dark pool, struggle up against the stream, then turn, and with their mouths full of water-stifled music, allow themselves to be swept back to the bank.

Then a fleck of silver whiteness rose under the bridge, and a cry of "Forrard on!" came through the archway, and the dogs dashed and swam on forward, and their melody died away. I stayed on the bridge, with good view of the river pools either side, and scarce had

the hounds owned the drag in the meadow below Bridge-End House, and seemed to be going away beyond the stepping-stones and the tiny-arched upper bridge in the direction of Raven Crag and the Thirlmere thickets, than I noticed bubbles rise—"beaded bubbles," not "winking at the brim," but breaking in long line across the still backwater of the current. Another moment, and a shadowy something that seemed almost like a black fish—might have been a seal—shot through the pool, and a brown body, swift as light, hustled along under the overhanging brow of the bank, and with a flop dived into the pool higher up.

I confess I had no heart to halloo for the hounds ; my sympathies were with the "game." It was, as one analysed one's feelings after, not the chance of being in at the death of an otter that had brought one out into the glories of a May dawn, but the chance of a sight of one of these ancient dwellers from primitive times in the old valley of St. John's.

And doubly serene did great Helvellyn seem, and the Naddle Fells shone out in sweeter beauty, as back by the rippling Bure and the otter's "beald" among the rocks near Low Bridge we passed with certainty of that otter's safety. Thence we turned by Fornside and the Green, and went along under Castle Rock to the quaint old farm upon the fellside known as Stanah.

There, where the water leaps down from Helvellyn's shoulder in ceaseless cataract, and sends upward such rainbows that the miners as they pass up the zigzag path hard by the ghyll to go to their work at Glenridding mines on the Monday morning are more than comforted, we too found comfort and good cheer for a time.

As we sat and cracked on over our "few poddish" in the cosy old kitchen, and enjoyed a downright good "rust," as the saying is, in the easy-chair, the farm lad came in to tell us that "dogs had spokken till anudder otter, and gone gaily weel intil middle o' lake efther it." But lack of boats on Thirlmere had frustrated the hunters' aims, and with some reluctance the hounds had been recalled by way of Dalehead Pasture, and were now going down road to Threlkeld. I sauntered out, and followed down the Vale of St. John's homewards and stationwards, "in silent thankfulness that still survives."

I confess the freshness of the morning and all the first excitement of the chase had passed away. The day was much more ordinary in its general appearance now. I had seen skies bend just as sweetly over Naddle Fell ; Blencathra had seemed a hundred times before as full of witchery and shadow. Yes ; there is a difference for us

slug-a-beds between the ways of sun and air at seven o'clock on a May morning and at noon, that words cannot describe.

But as home we trudged, with the pack twinkling along the dusty road before us, we blessed the otter and the hounds for that sense of "all the beauty of a common dawn" they had been the means of giving us; blessed them for glimpses of dewy meadow-lands and May morning joy in an enchanted vale, and vowed to meet the huntsman at his favourite haunt, Oozebridge, below Lake Bassenthwaite, at the earliest hour of the earliest day the Master of the Hounds should next appoint.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

TABLE TALK.

THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

THE great Oxford Library has been fortunate in its friends and its chroniclers. Twenty-two years ago the Rev. William Dunn Macray published his "Annals of the Bodleian." Since that time, in his capacity of assistant in the department of MSS., he has accumulated further notes, and the result of his recent labours appears from the Clarendon Press in a second edition which is practically a new work. The task accomplished is more difficult and more important than at first sight appears. Though small beside the British Museum Library, the Bodleian, with its half-million or so of printed books and its other treasures, is one of the most important of existing collections, and one of the most delightful haunts of literary research. Enriched by the splendid bequests of Sir Thomas Bodley, Archbishop Laud, Selden, Sir Kenelm Digby, Rawlinson, Gough, Douce, and other benefactors, it is perhaps the English library that makes most direct appeal to the imagination and sympathies of the scholar. An account of its growth and development is in some sense a record of intellectual progress in England. During a long period, as the historian points out, the library seems devoted chiefly to English antiquities. A mere glance at the list of benefactors shows how natural this is. While owning that this is a worthy object, Mr. Macray holds that it is hardly co-extensive with the work of a university or the objects of the library. With the revival of literary activity which followed the period of the eighteenth-century sleep came "a revival of the old antiquities within their wider sphere." Like most of his predecessors, and like most who have used the library, Mr. Macray is a worshipper of the institution, and a warm adherent of the present system of arrangement, a system which, as he pointed out in the preface to his first edition, "often imparts an interest of its own to well-nigh each successive shelf of books; for each tier has its own record of successive benefactions and successive purchasers to display, and leads us on step by step from one year to another." It is impossible to follow the historian through his record of donation and acquisition, varied by occasional loss—some-

times due, it is painful to think, to theft. The book will be in the hands of all scholars as a monument of loving, loyal, and competent workmanship.

A WOMAN ON WOMAN.

WITH my masculine education or ignorance, I dare not attempt to discuss feminine dress or enter upon any question of feminine conduct. It is, however, interesting to hear a protest from Mrs. Ward (Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps) against the immodesty of the feminine portion of English and American society. The various points in the tremendous indictment Mrs. Ward brings against her own sex may not even be enumerated. It is sufficient to say that in their conduct in the theatre and in society they incur equal condemnation. They listen without a blush to scenes which are morally monstrous to "the edge of abomination," they take too much to drink, in the ball-room they wear a costume which is nothing but "a burlesque on civilisation," and which exposes the body with an indifference which nothing seems to abash. Our censor holds that the time will come when our present licence in regard to ball-room practices will be regarded "as we now regard the practices attending the worship of Aphrodite." So many "giddy offences" have not, indeed, been brought against womanhood since the days of "the old religious uncle" of *Rosalind*, who "was in youth an inland man, and one that knew courtship too well." When asked which were the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women, this worthy was wont to say: "There were none principal; they were all like one another, as halfpence are; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it" (*As You Like It*, Act iii., scene ii.). I am not inclined to treat with levity Mrs. Ward's protest, for which I fear there is more justification than will be universally granted. I am less hopeful than she, however, of improvement from the means of reformation she suggests. Certain, at least, am I that any change as regards evening dress in this country must be preceded by a decree prohibiting the custom of appearing at Court in a state of quasi-nudity.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1890.

HUNTED.

BY ELLA EDERSHEIM.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

IT was the cosiest time in the day. The clock over St. Bede's Chapel had just warned St. Bede's Warden's butler that it was meet time he should carry up the tea-tray. The same monitor had probably suggested to Charles Graeme that this was a fitting season in which to pay his respects to his Warden's wife. And though guile and careful plotting could never for one moment be associated with the candid and respected name of Professor Wheatley, it was certainly a strange coincidence—the chapel clock would have insisted something more—that led that worthy and simple being to find himself about five o'clock of most days in a chair—nobody's particular favourite—in the Warden's spacious drawing-room.

The May sun came in a straight mellow ray from the window that faced due west, and this in spite of the fact that a good deal of the said window was taken up with mullion of grey stone and lattice work of lead. A low comfortable fire was contentedly smouldering under the wide chimney. It must have known that it was unnecessary and merely a thing tolerated; yet, unlike most objects superseded, it kept a pleasant memory of past usefulness, and was only careful that it should not by undue crackling and boastfulness call attention to the present superfluity of its existence. Overhead the classic heights of carven white marble glittered and beamed with the

hundred little trivialities which, to the educated of this day, imply refinement and culture. Photographs of blooming maidens, whose main idea seemed the insistence of beauty triumphant over mind, and of young men whose principles must have been diametrically the opposite, appeared at intervals amongst an extraordinary *mêlée* of fans and bric-à-brac, and scraps of the silken dulled embroidery of other ages and peoples. And everywhere the same inappropriate confusion met the eye. The great grand carpet, with its leviathan freehand and antiquated colouring, was strewn with fragile wicker-work and scarlet milking-stools of mushroom growth. The chimney-pot that had been formed to brave the elements and laugh defiance to the wind that threatened the kitchen-fire, and with it the dinners of at least two hundred hungry souls, here found itself, by the help of Aspinall's enamel paint, a reformed character, and meekly stood to hold a vase of white narcissus. And all the room, which should have been grave and silent, or have echoed only to the sound of learned feet, was brave with gay hangings, and soft with that unseen touch which comes from woman's hand.

Outside, the yellow laburnums reached all the way up from dark soft velvet lawns to laugh in at the window to the west, in tassels that were already beginning to look rather draggled and moulty. And the boughs of redolent May, proud in the consciousness of selection, leant stiffly back in their great earthenware jars each side the chimney-piece, leaving all wrangling to the bowls of yellow marsh-marigold, whose dank odour clashed disagreeably, to their fastidious way of thinking, on their own sweet fragrance.

Inside the party sat and sipped their tea, and made silent but effectual inroads on the hot buttered cakes, and it was very evident that there was "something in the air." Mrs. Hawthorn, indeed, endeavoured at intervals to assert her position as hostess. But Professor Wheatley was one with whom it was proverbially impossible to make conversation of any description. Why he paid calls no man ever knew ; for he certainly had not anything to say at such times, or, if he had, at least he never said it. Yet he was the most sociably inclined of men, and the most inveterate, and, be it added, untimely of callers. If ever there was an inconvenient moment or an inauspicious occasion, Mrs. Hawthorn could have divined with fatal certitude that the gentle, kindly Professor would make his appearance. She knew also that it was inaccordant with his notions of politeness to remain at any time in the house of a friend for less than three-quarters of an hour.

Sybil had poured out the tea, and was endeavouring to suit her

conversation to the young fellow who sat shyly near her. For Charles Graeme, although he could not have numbered more than one-and-twenty years, was already a man of some importance amongst his contemporaries. For he was prize poet of the past year, and a delicate and promising classical scholar to boot. So Sybil bethought her that her words must be nicely chosen and her demeanour seemly, not considering that sunny hair and limpid eyes might be merit sufficient in the judgment of the diffident young poet.

There had been one of those terrible lulls in conversation so dreaded by all good hostesses, when the butler once more threw open the door to announce another guest. Sybil sprang up with joy to greet Harry Latimer, the great comely new arrival. Here was a thoroughly congenial spirit, and, to do him justice, the young man seemed to reciprocate her thoughts. For after he had exchanged a few words with the Warden's wife, and greeted the silent Professor with that strange little duck of the head due to a don, he brought a perilously slight stool as near to the girl as the prudent tea-table would admit, and confided to it his massive weight, winding his legs complacently round its slender form.

"Now, Miss Sybil, how can you!" he remonstrated, as his companion held towards him a tempting cup, and swung the fragrant tea-cake in his neighbourhood. "It really is too bad! I shall prosecute you as an inciter to crime." He laughed prodigiously at his own wit, or perhaps only because he was looking at Sybil Hawthorn and she was looking at him, and that was so very jolly.

"You boating-men," began Sybil oracularly, "are a set of bigoted——"

But her sentence, however just, was interrupted. For her sister Kitty, who was older than she, and should have known better, suddenly broke into their midst, her coat flying open, her hat awry; and then, without so much as accosting any one of their callers, she sank straight into an arm-chair opposite to her mother, with her pretty feet stretched forth and her pretty head thrown back. In this suggestive attitude she remained perfectly motionless for some minutes, whilst her mother and sister gazed at her helplessly.

"Oh, Kitty! whatever *is* she like?" Sybil gasped out at length, her fresh young face pale with anticipation.

But her mother hushed her down, inquiring rather more intelligibly:

"My dear child, what have you done with Miss Le Marchant?"

Kitty rallied herself and sat up.

"She has gone to take off her things and to lie down, mammie, dear," she answered. "She says she is very tired." Then turning with contracted brows and lifted hands to her sister: "She is perfectly indescribable, Syb.," she said. "You must just have patience, and wait and see her for yourself. And in the meantime I can only say that I require to be fortified with very much tea."

Mrs. Hawthorn, feeling that so much mysterious allusion required some explanation, now addressed herself to Professor Wheatley.

"My daughter has just been to the station to meet Miss Le Marchant," she said. "You must know her father, Victor Le Marchant, very well by name?"

"Victor Le Marchant? Why, perfectly, to be sure!" responded the Professor, with a sudden accession of speech. "It was the Warden and Victor Le Marchant and my eldest brother, poor Constantine, who made up that brilliant trio of which the University was so proud some thirty years ago. But with my brother's death I lost all personal knowledge of Le Marchant. What became of him? Did he not have some mishap, or get himself into some scrape, and disappear?"

"Well, not exactly that, and yet very near it," Mrs. Hawthorn answered, her air that of a woman who knows far more than she means to say, and is bent on putting things in the most charitable light. "The fact is, he made what some of his friends considered a disastrous marriage, with some young Spanish or Italian singer—I really forget which." She made an impressive pause, and then continued: "You will readily see that it was considered wiser for him not to attempt a return to his old circle. My husband has often regretted it, for indeed he was a very able man. Still, of course, the claims of such a society as ours are paramount, and must be considered. We lost sight of Mr. Le Marchant for many years, and it was only lately that a correspondence was, by some chance, reopened. It seems that for long he has held an honourable post in the University of Pisa, where I suppose it would not matter about his wife. However, the poor woman died, and my husband was so anxious to see his old friend again, that at last he persuaded me to join with him in inviting him over here for a few weeks' visit. Of course I did not suppose Mr. Le Marchant would really come, for I knew that he was very sore against the University, thinking that we had behaved shabbily by him, and so forth; although, as you see, his exclusion was in fact entirely his own fault, poor man! So, knowing of these feelings, and that Madame Le Marchant, who was no doubt like all those sort of people, exceedingly pushing, was dead, I did not anticipate

much risk from our invitation. Imagine my dismay, then, when his answer came. He refused for himself; indeed, he would never visit England again, he said. But he accepted of our 'kind hospitality' for his 'only child,' his 'daughter Juanita.' And I had never even known that there was a daughter or a child at all! Her father said he had always been anxious for her to visit England, and he was delighted at this opportunity. He thanked us profusely, and entered into a thousand quite unnecessary explanations and courtesies—a fashion he had picked up abroad, I presume. He had already secured for the young lady a travelling-companion, he announced, and he made every other arrangement immediately. Now, as you hear, she has arrived, and is in the house. You may imagine that, considering the girl's birth and probable up-bringing, I cannot help feeling that the whole situation may be extremely awkward and unpleasant. Still, I never shrink from duty, and I am resolved to do mine towards her, however disagreeable it may be. And I rely upon her father's old friends to assist me in my task."

Mrs. Hawthorn stopped and sighed, directing a rallying glance at the Professor, such as is fully authorised to the respectably sedate of middle age. Receiving, however, no intelligent symptom from her listener, who had relapsed once more into his habitual silence, she sighed again, but more profoundly, and turned to her eldest daughter.

"Is she, is she——" she asked, glancing at the young men and lowering her voice, "is she at all *presentable*, my dear?"

It was not Mrs. Hawthorn's wont to be nervous. But pictures of strange foreign women, who powdered their faces and painted beneath their eyes, wore their hair anyhow, and dressed in the most outlandish costumes, had all day long been disturbing the poor lady's mental vision. And now, when she was desirous of discussing the matter once more and fully with her daughters, and of giving them sundry sage warnings and oft-repeated mature advice, there sat those three men, and no power on earth would, she knew, be sufficient to move them, till the chapel clock should warn them that it was time to prepare themselves for dinner.

But Kitty looked straight back at her mother, and answered gravely, soberly, and reassuringly, if still with some mystery of manner:

"You need not be in the least alarmed, mammie, dear. I have never in all my life seen any one half so lovely, or so . . . weird."

A confusion of voices asking for more definite information immediately arose. But Kitty's endeavours to explain more exactly her

original statements were quite useless. Only Charles Graeme remained throughout the hubbub silent and absorbed. Leaning forward in his chair, with his head thrown slightly back, and grasping a cane and a most prosaic-looking brown billy-cock hat, he seemed with rapt gaze to be enjoying some inward vision.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH THE HUNT IS BEGUN.

THERE were few evenings during term-time on which the Hawthorns dined alone. The proverbial hospitality of St. Bede's Hall was carried out also in its Warden's private Lodgings. In renouncing the blessings of a single life, Dr. Hawthorn had entered into a solemn compact with his wife that she should never make objection to his bringing in with him an odd friend or two to share his evening meal. On her part Mrs. Hawthorn made no complaints, and at whatever personal *ennui* resolutely stuck to her bargain, so long as her lord remained true to his share of the agreement—that the number of unexpected guests should never exceed three.

Mrs. Hawthorn was a very wise woman. She knew full well that, if she but looked for it, there was a silver lining to be found to most black clouds. For years she had borne, and borne unmurmuringly, the burden of her husband's constant, and, to her, uninteresting visitors. Now that her daughters were grown-up, and her maternal mind, no longer employed in knitting their socks and cossetting their childish ailments, was directed to schemes of matrimony, she was able at last to turn this little idiosyncrasy of her husband to some good account. Many suitable young fellows, of family or prospects, could, in the routine of these quiet little dinners, be easily and unobtrusively introduced into the home-circle. Thus, while Dr. Hawthorn happily discussed his port and his college with some old crony, this estimable matron had the satisfaction of knowing that now Mr. Canning (the Junior Bursar), and again Mr. Radley (the Senior Tutor), were having the very best opportunity in the world for becoming more intimately acquainted with, and interested in, Kitty's beauty and Sybil's worth.

Mrs. Hawthorn and her daughters sat awaiting their guests, while their cousin Geoffrey Bankes hovered about the room. This was a privileged young man, as might be gathered from the fact that he was bidden to dine at his aunt's house when the two most dis-

tinguished, if nearly the youngest, dons of St. Bede's were to be present ; also from the freedom with which he discussed his cousins' toilettes and looks.

"Sybil, you should never wear heliotrope," declared this young autocrat, pausing opposite to his cousin, and eyeing her disgustedly. "It does not suit you in the least. As for you, Kitty, whoever can have clawed your hair together for you?"

Now the girls would never have borne with such rudeness were it not that their cousin was President of the Union, and of the College Debating Society, and was undoubtedly a very superior young man, whose judgment in general even their mother respected.

Having thus asserted his critical discrimination, Geoffrey took a turn or two up and down the room, and reflectively arranged his tie in front of a mirror before he allowed himself another remark.

"I do wish I could get some clear notion from one or other of you as to what this superb Juanita Le Marchant is really like," he said, taking up a fine position on the hearthrug, and letting his eye slip criticisingly down his trim, slim, black figure. "If only a woman could be taught, firstly, clearly to separate and define her ideas, and secondly, but not less importantly, to clothe them in fitting words, a new era might . . ."

His prophecy, though doubtless very flattering to the less explicit sex, was cut short by the arrival of the expected guests.

Frederick Canning and James Radley entered the room together. They were men of the same standing, and they were both Fellows and Tutors of St. Bede's ; but here their points of resemblance ceased. Frederick Canning was a man of good family ; his father a prosperous member of the House of Commons, his uncle among the Peers. He had been educated at Eton, and his manner bore the stamp not only of the most polished of our public schools, but of that indescribable something which comes from the habit of an early respect not only for oneself, but for one's antecedents. He was a tall, well-made young man, dark-haired and eyed, and he presented to the world a frank and easy manner, which, notwithstanding its apparent freedom, it was singularly difficult to penetrate. He was a man with whom it would have been impossible to take a liberty, and who had but few close and intimate friends. So far he had not received the esoteric University stamp, but might have been regarded merely as a pleasant man of the world, who happened to possess fine classical attainments, rather than as a product and specimen of the learned life.

Many thought it strange that the companion with whom Frederick

Canning most assorted should be James Radley. Radley, indeed, was the most distinguished scholar of his day, and one who it was confidently prophesied would attain the very highest position in the world of scholars. His parentage was doubtful : some declared his father to have been a mill-owner, others a mill-hand. All that was definitely known about him was that he came from a triumphant career, at the greatest of our Northern schools, to carry all before him at the University. There seemed no branch of science, no department of knowledge to which young Radley could not devote himself with an energy beyond fatigue, and an eagerness akin to genius. He undertook all, and he accomplished whatever he undertook. His successes he received with a stolid immovableness. He was never surprised at his victories, and yet he could never incur the suspicion of vanity ; with perfect simplicity he had merely never contemplated the possibility of defeat. Outside the schools he did not make much progress. Men of his own age found him unpracticable, unimpressionable, stolid, even morose. Certainly he could discuss a book or a subject as well as the most ardent of them ; his field of illustration was larger, his mental horizon wider. Yet he never seemed to possess the same keen vitality, the same personal interest. It was somehow as though the very essence of individuality were wanting in this otherwise extraordinarily gifted young man. Prejudices he had, strong predispositions, likes and dislikes. Yet these seemed more constitutional than the result of mental strife and acquirement. They were, besides, too clearly defined and too immutable to further him in a society which prides itself, above all things, on its toleration and adaptability—large-mindedness it is called ; its readiness to be reasoned into any new way of thinking. Thus it was that through nine years of college-life Radley had remained practically friendless ; and though since he and Canning had been elected at the same time Fellows to the same college they had seen a good deal of each other in the way of college work, and had acquired the habit of long country walks in each other's company, there was between them by no means that degree of intimacy with which they were credited by the outer world.

Of Canning's character and disposition Radley inquired nothing and knew little, recognising in him merely an able colleague and an inaggressive companion. But Canning's shrewdness had early possessed itself of all the most salient features of Radley's personality, and had summed it up in what, to a less acute observer, would have seemed an impossible verdict. His judgment, nevertheless, was correct. With unerring intuition he had detected that the brilliant and finished

scholar was, other than intellectually, raw and undeveloped ; more inexperienced of the world than is, in most cases, the freshest freshman. His studies had lain exclusively among still life ; of human nature he was crassly ignorant. He had, in fact, never been awakened or aroused to the fact of the life of the world among which he moved ; he was unaware even of the existence of its mighty, stirring interest.

In appearance Radley was by no means ill-favoured, although he did not appear altogether to advantage by the alert and pleasing figure of his friend. He was of a powerful build, broad-shouldered, and massive in the chest. His long arms hung rather awkwardly by his side, disclosing the fact of neglected athletic possibilities. Though his shoulders did not stoop, his head had a slight poke forwards, as though he were constantly inquiring into the nature of things. It might at once be inferred, however, by his vague and somewhat listless expression, that his curiosity was not directed towards the things of the outer world. He had a broad, low forehead, which protruded nobly over a pair of good and generally mild-looking blue eyes. His nose was short, straight and thick, being peculiarly broad over the bridge. His hair was thick and fair, but somewhat colourless. Once only had James Radley been known thoroughly to lose consciousness of himself in the presence of his fellows, and that was so many years ago that the incident was now quite forgotten. When still fresh from school, in a meeting of the College Debating Society, some member, considerably his senior, under the influence of his own eloquence, had let fall a slighting allusion to "canting Methodistical preachers." Young Radley had sprung to his feet, his mild eyes aglow, his pale face aflame, and had flung forth such passion of biting invective and poignant scorn that the unhappy speaker had felt himself bound immediately to retract his words, and—though why he scarcely knew—to apologise in abject terms to the wrathful school-boy for his objectionable expression. The meeting had broken up in confusion, and the next day Radley withdrew his name from the list of the Society's members. It was his first and last appearance in the party or social life of his college.

As dinner was announced the Warden came into the room with his young guest. Mrs. Hawthorn noted with some surprise, but indubitable satisfaction, that no one, unless indeed Geoffrey Banks were to be taken into account, was, so to speak, arrested by their entry, impressive though it was ; and that the very palpable loveliness of the young foreigner seemed to excite no immediate interest. Juanita Le Marchant's beauty, indeed, was of the kind that grows

upon you imperceptibly, slowly, but so surely and effectually that you wake at last to find that it has crept into your very soul, and has taken whole possession of it. She was of about the middle height, but of exceeding slightness. Her face was small, and of a delicate oval, the chin being somewhat more pointed than is common in beauty. Her skin, of a warm white over the low, square brow, and the delicate nose and chin, was deepened to a mellow golden-brown on the outline of her cheek. Her coal-black hair was luxuriantly thick, and its waving masses threw a deep shadow over the upper half of her face. The full promise of her wonderful eyes was only realised in intimate conversation. She was simply dressed in a plain gown of soft white material, which trailed around and behind her, her throat and wrists being relieved by falling lace. Withal there was about her an indescribable atmosphere which fully justified Kitty's first incoherent attempt at description : a something unsubstantial, unreal—in a word, "weird."

It was evident that the Warden and his guest were already very good friends. Juanita hung on the old gentleman's arm, and, though silent, seemed an appreciative listener to the good stories he was retailing for her benefit. From time to time she answered his sallies with the tokens of a clear intelligence, but she carried on her share of the conversation in French. Though extraordinarily quiet, both in manner and voice, she did not seem at all bewildered by surroundings which must have been both novel and perplexing to her. She seemed to divine what was required of her, and Mrs. Hawthorn experienced a little chill of disappointment when her watchful eye could detect no gleam of surprise on the stranger's face as they took their places at the dinner-table, glistening with snowy damask and rare old silver, delicate flowers and harmoniously-shaded lights. Of the presence of the young men, also, Juanita seemed to take no note, a slight lowering of her heavy lids being her only acknowledgment of the introductions which had preceded dinner. And yet, although so still, she did not appear shy. Her manner to her host was charming; her attention to his conversation lasted unabated all through the meal, and that the old gentleman was thoroughly enjoying himself was evident from his show of devoted gallantry.

The rest of the party grew gradually more and more silent. Geoffrey Bankes, abstaining for once in his life from the utterance of platitudes and aphorisms, did not attempt to conceal the extraordinary interest he felt in the strange and beautiful creature opposite to him. He watched her in unceasing and open-mouthed wonder,

at the same time that he by no means neglected the requirements of a very hearty appetite. Frederick Canning, although seated next to Kitty, for whom he had long shown a special interest, grew slowly but surely during the meal more and more *distract* in his attentions. His eyes wandered continually in the direction of the stranger, and now and again he would interrupt himself in some desultory talk with Mrs. Hawthorn or Kitty to join eagerly in the conversation between his host and Juanita. James Radley alone of the little party remained impervious to the influence which was vaguely unsettling and disquieting the others. He sat, indeed, next to Miss Le Marchant, but he pursued his dinner with unremitting attention, and he did not so much as glance during the whole of the meal at his undeniably attractive neighbour. His small talk was never good, and he did not attempt now to exchange anything but the barest and coldest conventionalities with Canning, who sat opposite to him, and sometimes perforce to Sybil, because she sat beside him. The dinner party, thus broken into two, did not pass very comfortably, and Mrs. Hawthorn was glad when it was time to retire to the drawing-room. Yet she dreaded the prospect of a *tête-à-tête* with her young visitor. She was not a fluent French scholar herself, and she was ignorant of Juanita's English abilities. Besides, though why she scarcely knew, she was possessed by an instinctive dislike to the stranger. But when the ladies had filed out of the dining-room, Juanita dropped behind the two girls, and slipped her slim hand into their mother's capacious palm as she stood for a moment to gain breath half-way up the wide shallow oak staircase. She was a little taller than Mrs. Hawthorn, but she writhed herself into such an attitude that her hostess seemed to be looking down into the great glowing black eyes as she murmured :

"Oh ! but everything is so beautiful ! I wish I had a lovely mother, just like you !"

There was so much coaxing charm in the attitude, and so much unexpressed pathos in the mournful depths of those wonderful eyes, that Mrs. Hawthorn could not resent the allusion to the departed Madame Le Marchant, nor resist the appeal to her motherly nature. She felt a little ashamed of her own recent antipathy.

"My dear," she said kindly, "you must try and feel perfectly at home with us here. My girls will do their best to make you quite like one of themselves, I know. And if ever you want anything, or feel lonely, you must just come straight to me."

For answer, Juanita put up her lips and kissed softly each smooth complacent cheek.

Thus it was that when the gentlemen left their wine, which they did somewhat earlier than was the custom of the house, a very pretty picture of harmony and union met their eyes.

Against the wide background of Mrs. Hawthorn, spread out in a capacious arm-chair, came the supple white figure of Juanita, lying back almost full length on a low semi-couch of Indian wicker-work. This seat was unlined and uncushioned, so that the graceful curves of the girl's figure and the fall of her draperies were plainly discernible, and it suited admirably and seemed to enhance the general impression of liteness and airiness of its holder. Her head was thrown back on a drapery of Gobelin-blue silk which adorned the back of the chair, and the cold hard colour threw none but deathly reflections on the whiteness of the face against it. A heavy coil of dusky hair had partially unloosened, hanging low over her brow, and helping to preserve the black and white effects of the picture thus formed from the warm light of a shaded oil-lamp burning on a table behind. Juanita was playing the guitar : perhaps, too, she had been singing. At her feet on a square stool crouched Sybil, her round chin supported by two white hands, her elbows buried in the folds about her knees, her eyes fixed in an enthralled gaze on the musician. Kitty sat on a sofa hard by. Her embroidery had fallen on her knee, one bare arm lay along the polished table beside her, while her fingers played nervously with a vase of flowers. She seemed to be fighting with the same strong fascination to which Sybil had wholly yielded.

Mrs. Hawthorn merely glanced up as the gentlemen came in, and Juanita's fingers continued to stray softly among the strings of her guitar. Then she looked at the Warden with a sudden laugh in her eyes, and, without at all changing the languor of her attitude, burst into a quaint little jig of a song. It stopped again as suddenly as it had begun, but the girl did not cease her playing, nor yet did she wait for further invitation. She drew out some lingering cadences which changed both key and mood, and then the softest, saddest ditty fell on the company. The words, as those of her former song, were of a Spanish *patois*, and they could not understand them. But the air was so melancholy, and yet each verse ended with so sudden a transition into a chorus fierce and rapid, that the effect upon these quiet English people, accustomed only to the vapid sensation of the conventional "drawing-room piece," was marked in the extreme.

Dr. Hawthorn had sat himself down decidedly in a chair at Juanita's head, ready to take repossession of her immediately that she should release them from the spell of her singing. The girl only

acknowledged his neighbourhood by a comprehensive sweep of her magnificent eyelashes. Geoffrey stood facing her, fidgeting on the hearthrug, his shaven finely-cut features reflecting every tremor and change in the singer's voice, as the unsheltered downs reflect each light and passing cloud. Frederick Canning had instinctively placed himself on the sofa by Kitty ; but he sat stiffly upright, his entwined fingers dropped between his knees, his gaze intent on Juanita's languid reclining figure. Only James Radley stood apart, his back towards the rest of the company, and turned at distinct intervals the leaves of a review in which he had engrossed himself.

Suddenly Juanita dropped her guitar and sat up as one awaked out of slumber. The spell lay still on the others, and they did not move nor speak as she let her eyes wander slowly from the one to the other grave and attentive face. Then the Warden roused himself, and leant forward eager with some compliment to be couched in old-world and courteous phrase. But the girl ignored the implied promise of his expression, turning from him and working round in her chair till she had found Radley's figure.

"*You* do not care for music, then, Mr. Radley?" she inquired.

They were all astounded that she, who till now had seemed unconscious even of the existence of the other guests, should thus correctly address one of them by his name. As for Radley, he was so taken aback by the abruptness of her question, its directness, and the way in which he was singled out for attention from and before the rest, that he answered straightway and without pausing to attempt a disguise for the rude truth.

"Not at all," he said ; and then, with perhaps some dawning of the crudeness of his answer, reiterated nervously, "not at all, not at all."

Juanita laughed, partly at his answer, partly at the dismay depicted on the countenances of the others. It was a wonderfully musical and infectious laugh, but it smote painfully on Radley's wounded self-love.

"Ah ! how charming, how *naïf* !" she said, turning to the Warden. "I have never met such an one before. 'This it is to be English."

Then she addressed Mrs. Hawthorn.

"But you must not allow me to tease your guests," she said, prettily deferential. "I had even now forgotten. I thought that I was at home. . . . There we have just such a chair in the which in the evening I always sit and sing to my father—for my father loves music. But there there is at this season a great pot with carnations

of fragrance other than this"—waving her hand at the May-blossoms, which had already strewn the place around with delicately flushed petals—" . . . and roses." She laid her hand to her breast and hair to indicate the position of the chosen flowers, and her thoughts had evidently wandered far enough away.

They sat silently watching her, until Mrs. Hawthorn, who detested anything which bordered on what she designated as "the high-flown," recovering with a bound her commonplaceness and her common sense, turned to inquire of Geoffrey the latest enormities of his washerwoman. This fairly broke the spell. Canning, with a start and a sigh, caught up Kitty's embroidery and brought his strong mind back to discuss it. The Warden, as his custom when neglected, had fallen into a gentle slumber. This power of covertly snatching a nap he highly prized as perhaps the only solid fruit of half a lifetime of college meetings. Sybil had lifted her elbows and her cheeks, and, shifting on her stool, had turned her back on the enchantress to gaze into the fire. Radley stood looking fixedly at the fantastic tortoiseshell with which Juanita had again caught up her wandering locks of hair. He knew now clearly enough that he had been guilty of a breach of courtesy, and that it was incumbent on him to say something to atone for his rudeness ; but what to say he was wholly at a loss to know.

The girl lifted her soft eyes, as he stood thus, pale, repellent, awkward.

"I am not in the least offended with you," she said quietly. "You only said the truth."

He thought she spoke, and spoke thus, because she pitied his unwieldiness. He hated pity : with him it was not akin to, but synonymous with contempt. He was sure that she secretly despised his *gaucherie* ; that, inwardly, she was still enjoying the laugh she had had at his expense. He could not cope with her. He was powerless to use her weapons, and he felt that the heavy artillery of his own angry irony would be here quite out of place. Uncomfortably and unhappily he became for the first time in his life aware of a lack which neither hard study nor undaunted energy would avail to supply. He was at the mercy of a vain and foolish foreign girl, and that because he could find no words. He merely made a stiff little bow in acknowledgment of her speech.

But Juanita was not discouraged : this irresponsiveness seemed to have the effect of making her persist in her efforts at friendliness. She glanced up at him again, and her eyes were very lovely.

"You are from the North country," she said. "Will you not sit

down and relate to me about it? My father used to love the bleak North country—when he was an Englishman.”

As she spoke she made room for him towards the foot of the reclining chair, displacing some of the ample white folds of her long robe. Radley sat angrily down. In his eyes Miss Le Marchant was acting forwardly. It was not consistent with his rigorous notions of propriety that he should share with her the seat. Surely, also, she might see that he had nothing in this world to say to her, that they had no ground at all in common. But the lovely eyes were on him, so he sat down.

“Who told you that I was a North countryman?” he inquired resentfully.

“The Warden,” she answered, adding: “He told me all about the people who were to come to-night, in order that I might not feel so strange.”

Radley’s brow lowered ominously and his mouth took a disagreeable set. He was in the unpleasant position of a man who is not aware how much the world in which he lives may know of his personal history. He had always concealed his humble origin. He would not have told a lie to save his life, but the attitude which he had consistently adopted had prevented any undue liberties or inquiries on the part of his companions. In truth these attached far less importance to the history of his antecedents than the sensitive self-consciousness of his nature led him to believe. Besides, what added to his mental discontent on this point was that he was an honest fellow, and at bottom heartily ashamed of himself for being ashamed of what both reason and principle could characterise as the accident of birth.

“I know very little of the North country,” he answered coldly. “It is many years since I have passed any time there.”

Then he got up abruptly, and going round to the Warden aroused that good old gentleman by a sharp inquiry into the proceedings of a Select Board.

Juanita sat for a minute when Radley had left her, as if petrified. Then she too rose, if less aggressively, and slipped from the room.

Half an hour later Canning and Radley crossed together the deserted quad. There was no flutter of leaf nor rustle of bird’s wing to thwart the insistent silence of the dark square of surrounding buildings. The college was a studious one, and the lights that shone at many windows alone sufficed to indicate the presence of life. Canning must indeed have been strangely moved out of his ordinary condition of polite indifference, otherwise he would never have allowed

vestige of his dominant thoughts to appear to so unsympathetic a companion.

"Radley," he said, in a low voice, laying his hand on the other man's arm, "I don't believe I shall ever get that melody out of my head." He whistled just below his breath a bar or two from the refrain of the Spanish love-song. "What a wonderful creature," he added, interrupting his musical reminiscences. "What a beautiful creature!"

Radley shook himself free impatiently.

"I don't understand music," he said irritably; "perhaps that is why I cannot sympathise with your enthusiasm. It struck me only that Miss Le Marchant sang without waiting to be asked, and that she usurped more of general attention than I had believed to be consistent with good breeding. But there again you should have the advantage over me."

There was always something sneering in Radley's deference to Canning's better knowledge of the laws of society. For indeed he longed to scorn what he secretly envied. But Canning was in no mood for carping.

"If one were in the East," he pursued, undisturbed by his friend's ill-temper, "I could believe that we had all been under the spell of some wonderful sorceress—some divinely lovely, perhaps infernally wicked, disguised princess!"

"Not *all*, with your leave," Radley interrupted contemptuously. "Perhaps you will confine your statement to your own case, my friend. For, in the West, where we happen at the moment to be, it seems to me, at least, as if the young lady sorceress might also be characterised, more simply and less poetically perhaps, as a bit of an adventuress."

"Oh! God forbid," cried Canning hurriedly, and as though his companion had been guilty of a profanity. And then he burst out laughing.

Radley freed himself from his detaining hand impatiently, and nodding a good-night, passed into his rooms, leaving the other to wander and to mutter long in the quad below.

(To be continued.)

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF GOLD AND SILVER.

A POPULAR EXPOSITION.

GOLD and silver have been used as a medium of exchange and a standard of value from very ancient times. The reason is not far to seek. Even savage tribes, far removed from civilisation, are able to appreciate the beauty of newly melted gold and silver, the golden glitter and the silver sheen. The moderate and steady production of these precious metals in olden times kept their value stable and comparatively free from depreciation. Their divisibility without deterioration made them a convenient method of payment and a welcome relief from the endless bother of Barter. Their capacity to contain great value in small bulk was specially serviceable during the unsettled governments of other days for purposes of flight and concealment. In later times their suitability to receive the most artistic impressions as delicately moulded medals and coins, and as beautifully designed plate and jewellery, has been widely appreciated. Diamonds, and pearls, and precious stones may contain even greater value in still smaller bulk, but, unlike gold and silver, they cannot be readily valued by weight, and require professional experts to rightly appreciate them. Besides being more liable to fluctuation owing to the fads and fashion of the time, a valuable diamond is not divisible, and a "pearl of great price" is easily damaged, whilst gold, however roughly handled, is well nigh indestructible.

A rich country like England, with its immense resources and extensive trade, has long ago adopted gold as its only standard of value, whilst poorer countries are satisfied with silver. Several countries, as their wealth and commerce have increased, finding silver an inefficient expression of their enlarged transactions, the totals running into enormous figures, have partially adopted the gold standard, and thus assisted with other causes in depreciating the

value of silver, bringing about those evils which some think Bimetallism, that pathetic fallacy, is alone competent to cure.

In the British Isles, in Australia and New Zealand, gold is the only standard of value ; silver and copper coin, being merely token money and legal tender only to the amount of 40s. and 12d. respectively, are simply commodities bought and sold for what they can fetch in the metal markets, according to the supply and demand at the time.

Large quantities of gold are every year used for ornamental purposes in the manufacture of plate and jewellery. The wealthier a country grows the greater is the demand for these articles of adornment, and until more gold is imported the less there remains for monetary purposes as bullion or coin. Some years ago, Mr. Giffen estimated that in this country alone £50,000,000 worth of gold existed in the shape of plate, jewellery, and ornaments, and about one-half the total production of silver is said to be used in arts and manufactures. The amount of gold in this country for monetary purposes the same high authority estimates at £60,000,000.

International trade, though represented for convenience in monetary terms, has its real basis in barter. Commodities are exchanged for commodities. For the sake of simplicity take the case of two countries trading with each other, excluding all other complications, which will be separately considered. One country exports a certain value in goods to another, and receives as imports a certain value in return. The balance of indebtedness, if there are no other factors in the problem, has to be paid in the coin of the receiving country, whether gold or silver. A London merchant who owes a debt to another abroad can pay it in one of three different ways. He may remit bills of exchange which he has purchased, and which are payable in the place where his debt is owing ; he may ask his foreign creditor to draw bills upon him ; or he may send the amount in bullion. As the freight and insurance of so valuable a commodity are very high, ranging from $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. to 2 or 3 per cent., making this last by far the most expensive method of discharging a foreign debt, every one is anxious to avoid it. The result is that when the demand for bills on any particular place exceeds the supply, the remitting merchant is willing to pay a premium. This premium can never exceed the cost of freight and insurance of bullion. This contrivance distributes the cost of transmission of coin, where necessary, among all the merchants in want of these bills, instead of leaving the last man to be the unfortunate victim who has to pay the whole.

This business is chiefly done not by merchants, but by bullion

and exchange dealers, who traffic in these bills, and when the premium reaches what is called "bullion point," which varies in each country according to distance and facility of communication, they export or receive the consignments of bullion. Having agents or correspondents in nearly all the continental capitals, when the stock of commercial bills is exhausted, they sell to the merchant, at a premium sufficient to cover the cost of freight, insurance, and their own commission, bills drawn against the bullion which they consign to their agent abroad. This simplest form of the Foreign Exchanges and the export of bullion between two countries only, is called the "Direct Exchange."

As the remittance of bullion from some countries is often a difficult matter owing to various impediments, and is always an expensive operation, the utmost ingenuity is exercised to avoid the trouble and expense. Bills and drafts on a *third* country are often utilised to settle a difference between other two where the exchange would otherwise be unfavourable. For instance, a favourable exchange on France may be utilised to prevent an unfavourable exchange with Germany. When a settlement is made between three countries in this way, it is called the "Indirect Exchange," and when more than three countries are involved in the arrangement, it is called the "Circuitous Exchange." Tea shipped from China to New York and American cotton sent to Russia are nearly always paid by bills on London. The reason is simple. The reputation of London bankers is world-wide, and bills on them are always in demand and saleable anywhere. Russian and American houses may be quite as good, but, being less widely known, their bills are not so readily negotiable.

Many provincial banks in England insist upon the bills they discount, say for a Liverpool cotton merchant drawn upon a Manchester manufacturer, being made payable in London, because in case of rediscount they are more easily negotiable. In a similar manner London has become the Clearing-house not merely for internal but also for international trade, and foreign bills are made payable in London, although the commodities may have gone from New York to St. Petersburg.

Let us suppose there have been very large shipments of goods from London to Paris ; that Paris has exported unusual consignments to Vienna ; that Vienna has sent quantities of commodities beyond the ordinary to St. Petersburg ; and that St. Petersburg's exports of wheat, timber, tar, tallow, furs and hides have been above the average to London. If each country was obliged to settle with its creditor according to the "Direct Exchange," London would send

gold to St. Petersburg, who would remit it to Vienna, who would pay its debts with it in Paris, who would send it back again to London. By means of the "Indirect" or "Circuitous Exchange," all this trouble, risk, and expense are avoided. A merchant at Berlin requests his debtor in London, should he find any difficulty in obtaining bills on Berlin, for remittance, owing either to a short supply or increased demand, to send him bills on several other places at specified rates of exchange.

The difference between the value of the exports of any country and its imports, what is called the "Balance of Trade," would of itself be very misleading and deceptive, because there are other and important elements in the problem, which have to be considered. If you compare the exports of Great Britain for any year as given in the "Statistical Abstract" with the imports, you will find a "Balance of Trade" amounting to many millions against this country. Were there no other factors in the problem it would follow that these millions would have to be paid by this country in gold, a physical impossibility. We should require either tremendously to increase our exports or make a corresponding reduction in the amount of our imports. If you turn to the exports and imports of bullion, instead of explaining the mystery, it rather aggravates it.

This enormous difference is to be accounted for in a variety of ways. The Custom House returns of imports and the merchant's valuation of his exports do not exactly represent the amounts to be received and paid. This will be evident if you add all the exports and the imports of the various countries together; they ought very nearly to agree, but they do not. In most cases you have to add freight and insurance, merchants' profit, and bankers' and brokers' commissions. Again, England is the chief ocean carrier for the world's products, and the bulk of the freights and insurance premiums of the trade between other countries are remitted to shipowners and underwriters in England.

By far the largest portion of this difference consists of interest on foreign government securities and dividends on other investments abroad, periodically remitted to the fortunate possessors in England. Every English banker is familiar with the enormous amount of coupons on foreign government bonds and dividends on railway and other securities abroad payable during every month of the year, and held either by the banks themselves or collected for their customers. The amount of these has been estimated by Mr. Giffen, several years ago, at £400,000,000 of capital, and it is being annually increased. When the foreign government debts and other investments abroad

were contracted or purchased, and the money or the goods they represented were exported, these transactions tended to make the exchanges unfavourable to England and may have caused the export of bullion, for paper securities only were received in exchange at the time ; but at stated intervals ever since, until the debt is repaid, the interest or the dividends form a heavy item in the exchanges in our favour tending to the importation of bullion.

A small item comparatively may here be mentioned, although the total must be something considerable, which tells on the other side. English travellers and summer tourists all over the continent spend a great deal of money which affects the exchanges. The winter residents in the Riviera and on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean all carry away gold or circular notes from England, or, what comes to the same thing, draw cheques on a London or an English banker. America and especially Russia are said to suffer very materially in the same way. Not only are visitors from these countries very numerous, but many of them reside in Paris for considerable periods, and are notorious for lavish and extravagant display. As a considerable set off to this, so far as England and Scotland are concerned, many merchants who have spent the best part of their lives on the continent of Europe, in India, China, both Americas and Australasia, when they have made their fortune or acquired a competency, as age begins to tell upon them, and home sickness sets in—wishing “to husband out life’s taper to the close”—often transfer their entire capital, or at all events the interest thereon, to the old country, where they desire to end their days and be buried with their fathers.

All these matters more or less affect the exchanges and the transmission of bullion. Anything that disturbs the balance or the equation of international trade affects the traffic in gold and silver. The extension of machinery in manufactures and every new invention help to reduce the cost of production of English goods, and the newest ocean steamers have immensely quickened communication. Our cheapened commodities create an increased demand abroad, and unless and until the importing country has proportionately increased its exports to England, if no other element intervene, the balance must be paid to us in gold.

The imposition or the removal of taxation, either here in England or abroad, on any article in which we trade, whether of export or import, affects the supply or demand for it, and accordingly disturbs the balance of indebtedness which has to be remitted or received in gold or silver. These are only temporary fluctuations, until the

equation of international demand has been adjusted to the altered situation.

With our uncertain climate a common factor in disturbing the international demand for commodities is a bad harvest, and the consequent increased importation of wheat. If the misfortune has occurred early in the season and the deficiency in the harvest has been foreseen, there may be time to help the adjustment of the disturbed balance either by an addition to our exports, especially to those countries from which the supply is expected, or a corresponding reduction in our other imports, as the purchasing power of the agricultural population and those dependent upon them will be greatly reduced. The misfortune is greatly aggravated when it unexpectedly occurs, in the case of a good crop spoiled just before the in-gathering. It would then be nearly impossible to prevent the outflow of bullion, unless by sending foreign securities to be sold abroad in order to assist in settling the difference. A good harvest well secured produces precisely opposite effects.

It may seem on the surface that when a foreign government loan is largely applied for in this country, there must be an increased export of bullion. But this does not follow. Foreign government loans are of two kinds—the first, an addition to the existing National Debt, money already spent and owing to foreign bankers as floating loans. As a rule the public will accept lower terms for a permanent investment than is paid for a temporary advance from bankers, so that the transaction is merely a conversion in which the private lenders will probably take up large portions of the new public loan. Even when this is not so, the money if necessary does not go to the borrowing country—they have had their cake—but to the private lenders, some of whom are doubtless English firms. The second and more creditable system of national borrowing, because remunerative, is for the purpose of helping to develop the dormant resources of a poor country, by the making of railways, the erection of factories, and the working of mines. In this case the bulk of the money is spent in plant and machinery probably provided by England, insured in London, and exported in English ships.

Many other private investments abroad, held by English owners, are of a similar character, and very slightly, if at all, affect the transport of bullion. There is an indirect way in which both home and foreign investments affect the international exchanges and the movement of bullion. The sudden transfer in any country of large amounts of floating capital into permanent investments, say railways, factories, mines and ships, reduces in a very material way the amount

in the hands of bankers available for loan purposes, what is incorrectly called the "Money Market." Unless the change is slow and gradual, there will be a scarcity of loanable capital at the very time that, owing to the circumstances indicated, the demand for it has increased. The result will be that the rate of interest will rise in proportion to the pressure, until a sufficient amount of gold is attracted from abroad in order to earn the higher rate, and thus the gap is filled.

When gold leaves the mines, whatever may be its temporary destination, it eventually finds its way, like any other commodity, to the place that wants it most, and is willing to pay the best price for it. The quantity of gold required in any country depends upon a variety of considerations. In Scotland the use of gold is economised to a minimum. But for the stray sovereigns brought by tourists and sportsmen, gold would never be seen outside the stock, amounting to several millions, kept by the banks at their head offices, as statutory provision for their note circulation and other liabilities. With the exception of silver and bronze tokens, the monetary circulation consists entirely of bank notes, of which 66 per cent. are for £1. Were these small notes abolished, and Scotland placed upon the English level, £7,000,000 more gold would be necessary to conduct its present business, and two out of every three of its numerous branch banks would have to shut up.

Unlike the banks in Scotland, London and provincial banks do not keep more gold than is actually necessary for till-money. Country banks keep their reserves with their London agents, and London bankers in turn keep their surplus cash at the Bank of England. The result is, what many deprecate, that with the exception of the gold in the pockets of the public, amounting to several millions, but at present quite unavailable for banking or international purposes, the stock of gold at the Bank of England is substantially the only bullion reserve held against the entire note circulation of the country, as well as the immense total of our banking and commercial liabilities.

When the Bank of England directors find their stock of gold from whatever cause being reduced, the only effective remedy by which to restrict advances and discounts, to check the export of gold, as well as to induce its return from abroad, is to raise the rate of interest. By raising the rate the higher price of credit and the greater difficulty in obtaining it will restrain imports. By this means, if an adverse balance of trade has been the origin of the trouble, the equilibrium is gradually restored. When the rate is low, holders of English bills abroad often send them to London

to be discounted long before they are due, taking the price in gold. In order to avoid the advanced rate they keep those bills, in hope of its being lowered, until maturity, and thus postpone shipments of gold, possibly for months, giving time for other causes to intervene.

Great superstition exists as to the power of the Bank of England to fix the rate of interest and its alleged responsibility for the frequent fluctuations. This power simply consists in the Bank being the leading and the largest dealer in credit or loanable capital. If the Bank was foolish enough to pitch its rate too high, the penalty would soon follow of its loan and discount business leaving it for the cheaper market outside. On the other hand, if the Bank rate was fixed too low, its stock for loans would soon be exhausted, after which the other banks would be able to command their own price. The real basis upon which the guiding influence of the Bank rate rests, and makes it a power felt all round the world, is the extent of its resources, and a purely voluntary tribute to the accuracy of its information, its reputation for general wisdom and careful management during several centuries.

When the commercial pressure sets in that usually precedes panic, whatever may be the origin, there is great strain upon the resources of all the banks. Foreigners having money in London get frightened, and withdraw it in gold. Timid depositors hoard the cash they fear to lose. Borrowers, desiring to avoid the expected higher rate of discount, ask for loans long before they want them, and help to create and to aggravate the very crisis they dread. Country banks feel the pressure most, probably because they deal with a more credulous and easily-frightened portion of the community. All banks, in order to be prepared for such an emergency, keep a larger stock of cash, and lessen or withdraw their balances at the Bank of England. For the same reason, provincial banks withdraw their deposits with bill brokers and finance companies, and the bulk of their balances with their London agents, all of which comes eventually from the Bank of England.

The result of all this, as well as of the numerous securities sold to obtain cash, is that the next Bank of England return shows a largely diminished available balance, which, read by the ignorant and the timid, adds fresh fuel to the flame, although a single sovereign may have not left the country. The country as a whole may be financially as sound and as strong as ever, but the accustomed proof is entirely wanting. The Bank return has ceased to be a guide, and is, on the contrary, quite misleading. The country's cash reserves, instead of being accumulated as at ordinary times in one spot, are none the less

available for all banking and commercial purposes because now distributed at various points where pressure is expected.

To make this clear, we have only to suppose, what has often been strongly recommended, that country banks should keep all their reserves at their head-quarters, and the London bankers cease to keep their cash balances at the Bank of England. The next return after the alteration would show a large reduction in the Bank's reserve of gold, and a corresponding decrease in the amount of its private deposits. There would not be a single coin less in the country quite as available for every operation of internal or international exchange. The Bank of England reserve would cease to be worth publishing, as it would then be worse than no guide to the state of credit or the stock of gold throughout the country.

There is a curious movement of gold, more provincial than international, twice a year to Scotland. Deposit banking is very widespread in Scotland, but owing to the unfamiliarity in certain parts of the country with the use of cheques, at the half-yearly terms when rents and other periodical payments are made there is a large expansion of the bank-note circulation. In order to comply with Peel's Act of 1845, large amounts of gold are sent in boxes from the Bank of England to Edinburgh and Glasgow, where they remain unopened for a few weeks until the surplus notes return, when they are sent back to London—of no more use than if they contained not bullion but bricks. The extra circulation of notes is no real addition to the liabilities of the Scottish banks, for there is a corresponding reduction in the amount of their deposits. The only cases where coin might possibly be required are those of absentee landlords resident in England or abroad, for whom the money would be wanted not in Scotland but in London.

When jewellers melt sovereigns for trade purposes, they are careful to select new and heavy ones. Similarly, as the value of the sovereign abroad is simply its weight as bullion, exporters secure the fullest weighted ones, proving the truth of Sir Thomas Gresham's maxim that "good money is displaced by bad." It does seem absurd that this country should at great expense manufacture money free of charge, to be melted or circulated abroad. An export duty on sovereigns over a certain amount, as distinguished from bullion, sufficient to cover the cost of minting, would effectually stop this continuous waste. This would not of course apply to our own Colonies, many of whose sovereigns largely circulate among ourselves.

The quarterly pressure on the Bank stock of gold in payment of the Government dividends scarcely affects international movements,

as very little, if any, of our National Debt is held by foreigners, and is of too normal a character to require more than mentioning. What is called the "Autumnal pressure" is mostly internal and owing to causes not difficult to distinguish, especially the considerable sums spent in annual holiday making at home and abroad. The agricultural population having realised the bulk of their harvest, and sold numbers of their sheep and cattle, pay their rents and the local tradesmen whose accounts have been running during the year. Trade generally, having languished during the end of the summer, when so many are absent on pleasure, begins to revive with a bound, and thus makes more show than if it grew more gradually. All these causes, along with others less important, acting concurrently, create a considerable demand for money, as well as assisting in its circulation.

There ought to be some great moral and political advantage gained by War, because, from an economic point of view, it is nothing but loss. Loss of the life and treasure expended in its prosecution, so much wasted of the labour and skill and wealth of a country, or, what comes to the same thing, so much added to its National Debt. Doctors flourish in times of epidemic, and lawyers prosper when litigation abounds ; so there are a few departments of trade, such as transport and armaments, and those who furnish the equipment of an army in the field, that receive a temporary and artificial stimulus when War breaks out, which the unthinking superficially mistake for commercial prosperity.

Take the case of our War with Russia in 1854, which added so many millions to our National Debt, heavy enough already in all conscience. How was the cost of this War provided? Whatever be the method of settlement, the money has always to be paid at once. There are *four* channels through which the money may come :—1st, from the sum annually set aside to extend, to repair, or to replace permanent capital invested in buildings and machinery ; 2nd, from the wages fund by which our artisans, &c., are paid, which means the abandonment of projected undertakings, or the curtailment of those in hand by reducing the staff, or working short time ; 3rd, a very possible but doubtful share from the sale of foreign securities which yield a high rate of interest abroad, by English holders, the proceeds being invested in the low-rated new British loan ; 4th, there must be a large reduction in the loanable capital of the country which forms the banker's stock-in-trade. Previous to the War the rate of interest had been so unusually low as 2 per cent., but the mere rumour of War was quite sufficient to raise it rapidly to $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. This must have attracted a large quantity of gold from abroad.

With regard to other countries at War, a rise in the rate does not always secure the importation of gold. There is the risk in transit, of blockade, interrupted communications, and of capture. A campaign may end in disaster, and there is always the possibility of financial failure following upon military defeat. When two countries having large trade with each other are foolish enough to go to War, all these evils are aggravated ; supplies can only be got by indirect methods and roundabout routes, and the financial operations are conducted at great cost through third parties, who take heavy toll for their share of the risk.

During the Franco-German War large amounts of money were transmitted to London, not so much for investment as for safe keeping, but no sooner was the War over than the money was recalled. Money of this kind may prove to be a treacherous trap to venturesome bankers, who use it even for temporary investment, because at any moment the scare may cease and the deposits are immediately withdrawn.

Another important commercial result of War is that the temporary closing of one market is often the means of permanently opening many. Previous to the Crimean War the bulk of our imported breadstuffs came from the ports on the Black Sea and the Baltic. The effective blockade by our fleet stopped that source of supply. Wheat, which, previous to the war, sold as low as 36s., rose rapidly to 80s. This high price induced America and Australia, India and Egypt, to increase their supplies, so that we are no longer dependent for the staff of life on a single market or country. Similarly, the Civil War in America caused a cotton famine in Lancashire, and the closing of most of the mills. The immensely enhanced price of cotton enabled the experiment of its growth to be favourably tried in Egypt and India, with such conspicuous and permanent success. These and other sudden and unexpected changes in the course of trade, until the equilibrium of exports and imports had time to become adjusted, caused large balances of indebtedness in favour of these countries, which must have been paid in silver or gold.

When War has been prolonged in any country, and the resources of the National Exchequer are exhausted, and bankers are becoming chary of lending any more on such slippery security, few countries have been able to resist the temptation at one time or another of that easy but most mischievous and costly of all methods of borrowing, the unlimited issue of an inconvertible paper currency. Take the recent and well-known case of the Civil War in America. Owing to the blockade of the Southern ports by the Northern fleet—the cotton bales

were rotting for want of a market—and the damage done by the “Alabama” and other Confederate cruisers on the Northern ships, international trade with America could only be carried on under great difficulties. Internal industries, owing to the disturbed condition of the country, and the withdrawal from their ordinary employment of so many thousands of men, were practically at a standstill. And yet those immense armies had to be fed, and clothed, and equipped with armaments. How was all this expense to be paid for? All gold had already left the country to pay the foreign creditors, who would not look at the greenbacks. With every fresh issue the paper prices of commodities rose. The high premium on gold exactly represented the depreciation of the inconvertible paper currency. Even in those cases where the premium on gold, as well as its exportation, has been forbidden, the hard fact remains the same. If the gold has not already left the country, it is withdrawn from circulation and hoarded until happier times return.

Among the blessings of peace comes the resumption of specie payments, when all the evil results we have indicated are reversed. There is an accumulated flood of commodities waiting and ready for exportation, and the imports are at first limited by caution, leaving a credit balance to be taken in gold. As gold gradually returns the discredited greenbacks are withdrawn, the inflated paper prices drop to their normal level, and the premium on gold disappears.

A great deal of unprofitable controversy has been carried on both here in England and abroad, for some years now, on what is called the “Silver Question.” Whether we assign the result to the action of natural causes or to political or national movements, it has very seriously affected the commercial movements of gold and silver. The key to the position lies in the following figures, taken from the report of the recent Currency Commission, which show the enormous rise in the production of silver from the mines for two periods, with the value in sterling :

Annual average 1851–5 886,115 kilogrammes = £8,019,350

„ 1881–5 2,861,709 „ = 21,438,000

This tremendous increase both in quantity and in value, notwithstanding the depreciation, could hardly happen without seriously affecting the price of commodities in those countries where silver was the standard of value. Gold and silver as commodities are liable to fluctuation according to the supply and demand in the metal market. But as money, being the standard of value by which the prices of all other articles are measured, every variation in the value of gold or silver is popularly known as a general rise or fall in prices. Many

affirm the mischief really began in 1873, when the German Government demonetised silver to the value of £28,000,000 at prices varying from 59½*d.* to 50*d.* an ounce. Very little has been sold since 1879, owing probably to the increasing fall.

Up to 1873 both gold and silver were freely coined in America as legal tender at the ratio of sixteen to one. At that date gold became legal tender for all sums over five dollars. From 1878 to 1888 the Bland or Alison Act restored silver as legal tender, unless contracts otherwise specified, and coining at the rate of two million dollars a month.

From 1865 to 1873 the States composing the Latin Union—France, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, and Greece—coined silver without limit, which became legal tender; but in 1874 silver coinage was limited, and in 1878 suspended.

In 1881–83 a foreign loan of £16,000,000, mostly gold, enabled Italy to resume specie payments.

In 1875 the Netherlands adopted the gold standard, and in 1876 Norway, Sweden, and Denmark followed suit.

This is a very bare and bald statement of most of the facts of the case. At the very time the production of silver from the mines had so enormously increased, owing to the action of the above States, the demand was thus seriously diminished. And conversely, when the demand for gold had grown in order to take the place of silver, the rate of its production was diminished.

Now, if it be political or national action, as so many think, that has created the evil of depreciation of silver, let those same nations retrace their steps and undo it. We in England had no hand in bringing the mischief about; why should our standard be tampered with to provide a fanciful and delusive cure? On the other hand, if these results, as can be proved, are the inevitable action of natural forces, the sooner all concerned accept the situation, the better; fighting against nature is a very hopeless task.

In 1847, when the Californian mines, and in 1851, when the Australian mines, added immensely to the world's stock of gold, no one doubted but that the value of gold as measured by the price of commodities was considerably depreciated. But it was very difficult, if not impossible, among so many conflicting causes, to tell how far the depreciation had gone. It was one of those problems in which every factor was variable, every principle elastic, and every rule had many exceptions. There was ample scope for doubt and little room for dogmatism. Unfortunately this variation cannot be equally distributed over the entire community. The debtor in this case profited at his

creditor's expense. The loss was mainly borne by those classes who live in leisure and luxury, "who toil not neither do they spin," enjoying the wealth they have inherited from their industrious or rapacious ancestors. The gain was reaped by the energetic, enterprising, and skilful among the trading and commercial classes.

The present appreciation of gold, though as yet slight, is probably growing, and will have exactly opposite effects. It is now the creditors' turn to profit, and "the toilers and the spinners" will have to pay for the benefit of the wealthy and luxurious. No amount of forethought or sagacity can avert either depreciation or appreciation in the standard of value, when they arise from natural and not artificial causes. They are calamities that must be borne with patience, like bad weather and the east wind.

Our chief interest in the "Silver Question" is the manner and degree in which it affects the commerce and the people of India. There can be no doubt that when the silver depreciation began and was in progress, substantial losses must have occurred from not knowing how far it might go, aggravated in the case of many merchants and Indian banks by the vain hope that their investments in rupee paper would speedily recover. It must be remembered that loss by exchange only affects trade when the fluctuations occur between the making and the completion of a bargain. When the change from being temporary assumes a more or less permanent form it can always be adjusted and allowed for without loss, except by the blind and stupid. Even when loss by exchange was unavoidable it was counterbalanced by a corresponding profit by those merchants who exported as well as imported.

When the price of silver began to fall, it was confidently expected that the increased supply from the mines, and the portion released by demonetisation, would speedily find their way to India, where, strange to tell, silver continues to maintain its previous purchasing power. This would doubtless have happened but for the fact that other commodities required in India had fallen quite as much, in some cases more.

The loss to India by exchange is not commercial but political. Not as traders and producers but as tax-payers the people of India have to bear the heavy burden. The Indian exports are always largely in excess of the imports, and but for the large and growing Government drawings upon the Indian Council to provide in gold the heavy home charges, the interest on the Indian debt, and the dividends on the Government railways, the present large shipments of bullion, chiefly silver, would be larger still. According to Mr. O'Connor's official report on the

Trade of India, just published, the annual average Government drawings on India during the last ten years, which were sold in London for gold and collected in India in silver, reached the enormous sum of £14,744,356.

Notwithstanding this sum which the Indian people have to pay for the benefits of English Government, to which has to be added nearly one-third for loss by exchange, according to the valuable circulars of Messrs. Page & Gwyther, the annual average during the last ten years, 1879-88, of gold and silver imported to the East, including China and Japan, amounted to £13,212,703. This amount included shipments from San Francisco, chiefly bar silver and Mexican dollars, a favourite coin in the East. Mr. O'Connor estimates that from 1834-88, India alone has absorbed of the precious metals, mostly silver, the fabulous sum of £442,000,000.

It has long been a puzzle to economists what India, China, and Japan can have done with such vast quantities of gold and silver, which never by any accident return. Indian jewellery and oriental magnificence of costume, and fondness for gaudy display, will doubtless account for a considerable portion, but as no great quantity is found in circulation as coin, the only remaining alternative is the assumption, born of imagination rather than information, that it must be hoarded.

It has previously been stated how much Indian commerce has benefited by disturbance in the trade of other countries, and it is ample evidence of the enterprise and skill, when well-directed, of the Indian people, that each temporary advantage has been turned into a permanent gain. The Crimean War facilitated the growth of wheat, and the American Civil War the introduction of cotton. Jute and cotton factories are now carried on with conspicuous success, owing to the cheapness and quality of native labour, and the nearness of the Eastern markets, saving double carriage and delay. Coffee and especially tea-planting are of comparatively recent growth, yet the produce now forms an important item in Indian trade.

The peace, security, and growing prosperity enjoyed by the Indian people will, it is to be hoped, reconcile them to some of the unquestionable drawbacks of the Government of India. The heavy debt so largely incurred with no remunerative return, without their knowledge or consent, and paid for in the expensive coinage of a foreign country, must be galling to the large and increasing number of Indians now educated in the cherished principles of English liberty and self-government. By a cautious development of self-government, beginning from below and growing gradually upwards; by the

increased employment of their own people in every government post for which their talents entitle them, men who will not leave the country with a handsome pension after a few years' service, but will live and die among their own people, not merely will great economy and less grinding taxation result, but a feeling of justice and contentment will spread wide among that submissive people, leaving them proof against the wiles of secret conspiracy and open sedition ; binding them to the English people, not by the brittle bonds of conquest and coercion, but knit together by the gentler, sweeter and more durable ties of enlightened self-interest and mutual respect.

We have now briefly considered all the most important causes that affect the international transport of gold and silver. We have seen that the basis of trade between nations, though expressed in various forms of money, is in substance Barter, commodities for commodities, and that the balance of indebtedness only is paid in bullion or coin. That the costly shipment of gold and silver is often avoided by the introduction of the debts of a third or of several other countries, into a single circuitous settlement. That owing to the immense resources and the long established reputation of London, it has become a centre for settlement, or a kind of Clearing-house capital for international transactions, quite apart from those directly related to itself. We are daily familiar with the fact that our internal trade is carried on by credit documents of various sorts, and that coin is only used for the small change and retail business of everyday life. Similarly, the transport of bullion in international commerce settles simply occasional and accidental differences, and supplies temporary deficiencies in the Loan markets of the world, until other and more permanent causes have time to tell. Money, after all, is but the oil in the commercial machinery, which enables it to go smoothly without jar or creaking, furnishing the maximum of freedom with the minimum of friction.

The increased demand for gold which followed the partial demonetisation of silver would have been more severely felt but for the greater banking facilities and other economic arrangements both in England and abroad ; in the increased use of cheques, postal orders, and other credit documents, banker's and telegraphic transfers ; the extension of banking and the Clearing-house system on the continent of Europe. The daily average at the London Clearing-house for 1888 amounted to £22,250,000. If these transactions for a single day were settled in coin, it would require 175 tons of gold or 2,781 tons of silver ; whilst probably the documents actually used did not weigh more than a hundredweight.

Much of the gold and silver that comes to London has no direct connection with the Balance of Trade, and only an accidental and temporary influence on the Loan market. They come here simply to be kept like goods warehoused at the London and Liverpool docks waiting a market, as the most suitable centre from which they may be readily sent to any part of the world where they may be most wanted, and will fetch the highest price. The Bank of England is bound by its Charter to buy gold at £3. 17s. 9d. per oz., however large its stock on hand may be, and is obliged to sell at £3. 17s. 10½d., however ill it may be able to spare it.

All Foreign and Colonial banks of any pretension have their offices, or agents, or correspondents in London, on whom they constantly draw. In times of National disturbance or political discontent, Wars or rumours of War, foreign money flocks to London for safe-keeping, and while it earns some temporary interest it can always be got back at any time, as in London gold is the only legal tender. Elsewhere this is not so. In France, Germany, and the United States, where the double standard prevails, as they have the option of paying in silver, you can never be sure of getting gold. Pressure is put on bankers in Germany to prevent the export of gold, and advances are made at special rates on condition that the loans are repaid by remittances of gold from abroad. For the same purpose a charge is made on bar-gold in France when required for export.

This accumulation of capital in London, gathered from all quarters of the globe to provide for international affairs, has the advantage of credit and loans being usually cheaper there than elsewhere, but what is erroneously called the "Money Market" is at the same time liable to greater and more frequent fluctuations owing to sudden withdrawals. When any country has a sufficient supply of gold for currency purposes and an ample reserve against banking liabilities, so that credit is cheap, any further imports of bullion are not an advantage, but rather the reverse. It lowers the rate of interest, and prices of commodities tend to fall; exports are accordingly encouraged and reckless over-trading and speculation stimulated; all the seeds are then sown that blossom out into that dreaded period when commercial pressure develops into blind panic, when good and bad go down together.

This acknowledged prestige and profit of London banking bring along with them increased responsibility. The narrower the margin of actual gold upon which the enormous structure of National credit and banking liabilities rests, the wider the scope for suspicion and distrust the greater the danger of disturbance, and the louder the

call to bankers and merchants to exercise the utmost prudence and sagacity. The delicate and sensitive mechanism called "Credit" should have all its parts firmly knit together, not a single screw loose ; it should be worked and watched by all hands with increasing care ; every precaution being taken that experience and wisdom can suggest to prevent over-pressure and needless strain.

London occupies a position in the commercial world similar to the function of the heart in the physical frame ; any disorder or unsoundness there works speedy and world-wide mischief.

B. D. MACKENZIE.

BIRDS, BEASTS, FISHES, INSECTS, REPTILES,

AND A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT THEM.

FIRSTLY, birds. *A propos* of birds, roughly speaking, it seems to me that there have been throughout this nineteenth century two schools of poetry in England—that of Wordsworth and that of Shelley; that all poets now living among us are followers of the one or of the other; and that what is the style of each poet may be seen by comparing the poems of both on *a bird*, “The Skylark.”

Hail to thee, blithe spirit !

So Shelley sings.

Ethereal minstrel, pilgrim of the sky !

So Wordsworth—pens.

—— The differ o’ t !——

Birds ! Poets ! I have a theory about them, and it is this : that every bird is one part poet, and that every poet is one part bird. The one part bird in Shelley was lark, and the one part bird in Wordsworth was owl ; and in Cowper the one part bird was dove. “O, had I the wings of a dove !” he sang ; and the wings of a dove God gave him.

The one part bird in Milton was eagle. The one part bird in Pope was cock-sparrow.

This becomes catalogue style. I pass from birds to beasts.

I don’t know why people talk of dumb beasts. There are two sorts of animal creatures which indeed are dumb, or have voices so very low-pitched that we cannot hear them. They are fishes and worms. But all others have voices audible enough. Take only cats. Talking of cats, have you noticed that people always love or hate them? There is no medium. Folks may “like” dogs, may “respect” them (the latter is my case, and is combined—a not uncommon circumstance, I believe, in the case of this feeling—with intense dislike); folks may have all sorts of feelings, and shades of

feelings, towards dogs ; but, as regards cats, humanity may really be divided into those that love them and those that hate them. *I* love them ; the odds are that you hate them, that your next-door neighbour loves them ; his next-door neighbour loves them ; the man next door to him hates them, and so on. Anyone doubting this need only send a card the round of his neighbourhood, having on it, "Kindly state your feelings regarding cats." If he do not receive it back filled up with "love them ;" "hate them ;" "love them ;" "hate them ;" "hate them," *I*, as persons regardless of grammar say, shall be *very* surprised.

In the case of dogs, the card would be quite differently filled up. The answers would vary hopelessly: "like them ;" "rather like them ;" "like them very much ;" "so fear hydrophobia ;" "love them ;" "can't endure them ;" "adore King Charleys ;" "like a mastiff ;" "can't stand terriers ;" "like greyhounds ;" "like foxhounds ;" "doat on spaniels ;" "want a pup ;" "love those little silky things with ears in their eyes." So on, on, abusive, laudatory, and incoherent answers, *ad infinitum*.

To return to cats. *I* read the other day a poem which struck me as exquisitely dainty, and which told of the love of a boy for a kitten. The writer of it was a young girl. *I* translate it from the German :

Young Robin for his pastime kept
A little snow-white kitten ;
To see how daintily it stept,
You could not but be smitten.

Its flashing eyes, all folks agreed,
You loved on merely seeing ;
The boy and kitten were indeed
One heart, one soul, one being.

Once on his heart the dear thing lay,
He bent to kiss it sleeping ;
Alack, a claw him pierced straightway,
And left him torn and weeping.

Poor Robin sobs aloud, "Oh, me !
The little soft deceiver !
Her sparkling eyes how could I see
And love not and believe her ?"

Whist, foolish lad ! 'tis very clear
That kittens must have pastime.
You're scratch'd indeed—bend low your ear—
'The first time be *the last time*.

Though not very creditable to Puss, that is the very prettiest poem *I* ever read about her. Poets have a prejudice against cats, just as

they have a prejudice against pigs ; though, as I once heard an Irishman say, "They make much of a baste called Pigasus." Never mind, grunters ; the proverb-makers—and they are older than the poets—have not overlooked you, as is shown by many a time-old saying, such as "to buy a pig in a poke," "to have a wrong sow by the ear," to make—or rather try to make—"a silk purse out of a sow's ear." The French have a proverb—"Quand un porc rêve c'est du drêche." That is libellous. We have no knowledge at all on the subject of pigs' dreams. Had we the slightest knowledge of pigs' characters we should not use—and misuse—the word "piggish" as we do. A mean act is frequently described as piggish, whereas no pig was ever guilty of meanness. A dog sometimes is ; but then—as dog-owners say—dogs are *so human*.

There must be something radically wrong in the way zoology is taught. A London child some time ago wrote the following as embodying all that she knew on the subject of rabbits : "These are little hares, used for curry and stew, and cheaper." A friend of the child in flippant language declares that the account is not "half bad," that a London child cannot be supposed to know what a living rabbit is like, that it has two lovely black eyes and would be graceful if it could a longer tail unfold.

Poor little Londoners ! Well, they have always dogs among them ; see them, hear them, read about them. Literature, like life, is only too full of them. What other lower animal figures as hero in fiction ? *Place au chien !* "*Rab—and his Friends.*" A man once said to me that in nothing did woman's lack of accuracy show itself more than in her mode of using, when speaking of animals, terms generic rather than distinctive ; that whereas a man would speak of a mastiff, a greyhound, a terrier, a spaniel, a woman invariably spoke of *a dog*. Men always run away with notions. Do not they do precisely the same thing in speaking of—well, clothes ? Where a woman, in allusion to her head-gear, speaks of her toque, her tam o' shanter, her felt, her chip, her straw, her crinoline, her Rembrandt, her Gainsborough, her Wagner, her sailor, her coal-scuttle, her chocolate, her crushed-strawberry, her cardinal, her velvet, her silk, her pongee, her waterproof, her flap, her cap, her turban, her turn-down, her turn-up, her morning, her afternoon, her marketing, her visiting, her church, her country, her seaside, her travelling, her riding, her boating, her tennis—here are some forty different kinds, and there are some forty more—a man, though married-and-a' for years, makes use of but *two generic terms*. They are "bonnet" and hat," and the odds are that he does not even use these rightly, or is

afraid of using them wrongly, and seeks refuge in the pitiful and insulting phrase, "whatever you call the thing."

This is a digression. A still small voice reminds me that the subject I started with was dogs. To dogs, then, I will return. Dora Greenwell, in a noble poem, makes a dog tell of a doctor :

He saw me slowly die
In agonies acute ;
For he was man, and I
Was nothing but a brute.

"He was man." What a blow is there given !

I think it is Addison who tells of a bitch that was opened for science sake, and, as she lay writhing in exquisite torture, the analyst (what are analysts made of?) offered her one of her young ones, and it she straightway "fell a-licking." The old, old wonderful story ! What is like motherhood, world without end ?

I wish I knew more about horses. I know one cab-horse well. He belongs to a stand that belongs to my street ; and such a cab-horse, I am convinced, was never before. He is always glossy and sleek, and carries his head as if money were bid for him, and stamps and champs (like a "steed" !), and cocks his ears, and switches his tail, and has the prettiest steps imaginable. When I look at him I feel quite sure that body and soul of him are full of oats and sugar ; which explains why he holds up his head and his haunches, why his tail grows thick and his mane grows long, and you say to yourself that if Disraeli had seen him he would have called him a "barb," and if Dan Chaucer had seen him he would have called him "an horsely horse to ben a prize-horse able." For Dan Chaucer has that adjective "horsely," and we want it, indeed, quite as much as we want *manly*. What should we do without the horses in literature ? What would Don Quixote be without Rosinante ? what the Vicar of Wakefield without the colt and Blackberry ? Who would not miss the Frenchman's horse from Shakespeare's play of "Henry V." ?

A beast for Perseus.

How dared we ever to bridle and rein this big, beautiful creature ? What has it done to merit leading the life we make it lead, yoked to our carts and our carriages ? Neigh—oh ! Heigho !

Poet Heine tells what brought the mischief about. The first horse ate forbidden oats, he says.

Enough about "beasts." "Fishes" come next on my list.

I once heard a little boy say that he would like to be a fish because it could always keep clean, and had never to be washed. He

was thinking, no doubt, of the soaping process, which seems to constitute to little boys the terrible feature of washing. As a wee bit lassie I was greatly interested in fishes. In my opinion they were by no means "stupid"; for—to the smallest among them—they could keep their eyes open in water. I now know that, despite this circumstance, they must be inordinately stupid, for I learn that whereas the proportion of the brain of man to the rest of his body is about 1 to 60, the proportion in fishes is about 1 to 3,000. Let anyone picture to himself the 3,000th part of a minnow, and he will conceive how minute may be the brain of a fish. Most of us know, perhaps, less about fishes than about any other animals; witness the case of the British islander who paused in amazement before a basin of large gold-fishes as "live red herrings."

"Mute, inglorious"—fishes have no friends. There is among us a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but it has not yet taken up the cause of the dwellers among the waves that Britannia rules. A mere woman, with mere woman's brain, I ask of men, the good, the kind, and clever, can no way be devised for catching fish other than by spitting them alive? I was talking on this subject with a woman not long ago. She quaintly ended the conversation as she bent down and patted a dog at her feet, by admonishing it to gratitude in the words:

"Yes, compare your lot with theirs, old fellow. No one ever pats *them* on the back but a fishmonger."

There, in a nutshell, is the case of the fishes.

A word upon "Insects."

There is a cobweb in my room, the sight of which makes me believe, in Skeat's despite, that cobweb means cobbled web. It has been torn and patched again and again. Poor spider! Indeed, poor spiders! I have all an Irishwoman's love for spiders. It saddens the Keltic heart in me to see whole families of them evicted—husband, and wife, and children—turned out of house and home, it may be in mid-winter, simply because they can't pay rent. Who ever shows kindness to them? Even Goldsmith once broke a spider's web twice for experiment, and (for experiment) plucked off a spider's leg. Ah, dear Goldie! What harm do spiders do us that we should maltreat them? They do not make free with us, like flies; or sting us, like wasps; or buzz about us, like bluebottles; or get under our feet, like black-beetles; or make havoc with our wardrobes, like moths. Moths indeed are odious—"mouths" Chaucer rightly calls them. But spiders!—quiet, work-a-day things are they, leading harmless lives in their castles in the air. In olden times

they heartened a Scottish king ; to-day they may hearten an Irish beggar. I once wrote a poem about a spider, but I have lost it. I was giving much thought to insect life at the time, and I also wrote a poem about a ladybird. And that I have not lost, and I like it. One always does like one's own poems. This is it.

THE LADYBIRD AND THE SUNDEW.

A flower grew in a garden fair,
 A ladybird's delight,
 With crimson leaves and crimson hair,
 And blossom all of white.
 Each slender hair was jewel-tipp'd,
 The flower starlike beamed ;
 My ladybird delighted sipp'd
 The sweets that from it streamed :
 Till, cloyed, her little wings she stirr'd
 To fly aloft once more ;
 But captive is the pretty bird,
 She never more will soar.
 Caught, caught ! the little lady-fly
 Lies panting on the leaf.
 There must she lie until she die ;
 Oh, ladies, joy is brief.

My say about " Reptiles," and I have done.

" They that creep and they that fly "—the words are used by Gray of — the race of man ; and yet another poet tells us, " Thou and the worm are brother-kind." We take anything said by poets in good part. In serious prose it would be unsafe for any man to compare his brother to a worm. Worms are not liked, though they do a heap of good. No garden could exist without them ; yet all men, and especially all gardeners, hate them. Everything is done to make their lives miserable. Even the kindest among us are always treading upon them ; we can't help it. We have also invented a phrase " to worm " as a synonym for " to push " in the most contemptuous sense of that word. In Germany, where the high wisdom which we call simplicity still lives, the word " worm " is used in many parts of the country as a term of endearment, and mothers say of their little ones, " die süßen Würmchen "—" the sweet wormkins." Just fancy anyone's calling an English child a " wormkin " !

Not alone do worms among reptiles suffer from man's scorn. Look at the slug. " Sluggish " and " lazy " we use as having the same signification, though, as every naturalist knows, the common garden slug does as much work any day as the common garden spade ; and

it works moreover week-days, and Sundays, and saint-days, and spring and summer, and autumn and winter, and from dawn-break to dark. Nor is it slow. The amount of work one slug gets through in an hour is quite astounding. It certainly does not bustle about like an ant ; but greatly mistaken are they who think that all that bustling about of ants means work. I have known an ant to run to and fro, to and fro, on a blade of grass in the sun, for the mere excitement of the thing, till quite exhausted. I have seen it race another ant round and round a pebble, till the two of them had not a leg to stand on, for mere sport. At this very moment, sitting as I am in a cool spot in my garden, there is one scampering like a maniac up and down inside my sleeve, wasting his time and mine, and doing it only to annoy, because he knows it teases. Ants are distinctly overrated. If indeed they do a heap of work, they make the heap very apparent, and lack the modesty which charms one (or, at least, charms me) in the ethically-interesting slug.

Toads ! Here again are estimable creatures unappreciated. "To toady," forsooth, is a verb we have coined for our special use in Britain. They have no verb like it in France ; they have no verb like it in Germany. They have toads and toadies (by toadies I mean little toads) in both of these countries, but they do not saddle on them society vices. What would the fairy-tale writers do without toads ? Listen to Andersen : "The toad thought the butterfly was a flower that had broken loose."

Did man ever have a prettier thought than that ? I feel sure that when Andersen was a reptile he was a toad with a jewel in its head, and—since one day to be Andersen—a jewel in its heart.

ELSA D'ESTERRF-KEELING.

BALQUHIDDER.

FOR the wandering artist in search of a happy hunting-ground—a quiet spot far from the haunts of busy men, where, watching and noting, he may put upon canvas the varying aspects of sky and mountain, woodland and strath, or where, inspired by tragic associations, he may summon back to form and colour the romantic figures of the past, there is assuredly charm and attraction in the little Highland valley which holds Loch Voil. The Oban railway, it is true, crosses the foot of the strath at Kingshouse, only two miles away; but the trains which pass there are few, and the tourists of summer and autumn, hastening to the well-known places of resort on the West Coast, do not think of invading the quiet glens by the way. He who comes here, therefore, with easel and palette, may hope to see atmospheric visions and dream fair colour-dreams for days and even weeks on end without other interruption than the infrequent passing of some shepherd or forester, or of shy crofter children coming home from school.

Let him stand on the little bridge here under the wood, with the river below his feet flowing out between the sedgy islets of the lake, and let him ask himself whether the scene be not fair.

The sun has just set, and the rugged edge of the Argyleshire mountains in the west rises dark against the clear pale primrose of the sky. Higher there in the heavens great bars of cloud are on fire with rosy flame, and a glory from them flushes the brown and purple sides of the far-ranged Braes of Balquhiddar, while Loch Voil in the valley below gleams blue as a long Damascus blade cast among the shadows of the woods. Of human interest, too, if that be wanted, there are suggestions enough. A blue trail of smoke rising softly above the trees tells here and there of a cot where the evening meal is being prepared; and a heap of yellow and fragrant pine chips by the wayside betrays the spot where some forester has been at work. The woodland paths, with their rich depths of shadow, seem made to be trod by the loitering feet of lovers; and the gentle Muse, Erato herself, might almost be discovered lingering in some nook by the still margin of the lake.

At all hours and seasons the landscape is full of rich and fair colour. The hills here flame golden with the yellow gorse in spring, and in autumn, like a nether cloudland, heave their purple bloom against the blue. Even at night, when the gathering shadows have begun to darken in the strath, and the virgin moon has drawn a soft mist-veil about her shy beauty on Ben Vorlich, the warmth of an afterglow lingers long on the brown shingles of the few hamlet roofs, and tender and mysterious greys come out upon the mountain sides. Happy indeed is he, painter or other, who may tarry here for a time, the hill air shedding its freshness on his heart, while the mountain walls shut out the unrest of the world, and every night there is set for him in the west some new and gorgeous pageantry of colour and light.

Should one desire, too, to call to life again upon his canvas the scenes and persons of bygone days, Balquhiddar can furnish him from its own wild and picturesque history with memories and suggestions enough.

The roofless ruin of the ancient kirk of Balquhiddar stands on a little knoll close by the hamlet at the foot of the mountains. With the glow of sunset falling upon its ivied gable and upon its modest enclosure of grass-grown graves, it appears to-day a fair and tranquil spot. Amid a silence scarcely broken even by the murmur of the mountain rivulet at hand, it seems strange to picture aught but scenes of peace. And peaceful and saintly enough is at least one of the place's memories ; for here, under a quaintly-carved and time-worn stone, the *Clach Aenais*, rest the remains of Angus, a disciple of Columba, who, doubtless, in his own day brought to the strath the message and the arts of gentleness. But the fiery cross was wont too often in times gone by to speed along this quiet valley. Too often the little graveyard has been the gathering-place of men on desperate thoughts intent. And the altar of the ruined kirk itself once saw a deed which darkens with tragic horror the story of the spot.

The dwellers of the glen in bygone days were a warrior race—a fact betokened by the significant emblem of a broadsword carved upon the stones of many of the graves about the ruined kirk. Here the clan Maclaurin had their home. Tradition points out, a mile to the east of the modern manse, the spot where they defended the strath in battle against the invading Buchanans from the Pass of Leny. And a memorial-stone in the kirkyard tells how their hamlet was harried, and its aged chief with the women and children slain, in absence of the fighting men, by a band of marauders from the

Dochart. But best known of all the place's memories is the fact that it saw the burial of Rob Roy. Though his clan had ever been at feud with the Maclaurins, his grave lies here among their graves. Close outside the doorway of the ruined kirk, under a rude coffin-shaped stone, rests the dust of that Highland Ishmael.

For many a long year in these glens, as Wordsworth says,

The eagle he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below.

Picturesque his whole life had been, and for painter and writer alike it remains to the present day a mine of romantic situations. Among these, most striking of all, perhaps, is the final scene. Surviving outlawry, forfeiture, and proscription, at last in his own house of Inverlochlarig, at the head of Loch Voil, the hot-hearted old chief lay dying. The members of his family were gathered about his bed, and to their eyes it seemed that the end had all but arrived, when suddenly it was announced that a foeman stood at the door desiring an interview. At this intelligence the flush of life came back to the cheek of the sinking man, his eye flashed, and he strove to raise himself on his couch. "Throw my plaid over me," he said, "and bring me my claymore, dirk, and pistols; that it may never be said an enemy saw Macgregor unarmed." A haughty interview it was which ensued, as befitted the relations of the parties—a colloquy worthy the last moments of "the bold Rob Roy." When it was over, and the visitor had been dismissed, the old Highlander sank back satisfied, exclaiming, "Now let the piper play 'Ha til mi tulidh'" ["We return no more"]; and while the lament was yet wailing down the loch he breathed his last.

A scene somewhat similar to this in circumstance, it will be remembered, has been painted by Mr. Val Prinsep, in his "Death of Siward the Strong." The Highland subject, however, presents circumstances which are absent in the latter case.

Little good it boded, in the old days, when these pipes of the Macgregors were heard coming down the loch. Too often the strains proved the prelude to some wild spectacle of strife and flight; for the sons of Alpin were ever more ready with the sword than with the sickle, and when aggrieved, as in truth they often had reason to deem themselves, their vengeance was apt to be both sharp and swift. To this characteristic it is that Balquhiddy owes its most startling and dramatic memories. Descendants, as they believed themselves, of the Scots king Alpin, the Macgregors found their once wide domains narrowed as the years went on by the encroachments

of other races ; and again and again some frantic outburst marked their endeavour to regain lost ground.

Of these attempts, perhaps the most desperate were made in the latter half of the sixteenth century.

On a winter night of 1558 one wild and terrible scene was enacted in the strath. Goaded by their wrongs, and driven, it may be, like the wolves, by hunger, the Macgregors poured out then from their western fastnesses and swept the little valley. Imagination can picture yet the horror of the night, when the shouts of the plaided mountaineers broke upon the stillness, and the dark hillsides were lit up by the flames of clachan and homestead. But more awful and tragic still was the drama enacted here on a winter Sunday thirty years later. From far and near the members of the clan had gathered at the summons of their chief. A dark and significant transaction had taken place, and the sign-manual of the tribe was to be appended to it. In the dim-lit little kirk man after man of the assembly went forward to the altar, laid his hand upon the severed head of the king's forester, Drummond-Ernock, and swore himself a partner in the deed that had placed it there.

This was the climax of the Macgregors' desperate efforts to hold their own by the ancient *coir a glaive*, or Right of the Sword, against the encroachments of neighbours provided with less hazardous titles. By it, like Canute of old, they bade defiance to an advancing tide which was destined to prove too strong for them. The weird and dreadful ceremony, known as Clan Alpin's Vow, has formed the subject of more than one vivid poem and romance ; but it has yet to be arranged in its native awe and gloom upon the canvas of the painter.

Among the wild deeds of the succeeding years many an episode of thrilling interest might be found. The dark oath sworn in the little kirk brought retribution swift and terrible upon the Macgregors. Their lands were forfeited, and their name itself was in time proscribed. Again and again these passes were swept with fire and sword ; commissions of vengeance were granted to their neighbours on every side ; and the clansmen were hunted like wild deer among the hills. Amid such hardships and distresses the marvel is that any of the name escaped. Nevertheless, the "sons of Alpin" managed to survive, active and powerful ; and more than one encroaching tribe had reason to remember their encounter. The clan mustered strength enough, in the midst of its proscription, to defeat the Colquhouns of Luss and all their supporters in Glenfruin ; it cost Stewart of Appin considerable effort at a later day to oust the clansmen from Inver

nenty on the lochside here ; and Rob Roy himself, in his nephew's name, led no mean following to support the Jacobite cause when Mar raised his standard in 1715.

No longer now, however, does the wild "Macgregors' Gathering" strike terror through valley and strath. No longer do fire and foray sweep ruthless down the silence of these midnight glens. And in the roofless ruin of the little kirk itself the rains of heaven have long since washed away the dark blood-traces of Clan Alpin's Vow.

Healed are the scar and the sorrow
Of the feuds of a barbarous time ;
For the spade and the plough and the harrow
Have banished the sword from our clime.

For painter and poet alike to-day there could be found no fitter spot to transcribe for a picture of Peace.

And as the light grows dim upon the western hills, and night, still and solemn, descends upon the quiet scene, the stranger, stepping over the dust of the foemen of long ago, sees only the candle shining in the window of some peasant's cottage here and there among the shadows of the woods—a study in *chiaroscuro*.

GEORGE EYRE-TODD

COCOA AND CHOCOLATE.

THE January number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* contained an article on "Costa Rica and its Resources," in which I dealt at some length with cocoa, giving as much information as I could respecting its history and culture. To avoid repetition, therefore, I keep clear of much which would otherwise be in place in the present article. A few weeks ago I had an opportunity of visiting one of the largest cocoa factories in the world, that of Messrs. Cadbury Brothers, at Birmingham, and what I saw and heard made a deep impression on my mind. Under the supervision, and in great measure at the expense of these gentlemen, quite a town has sprung up in the neighbourhood of the workshops. Some of the cottages are little mansions, and the surrounding country is singularly beautiful and fertile ; while as for the factories it was positively delightful to find myself in vast ranges of buildings fitted up with the most perfect scientific appliances, and to observe that the proprietors had, while doing all in their power to manufacture the purest and best cocoa, not spared any expense in providing dining- and reading-rooms for their workpeople, and promoting in many other ways their comfort and happiness. Were masters more often alive to the claims of their servants, we should hear of fewer strikes and disagreements, and both classes would gain, while the country at large would be benefited to a degree not easy to calculate. Just now, when the country is being convulsed by strikes and mutinies, and rumours of strikes, this is no trifling matter, and every employer whose amicable relations with his workpeople show that he has successfully grappled with the problem, deserves unqualified praise.

The literature of cocoa is not without curious features : it is so extensive that it would astonish the uninitiated. A singular and sufficiently quaint treatise, entitled "*Chocolata Inda ; opusculum de qualitate et natura Chocolatæ : authore Antonio Colmenero de Ledesma,*" seems to have been originally written in Spanish, and then done into Latin by Marcus Aurelius Severinus, and to have been printed at Neuenberg in 1644. Another little work, by Philip

Sylvester Dufour, called "A New and Curious Treatise on Coffee, on Tea, and on Chocolate," was printed at Lyons by John Baptiste Deville in 1688. The latter is one of those quaint, pedantic, and oppressively tedious books in which our ancestors thought they saw infinite learning and wit, but which we find so insufferably dull and heavy that only a few irrepressible bookworms can summon patience to go through them. For instance, part of the book purports to be a dialogue between a physician, an Indian, and a bourgeois; the physician commences thus learnedly and pleasantly: "There is a beverage called chocolate, of which great quantities are used in the Indies and in Spain, which they reckon medicinal and of which it is our present intention to discuss the virtues." Hereupon the Indian continues: "It is made of the fruit of certain trees, which are found in New Spain"—the Spanish Main that is. "Their leaves are like those of orange trees, but slightly larger; their fruit resembles a large streaked cucumber, or one furrowed and rough; it is full of seeds which are called cacao, or small almonds, of which some are smaller than others, and, according to their size, they are divided in the country of their growth into four sorts. They plant the smallest cacao trees under the shadow of other trees to prevent the extreme ardour of the sun from burning and drying them up. The cacao seeds are at present in very great demand above all other articles of merchandise, because they serve as money, and because they are used as a beverage so famous that it is called chocolate." And so on for many pages, more quaint than interesting; but at a time when foreign travel was very rare, more instructive than it is to us. Our modern literary style is vastly easier and more graceful, and we have to count on our readers being well posted up in almost every subject, so that mediæval treatises strike us as a strange medley of diffuseness, pedantry, and childish simplicity; but written as those books were, for an audience less well informed than any which modern writers address, they received more respectful attention than our age would extend to them.

Another curious little book, scarcely more instructive and valuable than those already mentioned, was entitled, "The Natural History of Chocolate, being a distinct and particular account of the cocoa tree, its growth and culture, and the preparation, excellent properties, and medicinal value of its fruit; wherein the errors of those who have wrote upon this subject are discover'd, the best way of making chocolate is explain'd, and several uncommon medicines drawn from it are communicated." Translated from the last edition of the French by R. Brookes, M.D. The preface is couched in that

pretentious and ponderous fashion in favour in 1730. It commences as follows:

“ If the merit of a natural history depends upon the truth of the facts which are brought to support it, then an unprejudiced eye-witness is more proper to write it than any other person, and I dare even flatter myself that this will not be disagreeable to the public, notwithstanding its resemblance to the particular treatises of Colmenero, Dufour, and several others, who have wrote upon the same subject. Upon examination so great a difference will appear that no one can justly accuse me of having borrowed anything from these writers,” and so to the end. These little books used to waste a considerable part of their limited space in the headings of chapters, tables of contents, introductions, and much more ; and yet they contrived to give so little useful information, that a brilliant modern magazine article would outweigh in interest and value a cartload of them.

Mr. D. Morris, M.A., the director of the Public Gardens of Jamaica, in an excellent pamphlet, “ Cocoa ; how to grow and how to cure it,” gives some valuable information relating to the culture of this plant in that island, where great attention is being paid to it. The quantity exported from Jamaica increased from 311 cwt. in 1875, of the value of £873, to 3,304 cwt. in 1880, value £10,918.

Chocolate, as every schoolboy knows, especially if he is a worthy descendant of Macaulay's youthful prodigy, was one of the favourite beverages of the ancient Mexicans, and in constant use at the time of the Spanish Conquest ; and Cortez, among the most notable products of the New World, which he sent Charles V. as proofs of the wealth of the Indies, included cacao. The physicians of Europe speedily began to appreciate it, and Hoffmann wrote a treatise entitled “ Potus Chocولاتi,” in which he recommended it in many diseases, and instanced the case of Cardinal Richelieu who, according to him, was cured of general atrophy by its use. But it took more than a century after its introduction into Europe before our countrymen became acquainted with it. The earliest mention of it in our literature occurs in Needham's “ Mercurius Politicus,” dated June 16, 1659. For many years the cocoa imported into England continued to be in the manufactured state ; but at the beginning of last century the preparation was commenced in this country, and there is strong presumption that the knowledge of the proper methods of manufacture was brought into England by Sir Hans Sloane. This eminent author, Patrick Browne, Long, Bryan, Edwards, and other writers on Jamaica notice it favourably.

Ten years ago the consumption of cocoa in Europe was becoming so large that it absorbed a considerable part of the total production ; it was then estimated to reach 110 million pounds ; 28 millions were produced in Ecuador, 11 in Trinidad, 7 in Brazil, and 4 in Grenada. To Great Britain the imports had risen from 12 million pounds in 1867 to 20,250,000 in 1876, while the actual consumption in the United Kingdom had also grown enormously. In 1820 the consumption of cacao seeds was only 276,321 pounds, in 1860 it had increased to 4,583,124, while in 1873 it was over 6,000,000 pounds. The average annual consumption per head in Great Britain is still, however, only estimated at five ounces, a much smaller quantity than one would expect. There is obviously room for a vast increase, for were every one to use only two pounds, it would mean a total consumption of 76,000,000 pounds.

Dr. Carter Wigg suggests that among the articles which might often with conspicuous advantage be given to young children, cocoa should take a high place, as it is exceptionally rich in nutritious properties. Cocoa nibs and rock cocoa should not be used for this purpose, however, because of the large quantity of cocoa butter which they contain, and unfortunately the fat is of a very indigestible kind. In selecting cocoa, choice should be made of brands containing the smallest percentage of fat, and to which starch has not been added. The last is easily ascertained, for absolutely pure cocoa will not thicken on being boiled. Among the preparations which can be procured everywhere, and from which nearly all the fat has been expressed, and to which starch has not been added, Cadbury's Cocoa Essence is at the head of the list. Cocoa prepared for children should be weak, with abundance of milk, or it should be added to other food. Dr. William Faussett, of Dublin, clearly pointed out, in a paper before the Surgical Society of Ireland in 1877, the supreme value of cocoa as a food for infants.

The "Chemistry of Common Life" has a most interesting chapter on cocoa, and I cannot do better than reproduce it, or rather the most important passages, with a slight alteration here and there.

The cocoas are more properly soups or gruels than simple infusions ; they are prepared from certain oily seeds, which are first ground to pulp by passing them between hot rollers, and are then diffused through boiling water for immediate use. Mexican cocoa is the seed of the *Theobroma cacao*, a small but beautiful tree with bright dark-green leaves, which occurs both wild and cultivated in the northern parts of South America, and in Central America as far north as Mexico. If left to itself, it attains a height of forty feet, but Von Bibra says that cultivators never let it grow beyond fifteen or twenty—partly to facilitate gathering the fruit, partly to shield it from the influence of high winds. It is grown chiefly

in Brazil, Guiana, Trinidad, and on the coast of Caracas, and fills whole forests in Demerara; it is also cultivated in the Mauritius and in the French island of Bourbon. When the Spaniards first established themselves in Mexico, they found a beverage prepared from this seed in common use among the natives. It was known by the name of Chocollatl, and was said to have been in use from time immemorial. It was brought to Europe by the Spaniards in 1520, and has since been more or less extensively introduced as a beverage into every civilised country. Linnæus was so fond of it that he gave the tree the generic name of *Theobroma*—food of the gods. The fruit of the tree, which, like the fig, grows directly from the stem and principal branches, is of the form and size of a small oblong melon or a thick cucumber. When ripe the fruit is plucked, opened, and allowed to ferment slightly. The seeds are cleaned from the marrowy substance, and dried in the sun. In the West Indies they are often immediately packed for market, but in Caracas they are gathered into heaps every evening and covered over, or sometimes buried in the earth till they undergo slight fermentation, before they are finally dried and packed for market. By this treatment they lose a portion of their natural bitterness and acrimony of taste, which is greater in the beans of the mainland than in those of the American islands. The cocoa of Central America is of superior quality, or, at least, is more generally esteemed in the European market than that grown in the West Indies; it still retains a greater degree of bitterness, and this may be one reason for the preference given it. In the low country of Tabasco the cocoa-tree bears flowers and fruit all the year round, but seldom more than ten fruits on a single tree at a time. The principal harvests are in March, April, and October, and the total yield of the province is 200 tons. In 1867 nearly 12 million pounds of cocoa were imported into Great Britain; it had risen to 20·5 millions in 1876. The total production of cocoa has been estimated at 100 to 110 millions of pounds; 28 millions of these are raised in Ecuador, 11 in Trinidad, and 7 in Brazil. The consumption of cocoa in the United Kingdom has nearly tripled during the last decade; it approaches five ounces per head annually. Ten million pounds were retained for home consumption in 1876. The cocoa-bean of commerce is brittle, of dark-brown colour internally, eats like a rich nut, and has a slightly astringent but distinctly bitter taste; this bitterness is more decided in the South American or mainland varieties. In preparing it for use, it is gently roasted till the aroma is fully developed, when it is allowed to cool. The bean is now more brittle, lighter brown in colour, and both the natural astringency and the bitterness are less perceptible. It is manufactured for the market in one or other of three principal ways. First, the whole bean, after roasting, is beaten into a paste in a hot mortar, or is ground between hot rollers adjusted for the purpose; this paste, mixed with starch, sugar, and other similar ingredients in various proportions, forms the granulated, flake, rock, and soluble cocoas of the shops; these are often gritty from the admixture of earthy and other matters which adhere to the husk of the beans. Secondly, the bean is deprived of its husk, which forms about 11 per cent. of its weight, and is then crushed into fragments; these are the cocoa-nibs of the shops, and are the purest state in which cocoa can usually be obtained from the retail dealer. Thirdly, the bean when shelled is ground at once into a paste by hot rollers, and is mixed with sugar and seasoned with vanilla and bitter almonds, sometimes with cinnamon and cloves; this paste forms the familiar chocolate. When prepared it is also used in three different ways. First, the chocolate is made up into sweet cakes and bon-bons, and is eaten in the solid state as a nutritious article of diet, containing in a small

compass much strength-sustaining material. Secondly, the chocolate or cocoa is scraped into powder, and mixed with boiling water or milk, when it makes a beverage, somewhat thick but agreeable to the palate, refreshing to the spirits, and highly nutritious. Thirdly, the nibs are boiled in water, with which they form a reddish-brown decoction, which, after the fat has been skimmed off, is poured from the insoluble part of the bean ; with sugar and milk this forms an agreeable drink, better adapted for persons of weak digestion than the consumption of the entire bean. Another variety of cocoa beverages, one which may be called cocoa-tea, is prepared by boiling the husks of the bean in water, with which they form a brown decoction. This husk is usually ground up with the ordinary cocoas, but it is always separated in the manufacture of the purer chocolates ; hence in the chocolate manufactories it accumulates in large quantities, which are imported into this country from Trieste and other Italian ports under the name of *miserable*. This has been used for cattle-feeding. Here the husk is partly ground up in the inferior cocoas, so that the ordinary flake-cocoas are really of three qualities :

(a) Bean and husk ground and flakes together ; this quality is worth 120s. per cwt. (b) The contents of the second vessel from the winnowing-fan, consisting of the smaller pieces of the nib and a good deal of the husk ; this sells at 84s. per cwt. (c) The contents of the third vessel from the winnowing-fan, consisting of little else but husk, and selling at 56s. per cwt. Unfortunately, (b) is often sold as (a), and (c) as (b).

Besides the exhilarating and sustaining properties which it possesses in common with tea and coffee, cocoa in its more common forms is eminently nutritious. Its active or useful ingredients are the following : First, the volatile oil, to which its aroma is due, and which is produced during the roasting ; the proportion of this oil in the roasted bean has not been accurately determined, but it is very small : its action on the system is probably similar to that of the odoriferous oils produced by the same process in tea and coffee. Secondly, a peculiar principle, resembling the theine of tea and coffee, though not identical with it ; like theine, it is a white crystalline substance, which has a slightly bitter taste, and contains a large percentage of nitrogen ; it is called *theobromine* from the generic name of the cocoa-tree, and its composition, compared with that of theine, is as follows :

	Theine	Theobromine
Carbon	49·5	46·7
Hydrogen	5·1	4·4
Nitrogen	28·9	31·1
Oxygen	16·5	17·8
	100·0	100·0

Theobromine is even richer in nitrogen than theine ; and as nearly all vegetable principles rich in nitrogen, of which the influence upon the system has been examined, are found to be very active, the same is inferred in regard to theobromine ; and further, Strecker has shown that caffeine may be made from theobromine by a process called methylation, in which one atom of carbon and two of hydrogen are added to the original substance ; its analogy in chemical properties to theine leads to the belief that it exercises a similar exhilarating and soothing, hunger-stilling, and waste-retarding effect to the latter substance. The benefits experienced from the use of cocoa are due, in part at least, to the theobromine it contains. The proportion of this substance in the cocoa bean has been estimated at one and a half to two per cent., the same proportion in which theine exists in the tea-leaf ; it exists, also, in sensible quantity in the husk of the bean.

The decoction obtained by boiling the husk in water cannot be wholly devoid of useful ingredients or of good effects. Thirdly, the predominating ingredient in cocoa, and the one by which it is most remarkably distinguished from tea and coffee, is the large proportion of cocoa-butter which it contains; this sometimes amounts to upwards of one-half the weight of the shelled or husked bean. Consumed in either of its more useful forms cocoa is a very rich food, and for this reason it not infrequently disagrees with delicate stomachs. It is in some measure to lessen this richness or heaviness that sugar, starch, and fragrant seasonings are generally ground up with the roasted bean in the manufacture of cocoa and chocolate. Fourthly, it also contains a large proportion of starch and gluten, substances which form the staple constituents of all our more valuable varieties of vegetable food. The average composition of the entire bean, deprived of its husk and gently roasted ready for use, is nearly as follows :

Water	5
Starch, gum, tannin, colouring matter . . .	28
Gluten, &c.	11
Oil (cocoa-butter).	48
Theobromine	2
Fibre	3
Ash or mineral matter	3

100

This composition reminds us of the richest and most nutritious forms of vegetable food, and especially of the oily seeds and nuts with which cattle are fed and fattened. It is rich in all the important nutritious principles which co-exist in our most valued forms of ordinary food, but is somewhat poor in gluten or nitrogenous flesh-formers, though excessively rich in heat-givers, especially fat. Mixed with water, as it is usually drunk, it is more properly compared with milk than with infusions of little direct nutritive value, like those of tea or coffee, beef-tea, and other beverages, in that it contains theobromine and the volatile empyreumatic oil. Thus it unites the exhilarating properties of tea with the strengthening and body-supporting properties of milk. As cocoa is rich in fat, and milk in casein, the practice of making milk-cocoa, in which the constituents of the one dovetail into and assuage the influence of those in the other, is judicious. The large proportion of oil it contains justifies also, as fitting it better for most stomachs, mixing or grinding up the cocoa with sugar, flour, or starch in the preparation of cocoa-paste or chocolate. Both practices are skilful adjustments, made without chemical knowledge, as the result of long and wide experience. But excellent powder-cocoas are now prepared in which starch has not been introduced, but merely some of the excess of the butter pressed out; for it must not be forgotten that no cocoas are really soluble, though often so-called. Such cocoas mixed with boiling water form starch paste in which the particles remain suspended. And lastly, the general composition of the beans shows that, in chocolate cakes and comfits, when faithfully prepared, there should reside, as experience has shown to be the case, much nutritive virtue, and the means, reduced into comparatively small compass, of supporting bodily strength and sustaining nervous energy.

The manufacture of cocoa requires exceptional delicacy of manipulation, highly trained skill, and very costly and elaborate plant. Unfortunately, the large amount of cocoa-butter, which until

recently could not be expressed or removed, necessitated, to speak plainly, the addition of starch and sugar to suspend it, but the introduction of excellent machinery and better methods of preparation have enabled marvellous improvements to be effected, and nearly all the butter can be removed without injury to the cocoa, indeed with distinct benefit to it and greater digestibility. The attempt to prepare cocoa in a soluble form has tempted some great foreign firms to add alkaline salts freely: now these salts cannot be recommended to healthy subjects as regular articles of food; the reason for adding them is that they give an appearance of fictitious strength to the resulting soup or decoction. These foreign firms have been ascertained to do a vast business, and to command considerably higher prices than their English rivals; strange to say, these firms not only send out pamphlets in which their adulterations are openly admitted, but they positively justify them, and the precise secret of the adulteration is claimed as their own property. Some time ago copies of a pamphlet were actually sent to every medical practitioner in the kingdom, and it bore on its title-page the names of two distinguished chemists of national, shall I not rather say European, reputation? Why should eminent men bolster up flagrant adulterations? Surely their great aim should be to supply the public with pure, wholesome food; but when such means are used to push an adulterated article, and to impose upon the public as well as to injure our own manufacturing industries, our indignation is aroused. It is no question of degree; it may be true that the adulteration is not very flagrant, and that it is not distinctly injurious; I will not pause to discuss these matters; still the addition of these salts is an adulteration, and it enables one great firm to command a much larger price than its English rivals, besides taking a good deal of trade away from us, for the adulterated cocoa is in great favour with the credulous public, on account of its being apparently, though not really, richer and more soluble than that prepared from perfectly pure brands.

I strongly advocate perfect freedom of trade, and I believe all trade protection and differential duties to be vicious in principle, and, in the long run, injurious to all except a small body of interested persons. Good wine, says the old proverb, needs no bush, but surely in our love of free trade we should not countenance deception and fraud; the public should be distinctly informed as to the composition of the goods in which it invests its money, and if it still prefers to be defrauded we suppose there is no help; but at any rate it should not be deceived by misstatements. Cocoa has always afforded only too favourable a field to the fraudulent, and a great deal more sugar

and starch has been added than the exigencies of the arts required. Fortunately, at present several great firms manufacture and send out preparations of cocoa which are absolutely pure, not containing the smallest trace of any addition, harmless or injurious; such brands as Cadbury's Cocoa Essence and Schweitzer's Cocomatina can, therefore, be honestly recommended on account of their absolute purity; they are actually much cheaper than preparations, which, apparently less costly, because charged much less per pound, contain a large percentage of sugar or starch, articles considerably cheaper than cocoa, but in no way essential to the preparation of a good cup of this nutritious beverage.

My denunciations of adulterations do not of course bear upon chocolate, because the latter is necessarily a manufactured or compounded article: its flavour may be, and in my opinion is, improved by the additions to which it owes its attractions for the young; but of course even in chocolate, to be justifiable, all flavours and additions should be harmless. Chocolate sweetmeats, more particularly crèmes, are universal favourites, and in immense demand. Their contents consist of sugar prepared in a peculiar way, and flavoured with vanilla, raspberry, or ginger. The consumption of cocoa in this form is enormous and rapidly increasing, but I venture to prophesy that in a few years it will be still larger; for, after all, the amount eaten per head is trifling, and cannot exceed one or two ounces a year.

As I am going somewhat fully into the whole question of cocoa, may I be pardoned for giving the following passage, which eminent manufacturers regard as thoroughly trustworthy? Señor F. G. Guimaraes, of Brazil, gives the following directions for preparing or curing good cocoa:

Cocoa must not be gathered until it is quite ripe; the way of treating it is as follows: After opening the shells and extricating the seeds, the latter must be put in heaps of 100 to 500 kilos.; they should always be well covered up, and left from seven to eight days, when fermentation takes place. The nuts swell, and take a somewhat rounded shape: great care should be taken to prevent excessive fermentation. When cocoa has fermented sufficiently the planter should dry it; this takes two or three days when the weather is dry and favourable. The first day, the cocoa should be exposed, well spread out on wood or on pieces of canvas, to the morning sun, for five hours; if on canvas, care should be taken to place it on well-dried ground; in both cases the cocoa should now and then be winnowed and turned over. After it has been exposed to the sun four or five hours, it should be put in heaps or cases, again covering them during the night, to prevent its fermenting. The following day the same operation should be gone through, and should be repeated one or two more days till the nuts are well dried. This will be known by the eye of the nut turning smooth and neat, or by the husk cracking and coming off easily on pressing the nut between the fingers.

During the dry season this process is easy, but in rainy weather it will be found difficult : in the latter case it is necessary to winnow, shake, and turn it over frequently, to take advantage of the sunshine, and during the night always to put it in heaps or cases, which should be covered up, so as to prevent it absorbing damp. It is specially advised never to dry the cocoa close to the ground, for it absorbs damp from the earth, however dry it appears, and damp is the principal cause of cocoa becoming mouldy, rotten, and grubby. It should also be recommended not to expose cocoa to the intense sunshine of mid-day, or longer than already stated, viz. four or five hours a day. The mode of drying natural, that is, non-fermented cocoa, is the same as for the fermented. Before bagging care should be taken that it is quite dry and cool. When it is wanted to give the cocoa husk a clayish colour and granulated appearance, as they do in Venezuela or fine cocoa, the way is this. Immediately after fermentation, when the cocoa is still wet and exuding, spread on it a small quantity of finely-sifted dust. The cocoa will then take the clayish colour as above ; but it does not improve the quality. When it is wanted to separate the different sizes of nuts, they should be passed, when dry, through graduated sieves. In Venezuela and in Trinidad, which are the countries more advanced in the culture and preparation of cocoa, the above are the usual methods. In these countries well-to-do planters have warehouses where they ferment and keep the cocoa, and have boards for the drying process ; these are mounted on wheels, and moved on iron rails, for the convenience of taking them out of the warehouses and bringing them in with rapidity ; they are elevated to about the height of a man, allowing him to move underneath to push them on. The dimensions of these wheel boards are 7 x 8 feet. The other kinds of boards, moved by hand, are of suitable size when loaded for two men to carry them. The planters who are not so well to do dry their cocoa on pieces of canvas measuring 8 x 10 feet, which they lay on dry ground. When it is impossible to use boards or canvas on the ground, by treating the cocoa according to the above precepts it will improve in quality and rise considerably in value.

The following important letter, addressed, a few weeks ago, by Messrs. Cadbury to Mr. Ernest Hart, the Editor of the *British Medical Journal*, is valuable as showing what our leading manufacturers are obliged to contend with in the shape of unfair foreign competition :

On July 27, 1867, very soon after we commenced the manufacture of Cocoa Essence, you gave us a short paragraph in small type. At that time the articles with which we had to compete were mostly cocoa mixed with farinaceous matter and sugar. This is now largely gone out of use, and articles genuine, or almost genuine, have taken its place. We think it a pity that the door should be again opened for adulteration by selling as pure, cocoa mixed with alkalies and other chemicals, although the proportions added may only be 3 or 4 per cent., as is the case with almost all the so-called pure Dutch cocoas. That the addition is not needed is proved by the satisfaction given by our Cocoa Essence, which is absolutely pure.

In an article on "Cocoa," in *Nature*, October 20, 1870, by Mr. J. R. Jackson, Curator of the Museum of Economic Botany at the Royal Gardens, Kew, an interesting comparison was instituted between

the so-called "soluble cocoas" and genuine cocoas, especially the so well-known "cocoa essence."

Few articles are more liable to adulteration than cocoa (says Mr. Jackson), and so many forms or qualities are known in the trade, varying from 6*d.* to 4*s.* per lb., that it is not surprising that in the cheapest forms the adulterants should be of the commonest and worst description. If people would only trouble to think that cocoa-nibs, which are simply the roasted seeds without any preparation, are retailed at 1*s.* 4*d.* per lb., they would hardly expect to obtain an equally genuine article, in a finely pulverised state, and packed in tin-foil and a showy cover, at the same price. Expensive machinery, and the constant wear and tear of the same, the consumption of fuel in the steam apparatus, and packing, have all to be paid for by the consumer, not by charging a higher money price, but by increasing the bulk or weight of the article by adding foreign substances of a much cheaper description; and, frequently, in the commoner kinds of cocoa, bad or damaged seeds. One thing can be said in favour of our principal cocoa manufacturers—they seldom advertise powdered cocoas as genuine; they either leave out that important word, or call them "prepared" cocoas, and this should be borne in mind by those who wish to obtain the real article, and are ready to pay a fair price for it. If it is impossible to procure genuine powdered cocoa at 1*s.* 4*d.* per lb., still more impossible is it at 6*d.*, the price paid by the poorer classes for an article called "soluble cocoa," sold in quarter-pound packets at three-halfpence each, and largely consumed by them. Its low price ought to tell us pretty plainly that a very small quantity of cocoa, and that of an inferior description, is found in such a packet. It contains a large amount of common fat, the presence of which can be detected by smearing a little on a piece of glass, and it can be still more clearly seen on a glass slide under a microscope. The addition of fat adds to the weight, while, to increase the bulk, a very large quantity of starch is added, which is the cause of the thickening of the beverage in the cup. If a little of this so-called cocoa be placed on the tongue and rubbed against the roof of the mouth, it will grate against the palate, and it has a decidedly chalky or earthy flavour. The spoon also grates against the sediment at the bottom of the cup, showing the presence of mineral matter. Until within the last few years, all powdered cocoas were more or less prepared, so that pure cocoa could not be obtained in this convenient form. An article called cocoa essence, recently introduced, has, however, dispelled this notion. The cocoa seed naturally contains a large quantity of butter or fat (about 50 per cent.), which makes it too rich for many persons, more especially when we consider that two other elements of nutrition, such as albumen, are also present. To deprive it entirely of its butter would be to take away one of its most valuable principles; but it is possible to have too much of a good thing; therefore, by taking away about two-thirds of the butter, the cocoa is not only improved in a dietetic point of view, but the addition of sugar and arrowroot is rendered unnecessary to take up or balance the fatty portion. Those who wish for pure cocoa in a convenient form should therefore obtain cocoa essence. As no sugar is used in the manufacture of this article, it requires the addition of a larger quantity than of the so-called prepared cocoas, and as no starch enters into its composition, the beverage is as clear as a cup of well-strained coffee. It is quite as palatable as any of the packet cocoas, and as easily mixed. Its extra cost is fully compensated by its purity, and by the smaller quantity required for each cup. To such an extent has the public palate been led to prefer the flavour of adulterated articles to that of the

genuine, that a great proportion of those who take cocoa really prefer the thickened, soup-like preparation made from the highly-flavoured and doctored sorts to an infusion of the pure seeds. If such people would think why and for what purpose they take this or that food, and what are the properties and effects on the system of the articles they are supposed to consume, and what those of the articles they do consume, a much better state of things might be brought about; for, pending the appointment of a public analyst, the head of every household might make himself analyst to his family, and see that he does not get cheated in pocket or health.

A blue-book does not, generally speaking, attract the lay reader, and the tedious and prolix evidence of which it is chiefly made up is promptly cast on one side, though that evidence when actually listened to at the time of delivery may be full of interest. Accordingly, when the ponderous blue-book on the Adulteration of Food Act of 1872 was put in my hands, it did not look particularly lively; but whether it was the importance of the subject or the intrinsic value and frankness of the evidence that riveted my attention I can hardly tell. Certainly the passages dealing with cocoa were well worth reading. Mr. Joseph Fry's evidence was valuable and pleasant reading; while that of Mr. George Cadbury was still more instructive and suggestive. Both experts drew a marked distinction, as they were fully justified in doing, between what may be called wholesome additions and injurious adulterations; the former, Mr. Fry argued, the public preferred, the latter are indefensible. To make my meaning clear—additions of sugar and sago-starch to cocoa are harmless, and as long as the public give the preference to mixed or prepared cocoas containing a large percentage of them no objection can be taken, always providing that the brands are sold as mixtures, and the suggestion of Mr. George Cadbury before the Royal Commission is carried out—that the exact percentage of the different ingredients is distinctly stated on the wrappers. But fraudulent additions, such as alkaline salts and other chemicals, designed to deceive the unsuspecting purchaser, or to give an appearance of fictitious strength, are wholly indefensible; indeed, they should be sternly prohibited, because they actually put a premium on fraud, and have a tendency to discourage all makers, except the most conscientious and distinguished, from improving the preparation of cocoa. As long as the short-sighted public actually prefer medicated compounds, and are prepared to give a very much higher price for them, the temptation to the maker is great to depart from the right path; and Mr. Gladstone's noble words—that the law should make it hard to do wrong and easy to do right—come into the mind. But truth and honesty generally prevail in the long run, if from no

other reason than that the dishonest get so bold that at last they venture too recklessly, and then outraged public opinion demands the imposition of severe repressive measures. As long as competition is fair and above board, the nation cannot complain, although individuals may, as in the long run all are gainers; but fraud does not benefit any class long, and the competition of medicated foreign brands cannot continue to make way indefinitely. A reaction against them is certain.

ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

UNACCREDITED HEROES.

STANDS Scotland where it did? Yes,; in spite of all hindrances it stands forward in its happy union of loyalty and independence, its strong and aggressive intellect, its love of genial mirth and inspiriting song, and in cultivating enlightened devotion to the poetry, the literature, and the heroes, lofty and lowly, of Fatherland. Take no pessimistic or gloomy view of the "living present." This grand race of thinkers and singers is not extinct. There ring in our ears the joyous strain of James Ballantine: "There are mair folk than him bigging castles in the air;" or that immortal line: "Ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drap o' dew." The gifted author of that exquisite picture of homely lowland life, "Johnny Gibb of Gushet-neuk," is with us; John Mackintosh still tends his little book-shop in Aberdeen, and, as the author of the latest and not least valuable "History of Scotland," modestly wears his university honours as Doctor of Laws; and the G.O.M. of the North, Mr. John Stuart Blackie, lives to keep its patriotism pure and its memories green. A modern essayist and poet—one of my most gifted Edinburgh compatriots, Alexander Smith—asks with Macduff, "Stands Scotland where it did?" And his reply is this: "No; if you seek Scotland, you must go to London. The old frontier line has been effaced by the railway and the post-office. The Tweed no longer divides peoples with different interests. Scotland and England have melted into each other and become Britain, just as red and blue melt into each other and become purple; and in the general intellectual activity of the empire, it would be as difficult to separate that contributed by the north and south as to separate the waters of the Forth and Humber in the German Ocean, or the taxes gathered on either side of the Tweed in the imperial exchequer. John Bull and Patrick serve in the ranks of the Black Watch and the Greys, and Sandy is a sentry at the Horse Guards. An English professor was the most distinguished disciple of the Scottish Sir William Hamilton; and the late representative of a Metropolitan constituency—a Scot at least by extraction—was the intellectual descendant of the

English Bentham. It is from this interconnection of the two peoples that for the last quarter of a century or more there has been so little distinctive Scottish intellectual life. Scotland has overflowed its boundaries, and it has no longer a separate existence in thought or geography."

It is true a vital change has taken place ; everywhere it can be traced ; in most respects it must be welcomed. But it is not true in the sense implied here ; and there is another side to the picture. The distinctive line has been in some respects well nigh obliterated ; and not more remarkable is this change than is the transformation among the Scottish people in their habits and modes of thought and life. The popular ignorance, the unconscious humour, the notion that an oath was a "great set-off" to conversation, the excessive drinking, even in high life, are not now characteristics of the Scotch, at least, in the former shape of universality. Education, with its varied and refining influences, has accomplished a work which we can only understand in the light of the past ; and if, in the process, originality and individuality have been affected, there is in the intellectual and social advancement an adequate and enduring compensation.

In one sense the Scottish people, wherever found, have assuredly not changed or been absorbed. They have not lost their individualised interest in the literature, the music, the heroes, and the heroic struggles of the nation from which they sprang. Nay, more ; the very changes and assimilations constantly going on have deepened and brightened their interest and kindled a keener desire to cultivate all that tends to maintain a broad, strong, and generous nationality. They forget not those who have given Scotland her songs, or those who have portrayed the land and its people by pen or pencil, or the brave men who declared and won its liberties. We think most and hear most of the leaders—the heroes in the strife—and not unnaturally. They, some of them, stand on the mountain-tops, and cannot be hidden from view. Nor can be forgotten the lowlier workers—as Carlyle has it, the "unaccredited heroes"—the peasants and artizans who in story and song have made the nation better, and added to the sum of human happiness. Into some of these by-paths let us now turn for a little.

Life in the stern and somewhat sombre north has its genial and nobler side ; and perhaps in its intellectual activity is found its truest solace. Under a rude exterior, within an oftentimes gloomy and stolid surrounding, there is a keen sense of refinement and a lively apprehension of the higher sources of enjoyment. It is to be seen in all

grades, and notably in the humblest, moving in all directions—into the fields of science, the speculations of philosophy and historic research ; in political discussion and polemical contentions, and most frequently assuming poetical form, story and song ; the expression of hopes and fears, of joys and sorrows and aspirations, in simple yet sweet and harmonious numbers.

With one or two names—heroes in the strife—the world is familiar ; but it is when we look beneath the surface or into the by-paths of literary life and effort that we are amazed to find how many have risen from the humblest places and under the most adverse conditions to undisputed eminence ; and how many more, seemingly, *might* have risen. Hugh Miller, stonemason, journalist, and geologist, has, by his creative mind and massive genius, taken foremost rank ; Robert Burns, who at thirteen years of age threshed in the barn, and at fifteen was the chief labourer on a farm, has arrested the interest and touched the heart of humanity with his matchless lays ; and the Ettrick Shepherd, tending his flocks and breathing his poetic fire, has, in his sublimated pastoral life and sparkling associations, appealed to the imagination of mankind. But there are different grades. It is not always remembered that John Philip, artist—well-named Philip of Spain—the inimitable delineator of Spanish as well as Scottish life, was a herd-boy on an Aberdeenshire farm ; that Allan Cunningham, “honest Allan,” poet, *littérateur*, and journalist, was a stonemason in Dumfriesshire ; that Thomas Telford served his apprenticeship to the same time-honoured trade in the same famous county, writing poetry, and afterwards embodying it in imperishable monuments of engineering skill ; that George Meikle Kemp, the architect of Walter Scott’s marvellous Edinburgh monument, was the son of a shepherd who tended his flocks on the Pentland Hills ; that many others, distinguished in science or literature or statesmanship, whose names are familiar in every household, sprang from the bosom of a poor, uncultured, and far from favourably conditioned people.

There is another grade, more numerous though less known ; a host scattered up and down throughout the land : ploughmen and shoemakers, masons and carpenters, weavers and tailors and non-descripts, who, from choice or necessity, continue to prosecute their too often laborious and ill-requited calling, and cultivate literature with ardent enthusiasm, producing results which have benefited the race, and brought brightness and consolation into many a humble dwelling.

Here is Alexander Wilson, poet, pedlar, and ornithologist, typical in many ways. Born in Paisley—then as famous for its verse-making

and its fiery Radicalism as it has long been for its shawls—his poor parents, like so many of their class in Scotland, aspired to “mak’ ane o’ the bairns a minister,” and the choice fell upon Alexander. But he had other tastes, and the times were bad ; and the wayward youth was sent to be a weaver. As he has finely put it :

Soon, too soon, the fond illusions fled ;
In vain they pointed out the pious height ;
By Nature’s strong, resistless influence led,
The dull, dry doctrines ever would he slight ;
Wild fancy formed him for fantastic flight,
He loved the steep’s high summit to explore,
To watch the splendour of the orient bright,
The dark, deep forest, and the sea-beat shore,
Where, through resounding rocks, the liquid mountains pour.

A hard master is Necessity ; it drove Alexander Wilson past the pulpit, which was well, and drove him into the factory, which was far from well. The dull monotony of the shuttle accorded ill with his quick sensibilities and restless nature. Discontent had begun to permeate the ranks of the oppressed and poorly paid weavers ; and Wilson became the laureate of the loom, pouring forth its “groans” and issuing his bitter lampoons, so as to rouse against him the relentless animosity of employers, and bring down upon him the strong arm of the law. His independent soul, bursting with poetic fire, rebelled against the hard tyranny that prevailed ; and, determined to be free from an intolerable yoke, he, with a miscellaneous pack on his back, well supplied with that most excellent commodity peculiar to the Scotch, “honest pride though lowly,” betook himself to the country to sell his wares, and prepare, all unconsciously, for his great life-work, with a mind, as he himself tells us, which had received an early bias “towards relishing the paths of literature and the charms and magnificence of nature.” He wrote “Watty and Meg,” which is still recited amidst joyous gatherings in Scotland, and in its broad humour and graphic delineation of real life, it is not unworthy of Burns, to whom indeed, being published anonymously, it was at first attributed. He became the poet of birds, and ultimately, when driven by relentless fate—as Burns was well nigh driven—to a foreign land, produced that marvellous monument of industry, the “American Ornithology.” Yes, that so-called and expatriated spendthrift was splendidly industrious when he found his true mission. That work, the first of its kind, gathered by personal travel, mostly on foot, from all quarters of a vast and unexplored country, for over sixty years a standard, both to England and America, in this ever-widening domain

of science, is a monument of industry and a triumph of genius of which his country and his people need not be ashamed.

Typical of a yet larger class are the brothers Bethune, whose life-history has been told with simplicity and true sympathetic interest by William M'Combre, who himself as farmer, journalist, and author, it has been said with fine discernment, is to "be remembered as one of the most remarkable men that Scotland has produced during the present generation, and as, among her self-taught men, certainly the most remarkable after Hugh Miller."¹ These brothers Bethune—whose very name may be forgotten, though their work lives—were born to all the privations of a farm-servant's lot, scarcely ever at school, inured to the roughest forms of labour from their early boyhood, yet sang at their toil in strains which have moved the heart, described with pathos and discriminative power the picturesque life they saw around them, and with far-seeing penetration first taught their poorer countrymen the fundamental principles of political economy. Their aim ever was to interest, to instruct and elevate the class to which they belonged; to work for their bread whether by the spade or the pen—the object of their deepest earthly reverence "a poor but honest man." They succeeded, if success means giving and getting good, exemplifying in harmony the combination of hard manual toil and the contented prosecution of intellectual and refining pursuits, and not solely the attainment of great and belauded results for their own sake. It is not surely so much in what one accomplishes as before the world as in what one is or seeks by worthy means to attain, that true honour and distinction lie. With all their industry and care, like so many of their class—the class scarcely a century ago finally redeemed from legal serfdom,² and not socially emancipated even now—they had ever to struggle with poverty and privation, hardly able to maintain themselves and the poor friends dependent upon their unrecompensed exertions. It is difficult for us to realise the struggle in which these men were engaged; how it must rack the frame and deaden the sensibilities; and still more difficult to understand how poetical impulse and literary aspirations could live and rise into activity in a sphere so uncongenial. Not

¹ *The Spectator*. London, 1871.

² Mr. John Erskine, in his *Institutes*, 1754, declares that "there appears nothing repugnant, either to reason or to the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, in a contract by which one binds himself to perpetual service under a master." The restraints on personal freedom were not legally removed till 1775; and Robert Chambers, as showing the "recentness of slavery in Scotland," tells a story of a household servant living in the year 1820, who had been *niffered*, or given in exchange, by his master for a pony!

unlike Burns in this respect, at "raw fourteen," Alexander tells us, he was set to dig a ditch of "extraordinary depth, requiring the utmost stretch of muscular exertion to throw what was dug out of it from the bottom to the top." They lived, this pair of noble brothers, for the most part on oaten meal and vegetables, and seldom had a hovel which protected them from wind and rain. Such was the condition of the workers then, and of too many of such still. It was so, with occasional variations, all down through the lives of these high-souled and gifted men, truly characteristic of a race fast passing away. There is dignity in labour when the conditions are right ; honest and fairly paid work can never in itself be degrading ; but the mind must be attuned to it, and the tastes in concord, else the faculties may be blunted and it will inevitably degenerate into blighting and altogether unprofitable drudgery. Neither cheerless toil nor seeming failure daunted the brave brothers. "Chambers's Journal" and the "Tales of the Border," works which in their origin and service have done honour to Scotland, were both then in the hey-day of their popularity, and here the Bethunes found a medium of publicity ; the products of their brain grew and multiplied, till they had no fewer than *four hundred pages of print in hand* ! It is easily summed up in these words : we are apt to look at and admire the attainment, forgetting what it cost—all the thought and labour to produce that result. There it is, however, in tangible shape ; and one day in the year 1836 Alexander laid aside his spade and set out for Edinburgh in search of a publisher. Imagine if you can a rough labourer, somewhat deformed by a series of accidents, attired in a hodden suit which had done service for years, plodding along the streets of "Modern Athens"—still proud of her splendid associations in poetry, in literature, and philosophy—trudging along, a friendless wanderer, with a huge bundle of "blackened sheets" in his pocket, eagerly seeking someone who will make them into a book ! There was faith and fearless courage ! And it was not unrewarded. Soon after this, "Tales and Sketches of the Scottish Peasantry," to be found still on many a book-shelf, was published—a handsome volume—and its truthful and touching pictures of homely life captivated readers, and won for its author some measure of fame and recompense. Like Hugh Miller, he was asked, after due consideration and inquiry by an orthodox committee, to become editor of a non-intrusion or Free Church newspaper. But it was too late to change ; his physical frame had at last given way. At the early age of thirty-eight he fell a victim to exhaustive toil. It was perhaps as well to die thus as to have spirit and intellect wormed out of him by clerical

intermeddling and ecclesiastical strife, as was to some extent the fate of Miller, his more distinguished, if not in this respect less hapless prototype. It is in the highest degree significant—let me say in passing—that denominational, and, in the narrowest sense, mere sectarian papers, have almost disappeared in Scotland. Years ago there were several intensely partisan organs, each shrieking its shibboleth and seeking to devour its neighbour, but, like the historic cats, they tore each other into shivers or glided into something broader and better. The Press in Scotland, from the leading dailies to the still robust weeklies, is marked by a massive liberality and a thoughtful spirit of freedom in discussing social and ecclesiastical questions alike admirable and wholesome. For the most part it is under the vigorous guidance of self-taught men, who have in a large measure broken from the narrow creeds and conditions, and surmounted the repressing formalism of the country, and whose strongly progressive intellects are exerting a powerful influence on the minds of the people. The daily newspaper is the reformer of the nineteenth century.

Take another, representative too in his way, William Thom, of Inverury, ill-starred poet and weaver. Dropping his first poetic effort, half-afraid, half-amazed at his own presumption, into the letter-box of an Aberdeen newspaper, drudging at the loom in a hive of human beings, where, as he tells us, folly, sin, and shame were nourished, “virtue perished within its walls, utterly perished and was dreamed of no more, or, if remembered at all, only in a deep and woful sense of self-abasement, a struggling to forget where it was hopeless to obtain”; out of work and trudging through the country with his Jean and their bairns; now in a helpless, bashful way, showing his small wares to any kindly purchaser, or charming a village audience by the witching strain of his lute, consoling himself with the thought that “Homer sung his epics for a morsel of bread, and Goldsmith had piped his way over half the continent”; working, piping, drinking, or pouring forth his pathetic lays, he was the same struggling and sympathetic, hapless yet hopeful being—his poetic soul drinking deep draughts from every source, and finding some good in all around him. The wail of the “Mitherless Bairn” came from the depths of his own nature and his sad experience, and has touched a responsive chord in the heart of many a lonely one. In the Scottish dialect, rich in lyric beauty, is there aught more beautiful, or a finer embodiment of the pathos of humble life than this almost peerless classic song?

The mitherless bairn gangs till his lane bed ;
 Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head ;
 His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
 An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn !

Ah ! that phrase, "litheless the lair," which might be lamely interpreted "comfortless the dwelling-place," in its fulness of meaning and delicacy of expression, has nothing finer in any language. Or again :

Her spirit, that passed in yon hour o' his birth,
 Still watches his wearisome wand'rings on earth,
 Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,
 Wha *couthilie* deal with the mitherless bairn.

"Couthilie," in its wealth of kindly interest and emotion, has no substitute ; it cannot be rendered in English, nor verily do I believe that the gifted and patriotic Scotchman, John Stuart Blackie, could or would try to express its fulness even in Greek. There are many such expressive words and phrases. "Kytie in his ain dowie colours," is one of them, all comprehensive in its meaning ; "He'll appear without his disguise in due time ; he'll be known for the man he is," are lame and impotent explanations, which give but a faint glimmer of its full import. And in Skinner's famous song there is an apt use of another, "blyth," which is more than "gladness," implying, with other shades of meaning, "to make glad."

O, Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite,
 And ony sumph that keeps a spite,
 In conscience I abhor him ;

For *blyth* and cheerie we'll be a',
 Blyth and cheerie, blyth and cheerie,
 Blyth and cheerie we'll be a'
 And mak' a happy quorum ;

For *blyth* and cheerie we'll be a',
 As lang as we hae breath to draw,
 And dance till we be like to fa'
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

Words and phrases and verses these showing, to those who can get under the surface, the marvellous fertility and richness of a dialect which John Ruskin says is richer and more musical than any other, and which, as it ceases to be spoken, seems to become more intensely classic in its recognition and use, and to be increasingly attractive even to English ears.

Take another from the homely songs of the Rev. John Skinner, one more tender and deeply touching, "The Ewie wi' the Crookit

Horn" ; the story of the "Lost Sheep," which Landseer graphically pictured in another form, with its strangely poetic, as well as realistic, charms :

Yet, last ouk, for a' my keeping,
 (Wha can speak it without greeting?)
 A villain cam' when I was sleeping,
 Sta' my Ewie, horn and a' ;
 I sought her sair upo' the morn,
 And, doon aneath a buss o' thorn,
 I got my Ewie's Crookit Horn ;
 But my Ewie was awa'.

Ah ! if you had heard Blackie or old Robert Cuming, the grandson of Skinner, lilt that ballad or sing it at our ain fireside, it would have come home to the heart with new and deeper tenderness. It was no mere echo or imitation, this song ; it was real in its tale of woe, and far-reaching in its symbolic import. Take the lines, oh ! reader, in their plain and obvious import, and thank God, if you are a parent, that you have no cause to recognise amidst their pathos your own dear "Ewie." Or it may be that you can bring home the picture, though you cannot recognise the "crookit horn," for the distinguishing mark of your ewe lamb may have been a blue eye, or a golden ringlet, or a voice gentle and low, "an excellent thing in woman," as Lear says.

William Thom's "Recollections of the Handloom Weaver," though in prose, are only less plaintive and characteristic. You see there the man and his times, and can estimate the overwhelming difficulties with which he and many others had to contend. Hand labour was at that time giving greater or less place to machinery, and the handloom was hopelessly doomed. "Hitherto," Thom exclaims, with a grim joyfulness of spirit which never deserted him, "it has been to me the ship on which I voyaged o'er life—happiness and hardship alternate steersmen—the lyre and a light heart my fellow passengers." The loom and its attendants were supplanted, and those who had been enriched by the poverty of others cared no more for the fate of the one than that of the other ; they had ceased to pay ; a new era of manufacturing development had dawned, and no sympathetic word of counsel was uttered, no helping hand was stretched forth to the starving and bewildered multitude. Thus, too often it has been indifference leading to revolution. Need we wonder that feelings of despair and bitter resentment were enkindled, and that the cry of danger and social discord was heard once more throughout the land ? It is ever so in the badly-assorted and misunderstood relations of capital and labour. Each side looks at its

own immediate interest, which, of necessity, presents antagonistic elements ; the broad principles of justice and the ultimate good of all are ignored ; and it is forgotten that there is common interest and a mutual obligation. In his heaviest sorrows and sufferings William Thom was only one of a numerous and gifted band, differing in this, that his story has been told in language that lives, words which quiver with emotion and burn with indignation. Doubtless, he added to the dismal list ; but his own terrible thoughts, formed while his poor wife and dying child lay shivering in damp and darkness by the roadside, refused even the shelter of a barn, have a double meaning in the light of his after-life. " Here," he exclaims in agony of soul, " let me speak out, and be heard, too, while I tell it, that the world does not at all times know how unsafely it rests ; when despair has lost honour's last hold upon the heart, when transcendent wretchedness lays weeping reason in the dust, when every unsympathising onlooker is deemed an enemy, who then can limit the consequences ? " The hapless poet has ceased to suffer or to sin ; many of the wrongs he deplored have long since been redressed ; but memorable are these words for all time and all of us, a voice which should not be lightly esteemed.

There is yet another grade ; the many who write and think and sing without regard to publicity, without thought of fame or reward.

What makes the poet ?—nothing but to feel
More keenly than the common sense of feeling ;
To have the soul attuned to the appeal
Of dim music through all nature stealing.

Of a truth, poetry is to such singers " its own avenger," and literature its own reward. They sing or they write because they cannot help it ; the music is in the soul, and it will find harmonious utterance. At most, they care only to please or amuse a home-circle, or scarcely different circle bounded by familiar association or intimate acquaintanceship.

The Songs of Scotland have found many enthusiastic collectors, and the lives and loves of the songsters have been often and admirably told ; but there is still a rich harvest to be reaped and many a gem to be gleaned. Treasured up in the memories of young and old, or buried in some forgotten " poet's corner," the spontaneous and too often nameless effusions are to be found, a rich recompense to the honest seeker. Here is one, a plaintive wail to " The Auld Ash Tree," which I first surreptitiously abstracted from the note-book of an ardent and brilliant youth, crushed all too early in a bootless

battle with bigotry and bad health, truly an ill-matched pair. Could anything be more sweetly or graphically descriptive than this?—

There grows an ash by my bower door,
And a' its bows are busket braw
In fairset weeds o' simmer green,
And birds sit singin' in them a' ;
But cease your sangs ye blythsome birds,
And o' your liltin' lat me be,
You bring deed simmers frae their graves
To weary me, to weary me.

There grows an ash by my bower door,
And a' its bows are deed in snaw,
The ice-drap hings frae ilka twig,
And sad the nor' wind soughs thro' a' ;
But cease thy maen thou norlan' wind,
And o' thy wailin' lat me be,
They bring deed winters frae their graves
To weary me, to weary me.

For I would fain forget them a',
Remembered guid but deepens ill,
As gleeds o' licht far seen by nicht,
Mak' the near mirk but mirker still ;
Then silent be thou dear auld tree,
O' a' thy voices lat me be,
They bring the deed years frae their graves
To weary me, to weary me.

Every district has its group of "Bards," some of whom are known only within their own parish, others to a more extended circuit, here one and there another getting a national, or it may be in time, a wider audience, all unsought or unforeseen.

I have spoken of Dumfriesshire, and also of Paisley. Another Paisley lad was ill-starred Robert Tannahill, whose "Jessie the Flower o' Dumblane" and "Gloomy Winter's noo Awa'" will keep his memory fresh. Poor Robert Nicoll, hailing from Perthshire, at one time editing the *Leeds Times*,—still a flourishing newspaper,—and then issuing "Poems and Lyrics,"—a volume which was received with rapturous applause ; Robert Ferguson's poetry struck a key-note over his neglected grave in Canongate Churchyard, and Robert Burns erected at his own expense a simple monument over his hapless brother.

Take another locality, the north-east of Aberdeenshire. Thomas Daniel, whose line, "Till Age and Want, that ill-matched pair," is inseparably interwoven with our common conversation ; Peter Still, father and son ; and Peter Buchan, a man of rare gifts,

whose treasured collection of Scottish ballads commanded the praise of Sir Walter Scott. He wrote his books, often printing and illustrating them with his own hand, and produced sufficient in poetry and prose to store a small library. His memory and his work are cherished. But I must have done.

Most memorable of all, this bleak yet fertile eastmost neuk of Scotland was the birthplace of the Rev. John Skinner, non-juring clergyman and lyric poet, whose hard lot, brightened by his sweet self-created genial surroundings, presents a beautiful contrast to the generally gloomy aspect of his time. "Tullochgorum," in its strong and sprightly sentiments; the "Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn," brimful of quaint pathos and genuine human tenderness; his learned and exhaustive "Ecclesiastical History of Scotland," are scarcely more remarkable than the life of which they were the outcome, or than the accurate and artistic manuscripts which I possess of a minute and critical treatise, never published, on the Hebrew prophecy—"The sceptre shall not depart from Judah;" his melodious elegies on departed friends—worthy farmers, for the most part—and his satirical "spurts," scathing in their reprobation of cant in all its forms, whether religious, literary, or political.

It is often asserted, with some truth, that the host of rustic songsters are mere echoes of Robert Burns; but many of them have a clearly distinguishable individuality, and a welcome and well-defined note of their own. Here is one such—John Skinner—who sang before the inspired ploughman had arisen, one whom he revered and was proud to follow and claim as a brother-bard, and one who had imitators and admirers innumerable. Leigh Hunt expressed a warm love for the lyrical patriarch, and a fine appreciation of his noble spirit, and his illuminating influence on a sombre age. It was my good fortune in early life to collect the scattered songs and poems of Skinner; with youthful ardour to prepare my first book, collecting from many sources the gems that had been lost or mutilated in transmission, and rescuing from unmerited oblivion poetic treasures which had been deliberately hidden away by narrow-souled and unappreciative descendants. At that time I was corresponding with Leigh Hunt—then nearing the close of a brilliant and checkered career; and thus did he sum up and preserve, with singular vividness certain side-lights of Scottish life. "In some respects," wrote Hunt, "and those of the highest importance, the comparative poverty of Scotland had given it advantages over England. Schoolmasters and other tutors had been willing to teach at cheaper rates; intellect acquired a popular value for its own sake, apart from the possession

of money ; temperance—in quarters where the gloomy creed of John Knox, carried to a pitch of fanaticism, had not saddened even that source of enjoyment—sharpened the animal spirits, and helped to give rise to a stalwart race of men. The Songs of Scotland, many of them the productions of persons in the humblest walks of life, are the liveliest of the three kingdoms ; the real man was, in a very great degree, ‘ the man for a’ that,’ before Burns rose to glorify him ; nor did there, perhaps, exist a person to whom all descriptions of people took off their hats and caps with a more zealous respect than to the Rev. Mr. Skinner, master of ‘ the but and the ben ’ with no floor to it, but with wit at will in his brain, and wisdom in his heart.”

These sympathetic and burning words came right from the heart, and out of a common and bitter experience—for Hunt had been imprisoned for freedom of the Press, as Skinner had suffered for freedom of the Pulpit. “ And,” added this kindly and penetrating critic twenty-five years ago, “ had all Scottish pastors resembled John Skinner in good sense and ungloomy piety, and had Burns’ patrons not seduced him into a false position, the nation would not have been put in a place on the list of statistics where neither its poetry, nor its bravery, nor its scholarship, nor its philosophy, nor anything great and good belonging to it, ought to have found it. Scotland,” he exclaimed, “ will surely, and at no great distance of time, outlive the eclipse of its animal spirits, as the bigotry which produced it is dying out, and a more ‘ jocund day ’ standing, in consequence, upon its ‘ misty mountain tops.’ ” Yes, towards the realisation of this bright ideal mighty steps have been taken. The sower has been scattering his seed broadcast ; it has taken sure root in good soil, and in due time a rich harvest will be reaped. It cannot be completed in a day, but the subtle growth goes on, and the full fruition may come suddenly, as all vital transformations seem to come in this stern but not unproductive soil, when mere artificial restraints on thought and action will give place to a freer, brighter, and broader life. The Reaper waits and watches ; there may be a struggle, a wrestling with uncongenial elements and the encrustation of ages ; but the harvest-day approaches, the work has to be done, and ultimate triumph over every resistive force is assured.

H. GILZEAN REID.

AFTER "TATOU."

"JIM THE HUNTER," as he calls himself and is called by the Estate hands, is a character, and a privileged one. He lives in one of the huts which old and faithful servants have from time to time been permitted to build in a corner of the property bordering on the bush. How the privilege came to be extended to him it is impossible to say, for nobody knows, least of all the owners of the place. The oldest inhabitant, or rather the second oldest—for the very oldest is probably Jim himself—does not remember his ever doing a day's work on the Estate towards earning the reward of a free location. But there is no thought of inquiring into the old fellow's title, which indeed must, in the natural order of things, lapse very soon; for, though as tough as a supplejack, and, apparently, never suffering from any ailment which he cannot cure by some cunning decoction of herbs known only to himself, he is as old as the century, if not as the British occupation of the island—yet he has scarcely a white hair in his woolly head.

He knows all about the three generations of the family owning the Estate, which have had their day at Little Marli since a certain roving young Englishman took unto himself a Creole wife and acquired its possession eighty-five years ago. He fairly puzzles one sometimes with snap inquiries after some scion of the race whose very name and existence has been forgotten by his own kin. It is very seldom that he can be got to talk; but the belief is that he was a sergeant in the West India Regiment, in which a soldier member of the tribe served at New Orleans, and was rewarded for some yeoman service by permission to settle, rent free, on the outskirts of the property. He leads an absolutely solitary life, on the proceeds of his "hunting," in the cabin, which looks much more like a picturesque dung-heap overgrown with pumpkin-vines than a human habitation, into the cavernous and uninviting depths whereof no human being besides himself has been known ever to have penetrated. When Jim is not in the woods he is either cooking or smoking or sleeping; you never find him gossiping with the other black folk. Taciturn and mysterious, but never morose or gloomy, one cannot but respect

the independent old boy, and he is regarded with some awe by his inferiors and equals, especially by the small shiny boys and girls of his own rich colour. One thing is certain : a day or night in the woods were futile discomfort without Jim to officiate as "guide, philosopher, and friend," and what he doesn't know of the local huntsman's craft you may be very sure is not worth knowing. He has his rivals, or pretenders at rivalry—what great man has not?—and, drolly enough, the most formidable is a woman, a certain Aunt Katherine, whose habitat is five miles away from his, fortunately : fortunately—for otherwise the neighbourhood would soon be quite bereft of animal life. She is a scraggy old lady, who may occasionally be met ranging the woods in scanty and high-kilted robes, like an elderly Diana—a Diana who would not tempt into indiscretion the most enterprising of Actæons. She is reported to jeer at Jim's superiority of knowledge, being just about as noisy an old thing as he is a quiet one ; and, if she is mentioned before him, his face assumes an expression of contemptuous disgust, such as human countenance could hardly be supposed capable of wearing.

He came up this morning to say that he had espied a "tatou" last night rooting about in the bush, and proposes to hunt the beast to-night, as there will be full moonlight. He wants to "borrow," as he calls it, the two terriers, which are always wild with excitement when they see the old man, whose appearance they have learned to regard as prophetic of "larks" in the immediate future. His old dog is feeble, blind, and toothless now ; quite unequal to sport ; hardly able to drag himself after his master on the shortest, slowest expedition. So the two little chaps up at "de big house" come in for all such fun as this in these latter days. Now, a "tatou" is an armadillo, one of the queèrest beast forms of a wonder-bountiful creation. He is understood to be about as foul a feeder of terrestrial carrion as is your crustacean of marine nastiness. The "buccra" folk, while they lick their lips over crabs, lobsters, and prawns, Jim knows very well will not lighten his game-bag of such an animal, if he kills ; but he will easily get two or three dollars for it from his own countrymen, who are much less ridiculously squeamish, and love the meat exceedingly. He is always glad, in his undemonstrative way, when the "young Bouges" will join him on such an occasion ; and the communication of his purpose means, you may be sure, that they should propose to do so. "Bouge" is the title of his class for the white gentry, and is supposed to be a corruption of the French *bourgeois*. It has in great measure ousted the "Massa" of slavery days, which Jim, however, as a nigger of the old school,

occasionally uses also, and no doubt invariably did use to the old folk whose memory he cherishes in his withered old heart, and for whose sake he still feels so kindly towards the descendants whose ways are not so homely or congenial to him—who in these non-resident days go home, small impish Creole children, to return, if they do return, unsympathetic young Englishmen, forgetful of their child-lore and of the old dependents of their father's house.

After dinner, when we have finished our cigars, when the moon is well up and the frogs are in full chorus, we stir our lazy limbs from the rocking-chairs and, not reluctant to leave the house to the mosquitoes, equip ourselves for the chase. We take a gun—not for the "tatou," but because a deer may cross our path, and at all events we are pretty sure to spot a "mannikou," *alias* 'possum. Thick boots, old clothes, stout leggings, and good cutlasses are what we most require for this expedition, however, with spade and pick-axe. Take a dark lantern also, for we may want to explore a dark corner, if the glorious moon has left any to-night. What an effect the moonbeams have as they filter through the trees and tangle which we have to penetrate on our short cut to Jim's cabin! It is melancholy, rather; or would be, without company, to any one susceptible to such external influences. Even the dogs feel it, who are ranging about so quietly, while, were this sunlight, they would be barking themselves hoarse—noisy little wretches. See how they cock their youthful Irish ears as queer noises issue from the bush around us and puzzle their still inexperienced little intelligences. They never heard anything like this in County Down. What extraordinary creatures can be producing the extraordinary sounds which float on the air? But here we are. There is the old man *chez lui*, sitting, waiting, on a log before the hut, like the far-famed Leather Stocking, with his dog, Ramon, at his feet.

The ancient "warrahoond" (which word is here spelt phonetically, and may or may not perhaps be a corruption of the words "war hound") is of proud Spanish descent, a very *hidalgo* of dogs, descendant of those fierce brutes which were fit companions for the *conquistadores* of Ferdinand and Isabella. His ancestors have probably chased men in their bloodthirsty day; most certainly have followed much more lordly game than we are after to-night. And Ramon himself was a savage, treacherous beast in his prime to all save his master, and remains so in his impotence. He regards wiry, cheeky, friendly, little Andy and Pat with a jealous, bloodshot eye, and evidently loves them none the better that they are to share joys for ever lost to him. It is with a piteous whine of something very

like despair that he sees us depart, realising his inability to accompany the party, and lays his worn old bones down again by the low-smouldering wood fire at the cabin door ; while a long melancholy howl adds itself to the other voices of the night as we are about to plunge into the woods. "Ole dog cryin' for ole Jim," says our guide, adding, "He see Jumbi dese nights, massa." Jim wears a heavy knife in his belt and carries a rusty shovel and pickaxe. He is very silent as we tread a foot-track between the not very thickly sprinkled trees—a second growth, containing no large timber, lying in a belt around the tall forest wood. His sole defence for body, limb, or foot, against the stiff and prickly undergrowth is a cotton shirt, open in front down to the waist, and a very short pair of light canvas trousers strapped with a veteran leather belt. He seems to chuckle over the ignorance of West Indian venery exhibited by our remarks, and explains some of the eerie cries coming from the ghostly forest depths. That cry comes from the sloth, he says, and that other is the voice of the wood-slave. The hoot is the note of some water-fowl. And then, as a dismal roar predominates over the other gruntings, groanings, boomings, drummings, buzzings, cacklings, squeakings, and whistlings: "Bouge, know dat for true—dat howler monkey." Verily, as many birds, beasts, reptiles, and insects seem to be awake as are asleep in these moonlit hunting-grounds. Now Jim says he smells "cascabel," or some creature of which the name sounds like that. It is a particularly unpleasant kind of snake, he is careful to explain. I can't see his face well, but I shrewdly suspect he is "getting at" our innocence.

We are to cross the "Devil's Woodyard," a locality of sufficiently uncanny suggestion, which lies a little out of our way to-night, but which Jim thinks we may as well visit, as it is yet early for an interview with the "tatou," and we might pick up a deer there. Soon we are at the somewhat unpleasantly christened spot—a round arena, which might have been cleared for the gambols of "Mr. Merryman," and the sober, spotted horseflesh of some "mammoth" travelling circus. The place of the sawdust is occupied by a flooring of sandy-grey mud. Where the audience would sit grows thick scrub of no great height, and the black forest forms the wall of our tent, which is ceiled by the lofty sky and lighted by the ghostly moon. The arena is studded with conical heaps of mud, which have formed around and over the little blow-holes of the mud volcanoes, as they are called, of which this is one of the *locales*. As you are surveying the flat ground at your feet, there is a sort of a bubble and a squirt, and a tiny jet of mud rises a few inches into the air, to fall back

forming a sort of coil, such as sailors make with the ropes on a ship's deck, round the little dimple from which the thick liquid flows. The heaps are not very large, and many are devoid of activity. The rains will quickly wash these down to the circumjacent level ; but new ones are forming all over the area. The phenomenon is a queer one ; but we have not to do with phenomena to-night. Two of us are to collar those restless four-footed companions of ours, and we are to hide ourselves where the slender little deer which stray across the open space during the night may not see or suspect us ; one holding the gun ready for the poor victim. We have not long to wait. "Hey, Bouge," whispers watchful old Jim, pointing to a spot in the circumference of the "Woodyard," from which a graceful shape presently emerges, with nose to the ground, stepping slowly into the open. Pat gives a squeak of excitement, which is promptly suppressed, but has startled the game, which breaks into a trot. "Bang !" goes the right barrel, and the little animal swerves in its course. A very palpable hit ; but not a fatal one. So "bang !" goes the left barrel, and the quarry falls on the far margin of the clearance. Jim ties its scraps of feet together, and slings it across his lean and lanky back ; then, without a word, plunges again into the forest. We are evidently now *en route* to our special field of action, and ten minutes' rather unpleasant stumbling over tree-roots brings us to it.

We are on the side of a gravelly hill, rather sparsely grown with trees, but pretty thickly covered with pinguin and other undergrowth. Jim has visited the spot during the day, and now points out what he takes to be the mouth of the "tatou's" burrow. We are to make ourselves as comfortable as possible on a convenient branch of previous selection, and keep a sharp look-out for our armour-plated game. He must be headed off from the burrow, and it is fortunate that this will not be difficult, as if he once got into it we might have a few hours' digging after him. A slow and clumsy beast, there is really no hunting him, for if his retreat is cut off he simply rolls himself up like a hedgehog, and trusts to his mail to protect him—which it can't. There is something formidable in a small way about the spikes of our little British familiar altogether wanting in the smooth panoply of the armadillo. With the one liberties cannot be taken ; but the other may be treated with as much contumely as a football. Although often between two and three feet long, he is no fighter, and the poor harmless scavenger thus affords no sport, while what pastime may be got out of his pursuit seems rather cruel. But here we are, and we will see it out ; so we squat like big monkeys upon a low branch, with the dogs in our laps, and commence our watch.

A weary wait it is and a sleepy. We should nod off altogether did Jim not kindly stretch a point and allow us to smoke. A most welcome moment is it when, without a word, he stretches out his long thin arm and points at a queer shape, showing white in the moonlight, moving slowly towards the mouth of the burrow. The dogs are dropped on to the ground, where, although they haven't sighted the beast, they, naturally, begin to leap and to bark in appreciation of the resumption of activity. This gives pause to the home-returning wanderer. "Something up," he says to himself, no doubt, with a tightening of the heart—poor chap! "No getting in at the front door. Now, shall I just roll myself up? or have I any better chance?" Fortunately he knows his ground, and a look round decides him. He turns aside and disappears behind a big fallen tree-trunk lying to his left. As he turns the dogs see him and rush for him. So do we; but he has fairly vanished—Andy and Pat also. We can hear those two noisy small creatures though, scuffling along slowly *somewhere* and yelping with excitement. Why, the log is hollow! My gentleman has scuttled into it, as he might have into a drain-pipe, with the dogs after him. A few blows of a cutlass send the whole rotten thing to bits and discover the doggies struggling through its spongy interior. But where is the "tatou"? Jim dashes ahead a few yards and grabs at a queer sharp-pointed white thing issuing from the side of the hill. It is the beast's tail. He has run through the log and is now burrowing into a fresh place, at a rate which is simply astonishing. His body is already quite hidden; but he wasn't quite quick enough. 'Ware those heels, Master Andy! they could give you a very nasty blow if you came too close. "Me hole 'um tail, Bouge," grins Jim; "bring shovel, bring pick-axe!" Soon we are digging the animal out, while the old man retards its further progress into the bowels of the earth by a firm grip on the gradually disappearing appendage. "No pull 'um tail, Bouge," says he; "tail come out"—a dismal eventuality to be avoided if possible. Our excavatory operations are vigorous and not very prolonged. It is all up with the "tatou," and this he sadly realises, giving up struggling, and curling himself up in despair. Jim calmly places him in a bag all alive, while we gather up the tools, rather than the weapons, of the chase and start home after him. As we come to the cabin there is a growl from the gaunt guardian extended on its threshold. The fire has gone out, there is a breeze among the tree-tops, the air is cooler, and the voices of the woodland night are silent. Even the frogs seem to have gone to sleep. "Good night, Jim!" "Goo' night, Bouge!" "Bring the deer up and you shall have a couple of dollars." "Tanky, Mass' John!"

STEPHEN GRAY.

A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY HERODOTUS.

EXACTLY two thousand years after the travels of Herodotus in Egypt, another Greek traveller of far inferior fame was paying a visit of curiosity to Northern Europe and the British Isles. This was Nicander Nucius, of Corcyra, who accompanied an embassy from the Emperor Charles V. to Henry VIII. in the spring of the year 1545. He has left an account of his travels in three books, of which the second, relating to England, was published in a somewhat mutilated state by the Camden Society nearly fifty years ago, and has hitherto scarcely attracted the attention that it deserves. The manuscript from which it is printed contains but two books, and these are imperfect through the loss of several leaves ; but a complete copy exists in the Ambrosian Library at Milan. The English copy, now in the Bodleian, belonged, as appears from the flyleaf, to Archbishop Laud ; and if it was not, as its editor supposes, left in England unfinished by Nicander himself, it may possibly have come into the hands of Laud in the course of his correspondence and interchange of gifts with bishops of the Eastern church.

Nicander Nucius was not a genius, like the prince of gossiping travellers to whom we have compared him. Indeed, the likeness between them consists chiefly in a kind of innocent, naive simplicity, which finds interest in all sorts of information, but quite fails to distinguish accurately between the true and the false. Like Herodotus, Nicander has recorded much that is curious, and some things that are too curious for belief ; but we feel that he leaves out much which an intelligent southern traveller must have noticed, and that either his curiosity or his powers of observation must have been somewhat deficient. In these respects he was far inferior to his great predecessor ; and as a writer he was of course immeasurably below him. Nicander's style is clear and flowing, though his Greek is by no means pure ; and it is more by his incidental allusions than by his language that he shows himself acquainted with Herodotus and the other ancient writers of his race. He has some of the faults of Herodotus—an

indistinct idea of causes, a spirit of exaggeration in small things, and carelessness as to matters of fact. Some critics tell us that the geography of Herodotus is "crudely digested"; and whether in his case such a criticism is fair or not, it is certainly applicable to Nicander. To take but one instance—he is seldom in the right about the points of the compass. He calls Scotland the western portion of the island; he places the "other island called Ireland" to the south; and he imagines that Spain is to the west of England. And although some of the ecclesiastical information which he gives is fresh and interesting, he is very inaccurate not only in his notices of English history, but also in his account of contemporary events. This may be due not so much to carelessness as to ignorance of our language; and though his credulous simplicity reminds us of travellers of an earlier age, he writes in perfect good faith, and gives us a welcome glimpse of the England of the Reformation as she appeared to a visitor from Eastern Europe.

Of Nicander's personal history nothing is known beyond the scanty information which may be gleaned from his book. He was of Corcyra—that beautiful isle of the Adriatic, said to be the Homeric Phæacia, whose history begins three centuries before Herodotus, and whose independent spirit was the spark that in the last days of the historian kindled the conflagration of the Peloponnesian War. But in the sixteenth century her days of glory were but a dim and distant memory. After remaining for nearly a thousand years an obscure appendage of the Eastern Empire, she had at that time, as Corfu, been for more than three centuries, with one short interval, a valued possession of Venice. But already the great republic was showing signs of decline; and those who trusted in her for their defence were discovering that her saving arm was shortened. About eight years before Nicander started on his travels, the Turks, who were the jealous rivals of Venice in the East, made a savage raid upon Corfu. The island was mercilessly ravaged during ten days' occupation; its villages were burned, its fields were laid waste, and 15,000 inhabitants were carried into captivity. And to such depths had Venetian public spirit sunk that no attempt seems to have been made for their recovery or ransom; the mere fact that the enemy had abandoned the island was paraded as a triumph.

These terrible misfortunes of his country will perhaps explain a touching passage at the close of Nicander's first book. He says plainly that a deep affection for a lady had been the "cause of all his misfortunes," and of his seeking diversion from them in travel. Speaking to the friend to whom he dedicates the book, he says: "Your

kindness will supply whatever defects may have been caused by various circumstances . . . and by that violent love, which more especially rules and controls me—love, alas ! for that Nucia, at whose recollection alone my heart is torn and inflamed.” The lady’s name would seem to show that she was his wife ; and the expressions used perhaps imply rather a hopeless ignorance of her fate than a lasting sorrow for her death. This difficulty will be explained if we suppose that Nicander was absent at the time of the Turkish attack, and that he returned only to find his property destroyed and his home desolate.

The intervening years, before he joined the embassy, he probably spent at Venice, endeavouring to restore the wreck of his fortunes ; and it is curious to think with what refinements of commerce and art and literature our simple-minded traveller may have been familiar. Though the empire of Venice was now on the wane, the signs of her decay were not visible to the outward eye. Sabellico, a writer of the previous generation, describes her as the jewel-casket of the world. Her Eastern trade had begun to pass into other hands ; but the Piazza at the Rialto was still the well-ordered centre of European commerce ; and its six hundred money-changers and goldsmiths were still the bankers and the usurers of the West. The splendid churches with their ancient cupolas, the palaces of the nobles, richly decorated, with their inlaid marble façades, must have been the daily admiration of the simple islander. He would watch the growth of the stately buildings conceived by the genius of Sansovino and Palladio ; he might gain a “private view” of the masterpieces of Titian and Tintoret. In the squares or canals he might sometimes meet the young sculptor Benvenuto, fresh from some plot of mischief or revenge ; or listen against his will to the ribald jests and empty boasting of the infamous Peter Aretin. Even in literature his opportunities would have been greater than at any other time in the history of a state which was seldom the willing patron of letters. If he journeyed through the Venetian territory, he would doubtless be welcomed by Bembo’s lively circle in the gardens of the Villa Bozza ; or could easily gain an introduction to men of learning like Speroni and Trissino. At home he might hear the veteran Cornaro discourse on the secret of enjoying a hale old age ; or take a lesson in delicacy and good manners from the author of the “*Galateo*.” If his taste were for the drama, he might join the crowds that flocked to the rustic farces of their favourite Ruzzante, or listen with a graver audience to the tragedies of Dolce. But if, as is more probable, his taste should lead him rather to classical than to modern literature, he might study the latest productions of the Aldine Press, and enjoy the learned conversation of the son of its founder.

One could hardly guess, however, from Nicander's simple narrative that such rare advantages had been within his reach. He shows little trace of the modern spirit ; and his acquaintance with the Emperor's ambassador was probably due not so much to his own abilities as to his Greek extraction. Gerard Veltwick, whom Charles V. sent as his envoy to the Porte with terms of peace at the close of 1544, was a great master of Eastern languages. His work on the desert wanderings of the Israelites was published at Venice five years earlier, and he may have been indebted during its preparation to Nicander's assistance. At any rate, when the embassy passed through Venice, Nicander asked his friend's permission to join it, fancying, perhaps, that through Gerard's position at the Turkish capital he might learn some tidings of his lost love.

It seems that neither the envoy nor his friend were successful in the object of their journey. The Sultan rejected the proffered terms of peace, and Nicander returned to Italy with his heart still torn by a cruel and hopeless suspense. Under these circumstances he chose to accompany his patron to the Netherlands ; and he dedicates the account of his journey in his first book to some Greek friend, who was unfamiliar with Northern Europe.

At the outset we meet with a strange mistake. He says that he passed through Trent at a time when the famous Council was sitting. But in order to find the Emperor at Brussels, as they subsequently did, they must have passed through Trent in March or April ; and although by that time the Cardinal legates and a few Bishops had arrived, the sittings of the Council were not opened till the following December. From Trent they journeyed to Augsburg, where Nicander had his first personal experience of the practices of the Reformers. His description of them is by no means friendly, and seems to imply that, if not himself a member of the Roman Church, he was quick in adopting the prejudices of his friends. He tells us that the Protestants "work during all the days of the week, though they hold the Lord's Day in the greatest respect," and says that they have "ostracised" the whole order of monks and nuns.

After travelling through the principal cities of the Rhine country, at which point Nicander digresses to relate the extravagances of the Anabaptists, the embassy arrived at Brussels ; and our traveller was presented by his friend to the Emperor and to the chief personages of his court. Soon after their arrival the Emperor proceeded on a short tour through the cities of Flanders and Holland, taking the envoy and suite in his train. The prosperity of Antwerp struck Nicander as superior to that of any other city of the time, and he

does not fail to mention the recent insurrection in Ghent. He notes of Rotterdam that it was the birthplace of Erasmus, "whose reputation is great among the men of the west . . . for as to style and elegance and clearness of ideas, he will be found inferior to none of the ancients."

But by far the most curious passage in Nicander's first book is the description of his visit to the coal mines of Liège. He had apparently never heard of mineral coal before. This is startling indeed when we remember that our antiquaries have discovered traces of it in the fireplaces of the stations on the Roman Wall, and that the town of Newcastle had already enjoyed a royal licence for mining purposes for more than three centuries. It would of course have been a needless luxury in the sunny valleys of Corfu, but we wonder that ships of the English "sea-coal" had not yet found their way to the jetties of Venice. At Calais, four years before this, its price was only "eight shillings a chaldron"¹—equal, according to our mode of reckoning, to about 5s. 6d. a ton present value—a price which we should gladly see restored to us in this enlightened age. The following is Nicander's description of the marvels of the mine: "In this city," he says, "they are accustomed to burn a certain black substance, stony and shining, and producing hot embers without smoke (!) . . . These stones they dig out of the deepest recesses of the earth, finding certain veins, from which they extract them; but a peculiar prodigy takes place when they are being dug out. . . . They are not able to throw out the stones immediately, for fire on a sudden bursts forth and encompasses the whole cavern. When the miners wish to extract the coal, they put on a linen garment which has neither been bleached nor dipped in water. This covers them from head to foot, leaving only certain openings for the eyes, that they may be able to see through them; they also take a staff in their hands, which serves to guide and direct their steps in the passage leading to the cave. The miner then draws near to the fire and frightens it with his staff. The fire then flies away and contracts itself by degrees; it then collects itself together in a surprising way, and becoming very small, remains quite still in a corner. But it behoves the man who wears the linen garment to stand over the flame when at rest, always terrifying it with his staff. While he performs this service the miners extract the stones; but as soon as they have left the cave the dormant fire suddenly bursts forth and environs the whole cave. No one then ventures to enter without the above-mentioned garment and staff, for he would inevitably be consumed. And this we ourselves have beheld. For we

¹ *Chronicles of Calais*, Camden Society, vol. xxxv.

were desirous of ascertaining the fact by actual experience, being admirers of the operations of nature. For we were unable to discover the cause of this—whether these things take place through a spiritual agency; and we were aware that linen possesses a certain mysterious power tending in a remarkable degree to expel fire, since fire will not touch it . . . whence also this is accounted a prodigy by the beholders. And they call these stones in the language of the country οὔλλεις (houilles?).”

It is perhaps hardly worth while to guess at an explanation of the natural magic of the mine. But Nicander, if not the victim of an imposition, is probably confusing some outbreak of an inflammable gas with the fire kept burning for the ventilation of the mine. The incombustible garment may possibly point to the use of a cloth of asbestos, which, though a mineral, is described by Pliny as being made into a kind of linen. Anyhow we may see from this account how prone in the sixteenth century even “an admirer of the operations of nature” would be to ascribe natural phenomena to a supernatural agency.

On Nicander's return to Antwerp his patron Gerard was ordered to proceed at once to England on some political mission, the details of which we are not told. But, as the envoy started early in May, we may be almost sure that his object was to fence with Henry's demand for the aid of his ally in the French war. In 1544 the Emperor had concluded a separate peace with France at Crêpy in defiance of his treaty engagements with England. His main object ever since had been to find some pretext for disengaging himself from the English alliance. He had now succeeded beyond his hopes. An English merchant, who had been grievously wronged in the Spanish courts through their insolent contempt of heretics, indemnified himself by seizing as a reprisal the first Spanish ship that fell in his way. The Emperor demanded that he should be surrendered to justice, and proposed, probably through Gerard, that a conference should be held in June at Gravelines to discuss the alleged infractions of the treaty.

Nicander's second book, which is dedicated to a Greek friend, Cornelius Nicolaus, commences with their embarkation at Calais. It may be roughly divided into two parts—a description of the country and its people, and an account of the English Reformation and of the war with France, near the close of which the narrative breaks off abruptly.

The travellers had, as we should say, “a very bad crossing.” Indeed, although they started with a favourable wind, their first attempt was a failure, and they were driven by stress of weather

into Nieuport, in Flanders, where they were detained three days. "Having lost our sail, and not knowing whither we were carried, but cleaving the waters of the ocean and being tossed by huge waves rapidly succeeding each other, and undergoing every species of danger, and being within a hair's breadth of sinking, we entertained but small hope of being saved." From this and other statements we may infer that Nicander was a bad sailor; indeed, his description of the Channel sounds absurd even from a dweller on the smoother Adriatic. "The sea, when the wind blows, raises a vast wave, and it swells to such a degree as to seem to reach the sky; wherefore it strikes the greatest terror in beholders." But this does not include *all* beholders, for "the waves are not broken, nor indeed produce any sound, but move noiselessly and carry the ship along with them; whence also they are braved with indifference by such as have had experience of them." At length they landed at Dover, which is described as "full of inns"; and next day they rode to Greenwich, where the King was residing, and laid before him the object of their mission. Five days later they followed him to London, and were lodged in apartments near the royal palace.

While there Nicander, "to avoid idling away his time," resolved to find out all he could about the island. It would be interesting to know how he acquired his information. He probably tried to learn English, and gained a general idea of the language without being able to speak it. "They possess," he says, "a peculiar language, differing in some measure from all others, having received contributions from all the rest both in words and syllables, as I conjecture. For although they speak somewhat barbarously, yet their language has a certain charm and allurements, being sweeter than that of the German and Flemish." But just afterwards he says that "they resemble the French more than others, and for the most part they use their language." As this statement is evidently a mistake, we may perhaps suppose that Nicander, besides his Italian, possessed a smattering of French, and that persons about the court conversed with him in that language. His numerous errors would doubtless be due to a want of proficiency on both sides.

His own language would have been practically useless to him. In the knowledge of Greek England was still a long way behind the nations of the continent. Erasmus, indeed, says, seventeen years earlier, that English boys were wont to disport in Greek epigrams. But this would only be true at any time of a very few under exceptional masters like Udall and Nowell; and scarcely ten years before there had been a determined opposition to the study of Greek at

Oxford. The opponents of the innovation styled themselves "Trojans," and raised such riots in the streets that the King's authority had to be invoked. But there were other and more serious difficulties in the way of Greek learning. At this time only two books had been printed in England in the Greek character ; and all the texts, grammars, and lexicons had to be imported from abroad. However, Nicander would find at court three eminent scholars, all acting as tutors to Prince Edward—Sir John Cheke, Dr. Cox, Bishop of Ely, and Sir Anthony Cooke ; perhaps also the witty and learned Ascham had been already engaged as teacher in handwriting. There had recently been a great dispute as to the proper pronunciation of Greek vowels ; and we can fancy that a modern Greek, with his vowel sounds uniformly thin, would be hailed with triumph by the "Itacists" as a strong ally against the rounder and more distinctive system of Cheke and his "Etists." Among the courtiers who could have conversed with the stranger, if they would, were the virtuous and accomplished Surrey, and that lover of the classics, Sir Thomas Elyot, who had recommended in his "Governor" that boys should begin their Greek early.

Following some ancient writer, Nicander states that the island is "the greatest in the world except Taprobane and Thule"—exceptions which certainly need not have been made if they stand, as some suppose, for Ceylon and the Shetlands. His idea of the size and shape of Britain is fairly correct, except that he says that its southern coast, "which is also called Kent," is 500 miles in length ; he also makes Ireland 600 miles long, and places it too near the Welsh coast. Some of his names of places present a riddle hard enough for the Sphinx herself. For instance, "Among the coast cities which are conspicuous and celebrated are Antonia and Bristol, Danebium and Dartenicum, and London, which surpasses these." If we suppose that these names were taken down from dictation, the "mysterious three" may possibly stand for Southampton, Tenby, and Dartmouth ; but I make the conjecture with much diffidence, and would gladly welcome a correction.

The account of London is full and interesting. Nicander was much struck by the tide in the Thames, and explains the phenomenon at some length without naming the river. He specially remarks on the number of merchant ships arriving from all countries, and also on "the ferry boats and skiffs, which are rowed with speed, plying in great numbers on the banks for the accommodation of the city." He speaks more highly than we should expect from an Italian of the royal palaces and public buildings, with their "flowery

paintings and luxurious furniture," and notices with admiration that the whole city was paved with flint stones. This was a recent improvement effected by an Act of Parliament about twelve years before, in which the streets are described as "very foul and full of pits and sloughs very perilous and noxious."

But nothing pleased him more than London Bridge and the Tower. "A very large bridge is built, affording a passage to those in the city to the opposite inhabited bank, supported by stone-cemented arches, and having houses and turrets upon it. . . . And a certain castle, like a citadel, very beautiful and strong, is built near the river, having very many and large guns. Here the treasures and valuable property are deposited; for they are said to exceed the anciently famed wealth of Croesus and Midas, so vast a quantity of gold and silver is stored up there. And near to Greenwich they possess an arsenal, where they build ships. . . . Somewhere about the middle of the city a spot is marked off where there is daily an assemblage of merchants—the source of much bartering and traffic." This spot was a part of the modern Lombard Street; and among the merchants Nicander might have seen a grave young man, afterwards known as Sir Thomas Gresham, who twenty years later gained immortal renown by building a noble Exchange to shelter his fellow-merchants from the rain and the snow.

The stir of London life and commerce did not escape Nicander's attention. He notes the imports from his own quarter of Europe, as oil from the Peloponnese and malmsey wine from Crete; and gives as the chief exports tin, the wool of sheep, and "woollen garments called serges, of which every city and country takes a share." He says that almost all except the courtiers and nobles pursue mercantile concerns; and he is especially astonished to find women of all ages in the streets and shops, engaged in business and the arts. This custom leads him to a remark on English manners which is curious, and, as we learn from the letters of Erasmus, undoubtedly true. "They display great simplicity and absence of jealousy in their usages towards females. For not only do those of the same family and household kiss them on the mouth with greetings and embraces, but even those who have never seen them; and to themselves this appears by no means unseemly."

We find nothing in Nicander's book about Parliament, of which he seems to have been ignorant. He tells us that the city is under "prefects and administrators" appointed by the King, and that no penalty of death or loss of limbs can be inflicted without the royal sanction. "To the King himself," he says, "they are wonderfully

well affected ; nor would they in their loyalty endure hearing anything disrespectful of him, so that their most binding oath is that by which the King's life is pledged." We can fancy the innocent stranger asking the meaning of the frequent exclamation, "By our liege !" We are told that the King "always has his court about him at his palace—the spearmen (yeomen of the guard), the retinue, the grandees, and the chief of the council," but "he changes these daily, and receives others of like station for the administration of his government !"

Our traveller's sketch of the national character is favourable on the whole, but discriminating. He says that the people are well-disposed towards other nations except the French, "for whom they entertain not one feeling of goodwill, having an innate hostility to them," so that scarcely any French merchants live in London. As a race they are "full of suspicion ; great flesh-eaters and unrestrained in their appetites. . . . Their nobles are full of kindness and good order, and courteous to strangers ; but the rabble and the mob are turbulent and barbarous in their manner, as I have observed from experience and intercourse." Their personal appearance, however, receives unstinted praise. "They are a fair-skinned race of men with golden hair and beard ; their eyes are generally blue, and their cheeks ruddy ; in their persons they are tall and erect, and in their disposition martial and courageous."

The sober scenery of England forms a great contrast to the rocky heights and luxuriant vegetation of Nicander's native land. Lofty mountain peaks, with constant glimpses of lake-like sea, and all tinged for the most part with the rich, harmonious colouring of a southern sun, delight the English visitor to Corfu. We can hardly wonder, then, that our traveller's praise of England and her climate is expressed in moderate terms. "All these islands are diversified with fruitful hills and plains . . . and have mountains that are low, and shaped like mounds ; they have also marshes and oak forests of fine timber." These marshes, however, he supposes to form a broad band round the coasts of the island, and attributes the "prevailing misty atmosphere" to their "dense exhalations." Such a description of the weather, though generally accurate, was in his case rather ungrateful ; for the summer of 1545 was exceptionally fine and warm. He notices the greater length of the day in Scotland, but strangely supposes, with the older geographers, that the long summer twilight is due to the *absence* of the sun from the extreme north. He adds that frost and snow are almost continuous, and with some reason if we are to believe Holinshed the chronicler, who relates that on

June 25th of this year hailstones fell in England as big as a man's fist.

Among the wild beasts of the country Nicander includes, besides the fox and "the hog," the wolf and the bear. It is nearly certain, however, that neither of the latter animals could have been found in England at this time. A century earlier Sir John Fortescue says that there were neither wolves, bears, nor lions in England; but wolves were found in Scotland and Ireland till late in the seventeenth century. As to tame animals—horses of noble breed, oxen and sheep—our traveller tells us that "wonder arises in the beholders on account of their multitude. Nor indeed is there any shepherd placed over the sheep to tend them, neither a herdsman over the oxen, but wherever the animals may be while feeding, on the second, perhaps, or even the third day, they return to their owner's house. Yet no one dares to steal any of them, since the extreme punishment of death awaits the perpetrator. But, that each man may know his own, they smear a mark on the skin with a sort of native pitch." Nicander follows Herodotus in attributing the absence of horns on the cattle and sheep to the colder climate—a natural mistake, perhaps, in those who had never seen the elk or the reindeer. In his account of the mineral and vegetable productions he describes England as "rich in metals, with very much silver and white lead," while "the stone used for fire, and black, is found in most places;" he says also that she is abundantly supplied with fruit-bearing trees, except the olive, the fig, and the vine, which belong to warmer climates. Yet there was probably still some remnant of the mediæval vineyards; for Tusser, in his "Good Points of Husbandry," gives elaborate directions for their cultivation; and in the reign of Mary there was a large protective duty on French wines. But it was doubtless a decaying industry, and confined within a very small area.

Nicander's account of Scotland and Ireland is curious, though very insufficient for one who had visited at least the former country. He says that a certain river of no small size, called the Thames (!), separates England from Scotland, guarded by forts on its banks. He informs us that England and Scotland each appoint a king from their own people, and that these kings, constantly fighting about their boundaries, "cruelly destroy each other in a kind of barbarous and savage warfare." But the efforts of the Scotch to rid themselves of their tributary position had been unsuccessful, and in their customs they were more barbarous than the English.

From the description of Ireland it is clear that history not only

repeats but anticipates itself. "There is also a certain other island called Hibernia, and Ireland as well, large and populous, possessing towns and cities. But the inhabitants reject political institutions, and other importations, with whatever else pertains to them. . . . In none of its productions is it inferior to England and Scotland ; but yet they do not pay so much heed to civil polity. Those indeed that live in the cities and towns have some sort of human government ; but such as live in forests and bogs are entirely wild and savage, and there remains only the human form whereby they may be known to be men. They are tall and fair, with much hair on their heads and a shaggy beard. They go at all seasons without any other clothing than that which covers their loins ; and neither heat nor cold enfeebles them. They practise archery, and extraordinary feats of running, so as often to contend in speed with horses and hunting dogs. . . . They feed on everything, gorging themselves to excess with flesh, and are always eating milk and butter." Although the degraded condition of the Irish was a by-word in the sixteenth century, and a disgrace to the sister island, this picture is doubtless over-coloured, perhaps by Nicander's informants. At least he absolutely refuses credit to some of the stories which they told him. "They fable that Hades and the gates of Hades are there, fancying that they hear the groans of men undergoing punishment ; and they add, too, that spectres and adverse powers are seen ; and tell, besides, of perfumed springs, and milky water, and other things equally absurd, which I have omitted as fabulous and trifling." Nicander mentions the Orcades, "uninhabited save one, or perhaps two" ; and an island called Proté, with a city and harbour, which is perhaps the Isle of Wight. He concludes his account with a piece of positive ethnology, which is an amusing reversal of hitherto accepted facts. "All these islands together they call with authority Britannic, as having been subject to the men of Brittany in France, who sent a colony and peopled them" !

He then proceeds in a somewhat inflated style to describe the sea in which these islands lie. "Begin we, then, that they who are fond of hearing may know the productions of the ocean, which to us are strange and unusual. This which is in fact the greatest sea and is also called the ocean, is of boundless extent and hardly known ; therefore by the ancients it was termed unnavigable." He explains, however, that ships now traverse it with indifference ; and he gives a fairly accurate measurement of the distance by sea from the "Pillars of Hercules" to London. His list of "monsters of the deep" is long and rather puzzling. First we have "huge

whales, monstrous in their shapes and savage, equal in length to the largest ships and probably even galleys. These they term in the language of the country, *balenæ*." Then he describes an animal seen by himself, "having the head and ears of a hog, and four feet. It had not, however, cloven hoofs, but broad and rounded at the ends; scaly, and with the tail of a fish . . . and long, perhaps two cubits, and they call these swinefish." The description at once suggests the notion of a seal; but we wonder that a student of Homer, as Nicander certainly was, should not have remembered Proteus and his herd of Phocæ, outwitted by Menelaus. Next he mentions a smaller fish "which they catch alive and salt, and no one would taste of them before he has hammered them on an anvil . . . and the fish is called *dart*." This and the following prodigy I leave as an enigma for the most ingenious of our naturalists. "I saw another kind of fish, winged in the same way as birds, having feet like a duck's, and a pointed beak, not longer than a dove's . . . it has no voice, but only croaks volubly. . . . And the animal being killed in the water, the blood loses its crimson hue, and becomes the colour of water. These things, indeed, the fishermen stated, but to me they seemed incredible. . . . Those, however, know who have seen them."

Nicander then proceeds to give an account of the relations between the kings of England and the clergy, as an introduction to his notice of the English Reformation. We are scarcely surprised to find that his history is not more accurate or trustworthy than his natural science; indeed, it is difficult to imagine where he obtained it. He begins with informing us that from early times the kings of England had regulated to a surprising extent (*δαιμονίως*) the worship and government of the Church; but he also says that the wealth of the clergy was such that they sometimes treated their kings with contempt. He instances the case of a monarch who had tried to restrain the power of the abbots, and was murdered for his pains—two monks slaying him with their arrows as he slept, wearied with hunting, at the foot of a tree. This looks like a strangely garbled version of the death of William Rufus. He adopts, too, without question, the later and less authentic account of the death of John—that he was poisoned when on a passing visit to a monastery, and that one of the monks did not shrink from acting as his taster, and so sharing his fate. Nicander even attributes the violent deaths of two subsequent kings—apparently Edward II. and Richard II.—to the treasonable practices of the monks—a heavy bill of indictment truly! It is clear from this and other passages that the circle in

which he moved during his stay was made up of bitter enemies of the clergy, and unbounded admirers of their royal plunderer.

He then goes on to tell us that Henry VIII. "being of an energetic and spirited character, established the affairs of the monarchy on a better footing" ; and, after recounting the bare facts of the divorce and the first quarrel with the Pope, he gives us a long speech of the King to his counsellors, recommending that the breach should be final. There can be no doubt that Nicander regarded this speech, and another later in the book on the dissolution of the monasteries, as the highest flights of his pen. Following the example of Thucydides, he tries to represent by this means the motives of men and the causes of events, scarcely pretending that the words were actually spoken. His metaphors are very ornate, and he twice makes the King quote Homer—a feat which was almost certainly beyond him. The plan has the merit of being graphic, but as Nicander's mind was unphilosophical, and his knowledge of facts not extensive, he falls prodigiously short of his great model. In this speech he wrongly supposes that Henry's breach with the Pope was due to the Bull of excommunication, which was not published till four years later, and represents him as taking the title of "Defender of the Faith" as an act of defiance ! The arguments, however, which he puts into his mouth are not inappropriate. Henry will not agree that England received Christianity in the first instance from Rome ; he denies that the Pope "holds the keys of faith," and can alone open and close the door of salvation ; and he accuses him of measuring out for money the grace of the Spirit. "I propose, therefore, that we should free ourselves for the future from the tyrannical oppression of this man. For generous spirits are wont to oppose with obstinacy the rule of force. . . . Not that I would advise you to withdraw wantonly from the Church of Christ ! Far from it ! Nay, indeed, but from the violent and unreasonable authority of the Roman Pontiff." The speaker ends with a solemn adjuration, which, in his mouth, is the very acme of absurdity. "I conjure and charge you that ye pay no heed to the height of kingly power ; neither, indeed, to these my words ; nor would I have you act in accordance with my opinion from a wish to gratify me ; but do ye show forth what is expedient both for yourselves and for me."

The assembly having agreed to this proposal, "except a certain few," the King, we are told, ordered a large gold coin to be struck with this inscription in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin: "Henry VIII., by the Grace of God King of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and Supreme Head of the Church of England

and Ireland." A Latin inscription of this kind is to be found on one of Henry's seals, but the coin with the two other languages appears to be an invention.

We next find an account, which is incorrect in some of its particulars, of the King's numerous wives, who may be easily distinguished, though they are not mentioned by name. It is curious, as an instance, probably, of the court scandal of the day, to find Anne Boleyn's unfaithfulness spoken of as fully proved, and acknowledged even by herself—both statements being absolutely at variance with fact. Nicander adds that "the King happened to be lovingly disposed towards her, and so he condemned her to suffer no other mode of death than by the sword!" He gives the other wives in their order, except that he places Catherine Howard before Anne of Cleves, and mentions that the skulls of her paramours were still to be seen, more than three years after their execution, fixed on the turrets of London Bridge.

Nicander then devotes many pages to a relation of the impostures of the monks and their recent exposure. He states that the principal deceivers of the people were "the followers of Franciscus," but he is quite wrong in supposing that their numbers exceeded the aggregate of all the rest—the Benedictines being by far the largest Order in England. He describes at great length the crucifix called "The Rood of Grace," contrived for the Friars at Boxley in Kent, with secret springs, so that the eyes could be made to roll or the head to nod, according to the value of the gifts which were brought to it. The Franciscans, after hiding this crucifix themselves, pretended to discover it by special revelation ; and, according to Nicander, despatched "heralds" throughout England to publish abroad the discovery. He adds that the deceit was exposed by the arrival of the image-maker from Antwerp, who recognised his own handiwork and revealed the whole matter to the King. Soon afterwards a sermon was preached at St. Paul's Cross by John Hilsey, Bishop of Rochester, in the course of which he exposed the mechanism of the image, and then broke it in pieces. Nicander's story is rather different. "And shortly after the King hung the principals in the business and beheaded the rest . . . and the miraculous image, with the collected riches, he assigned to the royal treasury, and the monastery he razed to its very foundations !" Nicander notices another imposture, by which he apparently means that of the Maid of Kent, though he speaks of her as "an old woman," and says nothing of her frenzies, or of the political character of her predictions. The end of it was that the King "consumed with fire the old woman," and condemned her abettors "to terminate their life by hanging."

He then describes, with all the exaggeration of a courtier, the enormities committed by the monks, and gives another long speech by the King in favour of their "banishment." Henry begins by apologising for calling together his councillors in a keen frost, but skilfully uses the weather as a sort of parable to express the political emergency. "Indeed, sirs, no common storm has fallen upon *us* ; nay, the severest of stormy seasons, . . . for it knows no change either of season or time ; but rather increases in winter and spring, and has no thought of intermission. . . . What, then, is the storm? And who is he that raises it? . . . Look, sirs, at the tribe of those who are called monks," &c. He proceeds to speak of them in Homeric language as "a worthless incumbrance of the soil, not honoured in war or in counsel," and decides that his predecessors had "somewhat weakly, and through inclining to superstition, bestowed on them their possessions." Wherefore he proposes to expel them from the country, making an abundant allowance to those "who will live orderly," and adding their revenues to the public funds, with a special proviso that hospitals should be built for the sick and for the reception of strangers. Nicander innocently imagines that these humane promises were actually carried out, although, as a matter of fact, "forty shillings and a gown" were considered an ample provision for the most blameless of those whose property had been so ruthlessly confiscated. The tone in which Nicander speaks of these transactions is throughout one of undisguised commendation.

But the most amusing passage in this part of his book is his account of the desecration of the shrine of Thomas à Becket. "This Thomas, commonly known by the surname 'of Canterbury,' having gained the title of Bishop of London, was always contending with the kings of England . . . and therefore the then ruling sovereign beheaded him with the sword." We are then told how the Pope conferred honours on Thomas, and the people revered him greatly as a saint. "Henry, therefore, wishing to know why the Pope had voted him a saint . . . appointed commissioners, and commanded that they should neither seek by their decision to gratify the King, nor Thomas, although the majority regarded him as a saint. Hence, indeed, they devoted two years to the inquiry, each one giving his decision as he thought just. But at last the chosen judges condemned Thomas as disloyal and rebellious, and passed a vote of censure on him as an innovator. Wherefore Henry, because he was successor to the earlier kings, condemned Thomas as a pest of the country, and ordered that the coffin with his remains should

be burnt." This burning is asserted by some authorities, and denied by others ; but Nicander adds further that "the ashes were put into a cannon, and discharged into the air." He seems, however, to have had no suspicion that one motive for this rather puerile revenge was to enrich the royal exchequer with all the costly treasures of the shrine.

The narrative of the wars with France, which is the most imperfect part of our manuscript, possesses few features of interest, and is a strange jumble of fact and fiction. Nicander describes a battle in Picardy, by which he probably intends the Battle of the Spurs, but he wrongly places it in the reign of Francis I., and represents it as indecisive. It began, he tells us, "by a fox leaping forth between the armies," which was followed by the English up to the French lines, and so drew their forces into an engagement. He makes no mention of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, but he relates another curious interview between the monarchs shortly after, at the castle of Guines, which is vividly described in contemporary French memoirs. Francis, to show his trust in his ally, paid him a visit just after dawn, attended only by his two sons ; and on being informed that he was asleep, knocked at the door of his room, and entered unannounced. Henry was much astonished, but was delighted at the chivalrous confidence of his guest ; and, when they had interchanged some valuable gifts, the French king assisted his good brother to rise, and warmed his shirt for him at the fire.

This extreme cordiality, however, did not last long ; war soon broke out again ; but our historian, passing over 23 years almost without remark, proceeds at once to recount the siege and capture of Boulogne. He also describes shortly the French naval expedition of 1545, and its complete failure, though it does not appear that he was himself present. Indeed, he is wrong as to the commanders on both sides, changing the English admiral Lord Lisle into the famous diplomatist Sir William Paget, and substituting for the French admiral D'Annebault the name of "Robert, Constable of France." We learn from Du Bellay's memoirs that the largest French ship, the "Grand Carraçon," of 800 tons, caught fire as she was leaving the harbour of Havre, and was burnt down to the waterline. Nicander gives the following account of this catastrophe. "There was one very large ship, such as no one had ever seen on the ocean . . . furnished with cannon as large and as numerous as those of great cities . . . And it had 1,500 men, both soldiers and sailors, and as it moved on the sea, no one would suppose it to be a ship, but some island, running with a favourable wind, and having sails,

. . . And in this immense ship those who were cooking the victuals having neglected the fire, it caught some part of the ship . . . whence the ship was consumed by the flames. And that part, indeed, which stood above the water was destroyed by fire, but that which was underneath sank down into the deep !”

Towards the end of this summer (1545) Nicander joined the English expedition under the Earl of Hertford, which was sent to ravage the Scottish border. He tells us that, when his patron Gerard was setting out to return to the Emperor, he asked his permission to remain in England, desiring to learn more of the island. “And he, having reluctantly yielded to my wishes, and furnished me with a horse and arms and a maintenance, sent me away well pleased.” In this expedition a number of foreign mercenaries were employed, and among them a body of Argives from the Peloponnesus under Thomas of Argos, who were doubtless some of those light cavalry then called Stradiots. To these Nicander naturally joined himself as one of their own countrymen ; and it is amusing to find what importance he attaches to their freebooting operations. “Our light cavalry, daily making incursions, drove off booty, laid waste the country, and sacked some small towns. The Scotch, therefore, having submitted, sent an embassy to Henry, surrendered some of their provinces and cities, and obtained a truce.” Yet Dr. Robertson describes this as one of those inroads “which, as they did not produce any considerable effect, at this distance of time deserve no remembrance !” It certainly did not produce the effect described, for peace was delayed for nine months ; and a state paper of the time shows that it was a mere raid upon a defenceless country. According to this document there were destroyed or burnt in the space of a fortnight 16 castles, 7 monasteries and friaries, 5 market towns, 243 villages, 13 mills and 3 hospitals!

How long Nicander remained in England after this exploit we have no means of knowing, as the last leaves of the Bodleian manuscript are wanting ; but there are some indications that he did not leave the country until he had completed the records of his English travels.

EDWARD H. R. TATHAM.

THE TERRITORIAL SYSTEM.

SEVERAL years have elapsed since a large portion of the British army underwent a startling transformation, in the course of which it was, so to speak, melted down, and recast in a new form. From the ashes of the old there emerged, Phoenix-like, a new system called "the Territorial," an adaptation from the German military scheme. Old soldiers, at the time, shook their heads and prophesied ruin and collapse, but, in spite of their prognostications of evil, the new system has worked fairly well, and may be said upon the whole to be, as indeed are most reforms, an improvement upon the old order of things. A similar fate not long since overtook our ancient courts of law and equity, and in like manner a new institution arose at the bidding of the reformer, more in accordance with the exigencies of the times, and the spirit of an age which delights in reducing everything to a scientific system, or perhaps we should say dead level. As time goes on, we learn to acquiesce in these great reforms, and as the systems which they have created get into working order and are put to practical tests, we seek from time to time to remedy the weak points and flaws which such tests disclose.

Under the new system, a regiment is theoretically attached to a particular county or district, from which it draws, or hopes to draw, recruits. With its regular battalions are associated the militia and volunteers of the same county or district, forming additional battalions of the regiment. All these component elements, regulars, militia, volunteers, are in theory welded into a single corps, bearing a territorial title, and animated by a spirit of pride and interest in its constituent factors and locality of origin. Let us take an example : Lincolnshire regiment. 1st and 2nd battalions, Old 10th North Lincoln regiment. 3rd battalion, Royal North Lincoln Militia. 4th battalion, Royal South Lincoln Militia. Volunteer battalions, 1st, late 1st Lincolnshire ; 2nd, late 2nd Lincolnshire. The volunteer movement does not extend to Ireland, so that the Irish regiments have no volunteer battalions attached to them. But the unity of the territorial regiment should be real and not illusory, and I will now

proceed to mention some points in which, as it seems to me, a nearer approach to practical unity may be made.

The names of officers serving in the volunteer battalions of the regiment might be placed in the Army List under the same heading as those serving in the regular and militia battalions, and not relegated to another part of the book, as they are at present. The heading "volunteer battalions" would prevent any possible confusion which might otherwise arise.

The uniform and equipment of the component battalions should be as far as possible assimilated. According to present regulations regiments entitled to the distinction of "Royal" wear red tunics with blue "facings," *i.e.*, collars and cuffs, while other regiments have white facings. In either case, the territorial name of the regiment, *e.g.*, "Lincoln," or an abbreviation of it, *e.g.*, "R. F." (Royal Fusiliers), is worked in white letters on the red shoulder-strap, and a small brass badge of difference, such as a grenade, or a sphinx, is borne on the collar of the tunic. A spiked helmet, or, in the case of Fusilier regiments, a sealskin cap (somewhat resembling the bearskin of the Guards, but smaller), dark-blue trousers with a narrow red stripe, and white belts, complete the uniform of the typical British territorial regiment.

The oft-recurring formula at the head of each regiment in the Army List, "*scarlet, facings white*," would lead people to suppose that the uniform of the militia battalions was the same as that of the line. Such, however, is not the case. The "scarlet" is not a tunic, but an undress kersey of red serge, to the shoulder straps of which are affixed small brass figures (above the territorial name), which indicate the number of the regimental battalion. The militia, moreover, are not supplied with helmets during their annual training, but wear the "Glengarry" cap only, and their general equipment is of an inferior description, anything being apparently considered "good enough for the militia." It would certainly add to the attraction of service in the militia if the men were supplied with the full dress uniform, at least for occasional wear at inspections and Church parade. At a time when the army is short of its proper strength by 10,000 men, and the constant cry is heard that there are no recruits, everything should be done, and nothing left undone, by the authorities, that can tend to increase the popularity of the militia force, which, greatly to its own detriment, furnishes annually large draughts of men to fill the depleted ranks of the line battalions. Nothing can be more shortsighted than to try and spare expense in keeping up an efficient army. Our army is a very small one when compared to those of

neighbouring powers ; it is a very small one when viewed with regard to the vast extent of Empire which it is called upon to defend, and the great commercial interests which it is its duty to safeguard. Considering this, our army, regulars, militia, and volunteers, should make up in *quality* for what it lacks in *quantity*, and should be made as efficient, in the matter of arms, dress, and equipment, as money can make it. If we cannot afford to clothe our small force of militia decently, or to keep it sufficiently supplied with recruits when the army is on a peace footing, how in the world can we afford to clothe an increased army, and where are we to procure recruits for such increase, in the event of a war with a European power breaking out to-morrow? If our supply of voluntary recruits fails, we know the alternative—*conscription*. Indeed, in the opinion of some military men, the time for applying that system of recruiting has already arrived.

But it is of the uniform of the volunteer battalions that I wish more particularly to speak. Everyone will agree that it is very desirable that the volunteer battalions of a territorial regiment should adopt the uniform of that regiment. Some have already done so, notably the three volunteer battalions of the Royal Fusiliers, who have all assumed the uniform of the "City of London Regiment," including the sealskin cap. But in most cases there is no such uniformity in the dress of the constituent volunteer battalions, for greys, greens, and scarlets, with facings of various hues, exist side by side in the same regiment.

Commanding officers of volunteers have wisely refrained from undue haste in making the change, and that for several reasons. First, there is the question of expense, and of that I need say no more.

Secondly, there was for some time a doubt whether the uniform of the regular battalions themselves was not about to be reformed. Indeed a change from red to grey was recommended by a Commission in 1883. But Englishmen have a sentimental regard, and even affection, for the traditional red coat of the British soldier, and there is no doubt that it will be retained in future, at least for home service. It has the merit of being smart, and a smart uniform undoubtedly attracts recruits. The grey uniform, on the other hand, with its plain leather belts and dull metal buttons, so dear to the heart of the utilitarian, is not a thing of beauty, although suited to the requirements of actual service in the field. But service in the field is about the very last thing that our volunteers are called upon to undertake. The volunteer force is not a body of troops which is

immediately liable to active service in the field, but is rather a school of arms, and a very valuable one too, for the training of soldiers to act as an army of reserve.

Thirdly, it is frequently alleged that in the present day, when rifles have become "arms of great precision," the red coats of the line battalions are of too conspicuous a colour to render their adoption by volunteer battalions prudent. But troops no longer advance in column to be mown down by shot, as they did at Fontenoy and Dettingen, but are taught to take every advantage of cover. At *short* ranges I doubt whether a scarlet tunic offers such a very much better mark than a green or grey, while at *long* ranges—place one of these vaunted "arms of precision" in the hands of the average soldier, British or foreign, and which will he hit the more easily, the man in scarlet or the man in grey? Neither; he will probably miss both. Good marksmen, alas! are rare, and though weapons improve apace, the men who are called upon to handle them do not keep pace with science. Finally, then, I strongly advocate the general adoption by volunteer battalions of the regimental uniform. As a successful experiment in this direction, I would point to the change from green to scarlet lately made by the 4th volunteer battalion of the East Surrey regiment, whose smart appearance attracted general attention and admiration at the recent Easter manœuvres.

Again, the volunteer force is at this moment being supplied with greatcoats, valises, mess-tins, haversacks, water-bottles, *et hoc genus omne*, and much is left to the discretion of commanding officers; but it is to be hoped that the opportunity will not be lost of furnishing each volunteer battalion with marching equipment similar in pattern to that served out to its regular battalions.

The volunteer of to-day is a much more soldier-like figure than his prototype of a quarter of a century ago, who on wet days appeared in a civilian's over-coat or mackintosh, and sometimes, it is said, with an umbrella. But what else could he do? The wonder is that volunteers have managed to get on so long without great-coats. There is no limit to volunteer ambition, if it is only allowed room to expand. Many volunteer battalions are very fully organised, and possess pioneers, signallers, brass band, fifes, drums, and buglers, ambulance section, and sometimes also mounted infantry and cyclist sections, and I venture to prophesy that the more closely the militia and volunteers are permitted to assimilate themselves in dress, equipment, and general organisation, to the line battalions, the more efficient will they become, and the greater will be the *esprit de corps* that animates the territorial regiments.

There is one point in which uniformity is of vital importance, and that is in the matter of weapons. We had recently attained such uniformity when men of all branches of the service were armed with Martini-Henry rifles or carbines, but no sooner was that accomplished than the Government, in order to keep pace with foreign nations, decided to re-arm the troops with a new "magazine" or repeating-rifle. Unfortunately, this process is going to be a very slow one. The Germans are effecting the change at a great rate, but John Bull is proverbially slow in his movements.

The brigade of Guards and a few battalions of the line are armed with the new rifle, a crude and rudimentary-looking weapon, full of knobs and excrescences, thereby offering a striking contrast to the smooth and finished appearance of the Martini-Henry. The magazine rifle is in its infancy. Since the French adopted the Lebel variety of this weapon, several great improvements have been made upon it, and it is possible that long before the re-armament of our troops is completed, a *third* type may have superseded both the Martini-Henry and the present magazine rifle.

To arm several battalions which may be called upon to act together in the field with different patterns of weapon, of different calibre, and requiring different kinds of ammunition, is to court that confusion which it is so difficult to avoid in warfare.

On the mapping out of the country into territorial districts, the City of London had a regiment allotted to it. Why choice was made of the Royal Fusiliers for this purpose is not very obvious, as they had not any historical connection with the metropolis. The old 3rd (Buffs), on the contrary, had some such connection, having been formed originally from the London train-bands; the latter regiment, however, is allocated to East Kent. Then, again, it would have seemed natural to associate with the "City of London Regiment," the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd "London" corps of volunteers, but three Middlesex corps were preferred.

The populous county of Middlesex, with its numerous and strong corps of volunteers, had a single regiment only assigned to it. That absorbed two militia battalions, viz. the Royal Elthorne and Royal East Middlesex, and three metropolitan corps of volunteers, viz. the 3rd, 2nd, and 17th Middlesex. The remainder were crammed pell mell into the two English Rifle Regiments—the King's Royal Rifles (late 60th), and the Rifle Brigade—which already possessed 4 battalions each, and which are not strictly speaking territorial regiments at all. To the former are assigned the Huntingdon, Royal and Middlesex, Carlow, and North Cork Militia, and the 2nd, 4th,

5th, 9th, 6th, 1st, 12th, 25th, 13th, 21st, and 22nd Middlesex, and 1st, 2nd, and 3rd London volunteer corps. To the latter are assigned the Royal Longford, King's Own Royal Tower Hamlets and Westmeath Militia, and the 7th, 14th, 26th, 15th, 16th, 18th, 19th, 20th, and 24th Middlesex, and the 1st and 2nd Tower Hamlets volunteer corps ! How can *esprit de corps* exist in such a congeries of atoms as this ?

The South Metropolitan corps are most admirably distributed between the two Surrey Regiments, which have four volunteer battalions apiece—a sufficiently large proportion.

The counties of Lancashire and Yorkshire, which are very strong in militia and volunteers, have been especially favoured in the number of regiments allotted to them. Their titles are somewhat confusing. Thus we have the Lancashire Fusiliers, the East Lancashire, the Loyal North Lancashire, the South Lancashire, the Royal Lancaster, the York and Lancaster, the Yorkshire Light Infantry, the Yorkshire, the East Yorkshire, and the West Yorkshire Regiments.

The table at the end of this paper will show at a glance the elements of which the new regiments are composed. The first twenty-five line regiments had two battalions each, but the remainder (with the exception of the rifle regiments of four battalions each) had but one, and hence the necessity for amalgamation. It is curious to observe how the titles of two old regiments are sometimes combined in order to form that of the new. Other titles, such as the Munster Fusiliers, South Wales Borderers, and the Lancashire Fusiliers, are entirely new.

Much that was picturesque and peculiar, especially in the matter of facings, has been sacrificed under the new system. Purple, sky-blue, black, and scarlet facings have disappeared altogether, and, as has been already remarked, facings are now, as a rule, either blue or white. Highland regiments which are not “Royal” retain their yellow facings, and one red-coated Irish regiment, the Connaught Rangers, wears facings of the national green. The two old rifle regiments, and the two new ones, viz. the Cameronians and the Royal Irish Rifles, wear uniforms of a dark-green, which is practically indistinguishable from black. It is a pity that the Army List does not supply further details of the uniform, and other particulars relating to the various regiments. Such additional information would lend increased interest to the pages of a work which is phenomenally dry even for an official publication. I would go a step further, and suggest that the actual strength of the various corps should be stated in that publication. It has always been the policy of those in authority to keep the public very much in the dark as to this, and all

other matters connected with military affairs. Indeed, the ignorance of the British public about their army is so great that it is sometimes said, and not without truth, that the Germans know the strength and details of the British army better than do the English themselves. If it were not so this paper would be superfluous. But is it wise thus to keep the public in the dark? It is the public who are interested in keeping up an effective army, it is the public who supply the sinews of war, and it is the public who should be informed in what lies the strength or weakness of the military system.

The cavalry, artillery, engineers, and Guards were not included in the territorial scheme. The "Royal Regiment of Artillery" consists of horse, field, mountain, and garrison artillery. To the latter branch, with its numerous affiliated batteries of militia and volunteers, the new system does not seem to be inapplicable. An experimental application, however, seems not to have been successful, for the garrison artillery has since been separated into three great divisions, termed respectively the eastern, southern, and western, but why in the name of all that is wonderful does the *southern* division include the Highlands and Orkney, and the *western* division, Northumberland and Yorkshire? One would be inclined to suspect that it was a grim joke but for the fact that the compilers of the Army List (from lack of imagination or some other cause), have *never* been known to make a joke. It is not improbable that the immediate future may see a reorganisation of the Royal Artillery.

The remarks contained in the foregoing pages are not by any means exhaustive of the subject. It is a very wide field, and every reader may be able to supplement, if not to combat those remarks. I have merely endeavoured to call attention to some few points in which, in my very humble opinion, the territorial system may be improved. We have adopted that system neither rashly nor hurriedly, but after mature deliberation. It is not perfect. We never reach absolute perfection, and, unless we are enthusiasts, we never hope to do so. But we may approximate to it. I am by no means an advocate of violent and radical change, but we are all aware that, in the affairs of the world, change is not only perpetual but inevitable—*tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis*—and nothing is more dangerous, or tends more to violent revolution, than a crystallised attitude of mind, and a too close adherence to the routine of red tape. A study of Nature teaches us that those constitutions and organisms are most successful which lend themselves most readily to the change of surrounding circumstances, or to use the conventional phrase, "it is the fittest that survive."

Territorial Titles	Old Titles	Old Facings
Royal Scots Lothian . . .	1. Royal Scots . . .	Blue
Queen's Royal West Surrey . . .	2. Queen's Royal . . .	Blue
The Buffs, East Kent . . .	3. E. Kent, "The Buffs" . . .	Buff
King's Own Royal Lancaster . . .	4. King's Own Royal . . .	Blue
Northumberland Fusiliers . . .	5. Northumb'land Fusiliers . . .	Bright green
Royal Warwick . . .	6. Royal 1st Warwick . . .	Blue
Royal Fusiliers (City of London) . . .	7. Royal Fusiliers . . .	Blue
King's Liverpool . . .	8. King's . . .	Blue
Norfolk . . .	9. East Norfolk . . .	Yellow
Lincolnshire . . .	10. North Lincoln . . .	Yellow
Devonshire . . .	11. North Devon . . .	Lincoln green
Suffolk . . .	12. East Suffolk . . .	Yellow
Prince Albert's (Somerset L. I.) . . .	13. 1st Somerset P. A.'s L. I. . .	Blue
Prince of Wales's Own West York . . .	14. Bucking'm.P.of W.'s Own . . .	Buff
East Yorkshire . . .	15. York, East Riding . . .	Yellow
Bedford . . .	16. Bedford . . .	Yellow
Leicester . . .	17. Leicester . . .	White
Royal Irish . . .	18. Royal Irish . . .	Blue
Princess of Wales's Own York- shire . . .	19. 1st York, N. Riding, } P. of W.'s Own }	Grass green
Lancashire Fusiliers . . .	20. East Devonshire . . .	Yellow
Royal Scots Fusiliers . . .	21. Royal Scots Fusiliers . . .	Blue
Cheshire . . .	22. Cheshire . . .	Buff
Royal Welsh Fusiliers . . .	23. Royal Welsh Fusiliers . . .	Blue
South Wales Borderers . . .	24. 2nd Warwick . . .	Grass green
King's Own Scottish Borderers . . .	25. King's Own Borderers . . .	Blue
Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) . . .	26. Cameronian . . .	Yellow
Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers . . .	90. Perthshire Volunteers L.I. . .	Buff
Gloucester . . .	27. Inniskilling . . .	Buff
Worcester . . .	108. Madras Infantry . . .	Pale yellow
East Lancashire . . .	28. North Gloucester . . .	Yellow
East Surrey . . .	61. South Gloucester . . .	Buff
Duke of Cornwall's Light In- fantry . . .	29. Worcester . . .	Yellow
Duke of Wellington's W. Riding . . .	36. Hereford . . .	Grass green
Border . . .	30. Cambridge . . .	Yellow
Royal Sussex . . .	59. 2nd Notts . . .	White
Hampshire . . .	31. Huntingdon . . .	Buff
South Stafford . . .	70. Surrey . . .	Black
Dorsetshire . . .	32. Cornwall Light Infantry . . .	White
Prince of Wales's Volunteers, South Lancashire . . .	46. South Devon . . .	Yellow
Welsh . . .	33. Duke of Wellington's . . .	Scarlet
Black Watch. Royal Highlanders . . .	76. . . .	Scarlet
	34. Cumberland . . .	Yellow
	55. Westmoreland . . .	Lincoln green
	35. Royal Sussex . . .	Blue
	107. Bengal Infantry . . .	White
	37. North Hants . . .	Yellow
	67. South Hants . . .	Yellow
	38. 1st Stafford . . .	Yellow
	80. Stafford Volunteers . . .	Yellow
	39. Dorset . . .	Grass green
	54. West Norfolk . . .	Grass green
	40. 2nd Somerset . . .	Buff
	82. P. of W.'s Volunteers . . .	Yellow
	41. Welsh . . .	White
	69. South Lincoln . . .	Lincoln green
	42. R. Highland Black Watch . . .	Blue
	73. Perthshire . . .	Dark green

Territorial Titles	Old Titles	Old Facings
Oxford Light Infantry	43. Monmouth L. Infantry .	White
Essex	52. Oxford Light Infantry .	Buff
Sherwood Foresters Derby	44. East Essex	Yellow
Loyal North Lancashire	56. West Essex	Purple
Northampton	45. Notts Sherwood Foresters	Lincoln green
Princess Charlotte of Wales's Royal Berks	95. Derby	Yellow
Queen's Own, Royal West Kent	47. Lancashire	White
King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry	81. Loyal Lincoln Volunteers	Buff
King's Shropshire Light Infantry	48. Northampton	Buff
Duke of Cambridge's Own Mid- dlesex	58. Rutland	Black
King's Royal Rifle Corps	49. Herts P. Charlotte of W.'s	Lincoln green
Duke of Edinburgh's Wilts	66. Berks	Grass green
Manchester	50. Queen's Own	Blue
Prince of Wales's North Stafford	97. Earl of Ulster's	Sky-blue
York and Lancaster	51. 2nd Yk. W. Rid'g. K.O.L.I.	Blue
Durham Light Infantry	105. Madras Light Infantry .	Buff
Highland Light Infantry	53. Shropshire	Scarlet
Seaforth Highlanders, Ross-shire Buffs, The Duke of Albany's	85. Bucks Volunteers K. L. I.	Blue
Gordon Highlanders	57. West Middlesex	Yellow
Queen's Own Cameron High- landers	77. East Middlesex	Yellow
Royal Irish Rifles	60. King's Royal Rifle } Corps	Uniform green Facings scarlet
Princess Victoria's Royal Irish Fusiliers	62. Wilts	Buff
Connaught Rangers	99. Duke of Edinburgh's .	Yellow
Princess Louise's Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders	63. West Suffolk	Lincoln green
Prince of Wales's Leinster, Royal Canadians	96.	Yellow
Royal Munster Fusiliers	64. 2nd Stafford	Black
Royal Dublin Fusiliers	98. Prince of Wales's . . .	White
The Rifle Brigade, The Prince Consort's Own.	65. 2nd York North Riding	White
	84. York and Lancaster . . .	Yellow
	68. Durham Light Infantry.	Dark green
	106. Bombay Light Infantry.	White
	71. Highland Light Infantry	Buff
	74. Highlanders	White
	72. Duke of A.'s Own High.	Yellow
	78. Highlanders, Ross. Buffs	Buff
	75. Stirling	Yellow
	92. Gordon Highlanders . .	Yellow
	79. Queen's Own Cameron } Highlanders	Blue
	83. County of Dublin	Yellow
	86. Royal County Down . .	Blue
	87. Royal Irish Fusileers . .	Blue
	89. Princess Victoria's . .	Black
	88. Connaught Rangers . .	Yellow
	94.	Lincoln green
	91. P. Louise Argyll H. . . .	Yellow
	93. Sutherland Highlanders	Yellow
	100. P. of W.'s R. Canadian	Blue
	109. Bombay Infantry	White
	101. Royal Bengal Fusiliers .	Blue
	104. Bengal Fusiliers	Dark blue
	102. Royal Madras Fusiliers	Blue
	103. Royal Bombay Fusiliers	Blue
	The same	Uniform green Facings black

SEA-SORROW.

ABOVE our head the storm rack drives,
As madly sky with ocean strives,
While the stern rocks look on ;
One ne'er would deem
That, save in dream,
Here sunlight ever shone.

As momentarily the tumult lulls,
We hear the cruel shrieking gulls
That seem to mock our pain ;
But shoreward borne
To us that mourn
The loved voice ne'er again.

As feathers shows the soft white spray,
A bed where men tired limbs might lay—
Ah ! cruel as the grave
Its iron grasp ;
From that close grasp
No love hath might to save.

They go down to the sea in ships,
Our kisses warm upon their lips :
It bears them out afar,
When dawn is red
To fling our dead
Across the moaning bar.

Kind earth's dead blossoms bloom again ;
Her buried seed yields golden grain :
But, ah ! what help may be,
Save on a far-off tideless shore,
That day when sea shall be no more,
To ease the smart
Of one whose heart
Lies buried in the sea ?

TABLE TALK.

CHAINED BOOKS IN WIMBORNE MINSTER.

ONE of the pleasantest of holiday excursions is that from Bournemouth to Wimborne. The road has all the beauties of pastoral England, and the minster, with its grand old Norman arches, is a monument rich in historical interest. A special feature in it is its possession of a library of chained books. Though inferior to that in Hereford Cathedral—an exceptionally fine specimen of a monastic library, with about two thousand volumes, of which nearly fifteen hundred are chained—the library in Wimborne Minster, with its two hundred and forty volumes, stands second in its class in England. Very pleasant is it to turn out of the burning sunshine into the calm of the quaint old library, which is situated over the vestry and was formerly the treasure-house of the building. Chains of rod-iron bent into a figure of eight, and about three feet in length, are attached at one end to the cover of the book and at the other run on an iron ring along an iron rod. These particulars and other information I transmit are taken from the account of “Books in Chains,” which, as Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5 of the *Bibliographical Miscellanies* of the late William Blades, are issued by Messrs. Blades, East, & Blades. At my own recent visit to Wimborne, though I inspected the library, I had neither time nor energy to acquire for myself the particulars which that indefatigable and zealous antiquary communicates. A curious and cumbrous device was this of chaining books. It served to prevent any theft of a volume introduced for general reference, and as a means of hindering larceny might commend itself to the jealous collector, who finds and mourns over an occasional loss for which he cannot account. At what a cost, however, was the protection afforded! In moving the volume to the old desks, long since disappeared, for the purpose of consulting the contents, a fearful wrench was given the binding; the leaves, too, underwent all but inevitable mutilation, and the condition of the volumes is frequently deplorable. It is pleasant to see, however, what a passion for the acquisition of knowledge prevailed, and to recall that fierce love of learning which is one of the highest traits of Renaissance times.

BOOKS IN CHAINS GENERALLY.

IT is but natural that the books preserved in chains in various places in England, now rapidly diminishing in number, should be disappointing to the antiquary. Very earnest and conscientious in their labours were the early Reformers, and any books imbued with the "pestilent errors of Rome" were naturally removed or destroyed. Not until the reign of "Bloody Mary" was over could the collection be made, and this most frequently dates from subsequent times—some donations of chained books coming even into the eighteenth century. The most munificent donations to Wimborne even belong to 1697. Most of them are naturally theology. In the Wimborne library, Mr. Blades notices more than one work not to be found in the British Museum. Bibles in Hebrew, Latin, and English, works of the Fathers, general and ecclesiastical historians, the works of Cicero, Plato, and Pliny, lexicons, &c., are in the catalogue of Wimborne, and there is one illuminated MS. of the fourteenth century. Among so many theological works, one is surprised to stumble on more profane literature, represented by Baker's "Chronicles of the Kings of England," Sir Thomas Browne's "Vulgar Errors" and "Religio Medici," Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," Camden's "Annals," a translation of Philip de Commines, Evelyn's "The French Gardiner," Greenlove's "History of the Netherlands," with the autograph "Sir Walter Rawley"; the Works of Machiavelli, Raleigh's "History of England," and Winstanley's "Lives of the most famous English Poets." About eighty places are mentioned by Mr. Blades as having contained one or more chained books within the last half-century, and a list of all the books in the various libraries is with commendable industry compiled. One of the most common books in churches was the "Acts and Monuments" of Foxe—more generally known as Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." The perusal of the atrocities, real and alleged, which were perpetrated upon the Protestants, was supposed to fortify the readers in the "true faith." The whole question of the survival of chained books is of interest, and if any have escaped the notice of Mr. Blades and inquirers thirty years ago in "Notes and Queries," it is desirable that they should be brought to light.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1890.

HUNTED.

BY ELLA EDERSHEIM.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH THE HUNT IS CONTINUED.

ALREADY happy May was gone : May that makes fragrant the tributary's banks with its own sweet bloom, and fills the meadows with fritillaries ; May that decks the barges with thousands of gay visitors, and lines the college chapels with a hushed and solemn throng. June had hurried May out, nor was she behindhand with allurements and adornments. The grave old city was running over with young life and show of happy faces. Mothers, cousins, aunts and sisters were all there, helping their dear ones little with college exactions, indeed, but contributing largely to the completeness of that most joyous time of careless youth.

In St. Bede's, however, most studious of studious colleges, it was not the received fashion to invite or make welcome undergraduates' womankind. This select body had always held itself aloof from those mixed "musical societies" and other evil tendencies encouraged by the degeneration of the day. Men who were earnestly striving for lasting fame in the schools could not allow themselves the distraction of pretty faces and unenduring flirtation. St. Bede's worked harder and was less frivolous than any other college in the University, and it was proud of this distinction. Nevertheless, when it was noised abroad that the Warden's wife intended to give a large ball during the last week of term, not a few hearts were found within

those learned walls to smite their possessors with a most unreasonable tumult. Not only had the Warden's two daughters always been extremely popular in the college, but had not now the Warden for visitor Miss Juanita Le Marchant, the most lovely creature that had ever dawned on undergraduate horizon, and whom already half the University fell down and worshipped !

The Warden's Lodgings were favoured by the possession of a small but well-shaded garden. It was from this soft and ancient lawn that the laburnums had glittered in the springtime against the windows of Mrs. Hawthorn's drawing-room. On two other sides the garden was bounded by the chapel and sundry other of the college buildings. So overlooked, indeed, was it that it had been a standing rule of the Warden's wise wife that but scanty use should be made of this pleasance by her daughters. Too cool and sunless a place it was for flowers to flourish there ; but it possessed a magnificent acacia tree in the centre of its lawn, and at the northern or further end ran a short terrace, sheltered by a double line of low-growing plane trees. Far down beneath this terrace ran the quiet waters of an offshoot of the river, and the stream itself was reached from above by a flight of moss-grown and crumbling steps. The college walls rose again grim and black over the water for several hundred yards on either side the terrace.

It was a still and sultry evening. All day angry black clouds on banks of smeared yellow-ochre had hung low down over the city. Mrs. Hawthorn and her daughters had sallied forth one hour before to attend a scientific conversazione, and Juanita, glad to escape the hybrid monster produced by this union of learning and frivolity, had pleaded a headache and remained alone behind. Now she took her guitar and wandered out into the cool of the forbidden garden, the sweep of her garments making soft rustle on the grass, dry even here from the exceeding drought of the season.

Under the great acacia tree she found a garden-chair, and sitting down she played and sang, softly and dreamily, and, as she thought, to herself alone. But there was something in the listening silence which disturbed her, and after a while she glanced uneasily round. Immediately she became aware that the windows on one side the garden were peopled with dark forms : the college, indeed, at this moment was represented at those windows by at least half its members.

Personally Juanita was not at all disturbed by her discovery, nor embarrassed at her audience. She remembered, however, Mrs. Hawthorn's strict and well-defined rule, and she dreaded future trouble. Yet she was loth to go inside the house, which seemed to

her to retain an accumulation of the heavy thunder-weather of the day. Accordingly, though she ceased her music, she followed a broad path of moonlight up to the more sheltered terrace, still holding in her hand the guitar. The waters beneath her twinkled and murmured and tickled the lichened walls, and Juanita hung over the parapet watching their gentle play.

Presently at her feet there fell a bunch of pure white roses. She stooped and picked them up, and buried her face in their pure fragrance, and in an ecstasy of mere childish delight caught them into her gown and hair. Then it struck her to look up.

From a window above Charles Graeme was leaning. She made a little motion with her fan, perhaps in greeting, perhaps in acknowledgment. But he interpreted it differently. For a moment he disappeared, and then she saw him again at a window below. With one swift movement he had displaced an iron bar, and in another second had leaped out and stood beside her on the terrace.

In the course of the month which Juanita had already spent at St. Bede's she had become well acquainted with this general favourite. Now she laughed towards him and then pointed to her flowers, asking, "Was it you?"

He nodded assent, and turned to look down with her on the stream below. Suddenly he cried, "Come!"

Following his beckoning obediently, she stood outside on the broken steps. Then she saw that down below a forgotten boat lay moored. Guided by some swift impulse she moved quickly down the steps and entered it after her companion. He hastened to unloose the ropes and let her swing round and float, without stroke from him, smoothly and slowly down the narrow stream. He sat facing Juanita, but more mindful of the boat's course just now than of his companion. By-and-by, however, when they were beyond the college walls and where long willows rose on each side of them from the hayfields, he said softly, "Sing to me."

"Yes," she answered, "I will sing to you. I will sing the Spanish song you have made for me into English."

Then Charles Graeme had the rapture of hearing his adored lend the music of her voice and hand to make poetry of his own poor words. Softly and lingeringly fell the words of Juanita's song on the hushed night air.

SONG.

I dreamed that I lay dying,
My head upon thy knee,
Above the south wind sighing
Through the boughs of citron-tree.

I knew not which was breeze or thy breath,
 Or which more cruel, such love and such death,
 Or a life without thee, without thee.

The dusky walls of heaven
 Hung low and lower down ;
 The stars shone hard and uneven
 Like the lamps of a tangled town.
 The dew of death and the dew of the skies
 Lay on my hair and brow and eyes,
 My soul was no more my own.

Thou stoop'dst to kiss my mouth,
 Thinking that I was dead—
 Then I drank the wind from the South
 And the wine of life ran red :
 I caught thee and held thee and crowned thee there,
 The wind for thy breath, the night for thy hair,
 And the moon for thy glorious head.

When she had finished he could not speak, because he was so much moved. Juanita asked to be taken home.

He leaned forward gazing dumbly at her, but still answering nothing. Juanita grew a little alarmed.

"Take me back," she said earnestly. "Please take me back, Mr. Graeme. I think now that I ought not to have come."

For answer he kneeled in the boat and kissed the hem of her dress. The moon shone on his white boyish face, and on the thick lock of fair hair that fell across his forehead. Juanita became dreadfully frightened.

"Oh ! I did not know that that was the way of the English," she half sobbed, wringing her hands together, and bringing them across her face to close out the kneeling figure. "I thought they were all hard, and cold—cold as death. Oh, take me back ! Please take me back, Mr. Graeme."

He smiled at her beautifully as he rose and once more took the oars.

"I did not mean to offend you ; don't be frightened," he said. "I could not help myself ; but I shall not do it again."

He pulled the boat round, and with a few rapid strokes they were once more at the steps.

"*Juanita !*" cried a voice above.

Looking up they could distinguish the outline of the Warden's wife through a thick disguise of cloak and wrap standing on the terrace above them.

"*JUANITA !*"

The voice told its own tale of dismay, of anger, of outraged pro-

priety, even although Mrs. Hawthorn gave no other vent to these sensations. On the contrary her stifled voice now but repeated smoothly, "Juanita ! Come in, my dear," she added, "you will catch a cold from the river mists *at this hour of the night.*" No self-control could have been proof against a fine emphasis on the last few words.

Juanita obeyed, ascending the steps slowly and deliberately. Half-way up she paused to call a good-night to her boatman, and to shake out her gown leisurely.

"I thought that you would be ever so much later, Mrs. Hawthorn," she remarked.

Now, was this innocence or devilry ? The Warden's wife could not tell which the young girl's calm might indicate ; and despising the one and fearing the other, she was at a loss to know on which supposition to act.

"Juanita," she said, hoarse with the struggle to retain her composure, when they stood together safely within the wide, lighted hall,—*"Juanita, my dear, are you aware that you have done something that is highly improper—most unbecoming ? It is not customary in England for a young girl ever to be alone with a young man. I thought that the rule was even stricter on the Continent. Is this not so ?"*

Juanita stood leaning her guitar on the massive, central, oaken table, while she proceeded to tune the loosened strings of her instrument with minute attention. She glanced up from her occupation as she answered Mrs. Hawthorn suavely :

"Certainly, dear Mrs. Hawthorn, you are, as always, quite right. It is I who am in error. I had thought that here your customs were quite different to ours. I knew that but yesterday you had sent Kitty to sit alone with Mr. Canning, and to give him his tea, while that we went out. Did we not find them still together when we had returned ?"

Mrs. Hawthorn could willingly have shaken her guest.

"That was very different," she said, with an attempt at dignity, "altogether different. Mr. Canning is a—very intimate friend. And, besides, Kitty was in her own home, and that alters matters." How could she explain things more distinctly to such unreasonableness ?

"Ah, yes ! Now I understand !" acquiesced the young girl immediately. "In one's own home many forbidden things are permissible. I was in error ; pray forgive me."

Mrs. Hawthorn turned impatiently away, and the clock struck twelve.



It will have been already gathered that this cloudless summer was not without its anxieties for the Warden's wife. Juanita had, indeed, brought into her life an element of quite unprecedented care. Hitherto Mrs. Hawthorn had been the undisputed leader of fashion in University society. Her restrictions had also been the restrictions of her followers; her lead might be, and was, unhesitatingly followed. It was a responsible position; but the Warden's wife had always acted bravely up to it, and could now look back with a clear conscience on her one-and-twenty years of absolute supremacy. It seemed unfair—almost monstrous—that after two such decades of serenity the vagaries of an absolute stranger should hazard the authority of her name, using what was, after all, but a nominal chaperonage as a cloak for escapades as unprecedented as they were reprehensible. For this was not the first occasion on which Juanita had acted in a manner strongly to be condemned by every discreet person. Mrs. Hawthorn could recall episodes which, but for the unconscious bearing of the chief offender, might well have been characterised as most shameless proceedings. Yet even more to be deplored than the freaks and adventures calculated to bring her own hitherto unimpeachable name under discussion, was the undeniable and melancholy fact that her daughter Kitty was no longer regarded as the acknowledged *belle* of the University. Men who had formerly troubled both herself and even her plainer sister Sybil with their attentions and admiration, now openly laid their homage at the young foreigner's feet. Nor was this all. Mr. Canning's attitude, which before the advent of this unwelcome stranger had been all that a good parent could have desired, had lately been doubtful, not to say unsatisfactory. Even her own nephew, Geoffrey Bankes, a young man whom she had always credited with some common sense—the birthright of the Bankes family—acted now in a manner often void of all propriety, making more to-do over this ridiculous slip of a strolling-singer's girl than she had been the Queen of Sheba. The older men were quite as silly as the younger. Her own husband was simply led by the nose by Juanita, and Professor Wheatley behaved like an old fool. Insinuation she had tried, suggestions and dark hints, but all failed to have any effect on the infatuated victims; her husband reproved her, and the others ignored her words. Mrs. Hawthorn had completely lost patience with the whole of them.

The ball which the Warden's wife had decided upon giving, not altogether from those disinterested motives for which the younger members of St. Bede's applauded her, was now more matter of serious than of pleasant anticipation. In her present depressed

condition she dared no longer allow herself to hope, as she had originally planned, that Canning would take this opportunity to come forward and claim the hand of her elder daughter; and even Mr Radley, whose excellent parts had plainly indicated him as a worthy partner for her good Sybil, seemed of late to have become even more taciturn and self-contained than of old. In such case the ball which was to have led to such brilliant results would be a mere useless expenditure, and Mrs. Hawthorn had often to struggle against her impatience with the girls' innocent delight in the preparations. It was indeed hard that even from her own daughters she could receive no intelligent sympathy; that they should not have more understanding than to suppose that their mother would invite and feed some three hundred persons merely for the pleasure of seeing them dance round on their toes like peasants at a fair.

The eventful night at last arrived. In spite of her gloomy forebodings, Mrs. Hawthorn had spared no effort which might contribute to the success of her ball. She had never before given one, and she was determined that the entertainment should mark an epoch. With far-seeing prudence she had grudged no outlay on minor details, which she knew to be by far the most important in stamping the general effect. There was but one quality of champagne, and that the very best, and it flowed copiously. All day the girls, with the willing assistance of Geoffrey Bankes, Harry Latimer, Charles Graeme, and others, had spent in outlining the carved oak and Gothic windows in delicate tracery of green. The dais of the hall, banked with flowers, was set apart for light refreshment, and the smaller common-rooms which led from thence by narrow winding stairs were dedicated to "sitting out." A large class-room was to be utilised for the supper, and the celebrated Bang band had been engaged for the occasion.

Kitty was looking her best in a faultless creation of soft gray silk. Mrs. Hawthorn shuddered at the remembrance of the bill. Like a bold speculator she had risked much on her venture, but now she was in some trepidation. Sybil, as befitted a *débutante*, appeared in spotless white. As the two girls stood together in the drawing-room of their own home, pirouetting before their mother for the all-important last touch, Juanita joined them.

Even Mrs. Hawthorn, knowing as she did that the young girl's nimble fingers had manufactured her own costume, was startled by the exceeding loveliness of the apparition. The slight lithe figure seemed to be wrapped in sunset clouds, from which the pure throat alone emerged bare, fit pedestal for a perfect head. The delicate

features were faintly flushed—Mrs. Hawthorn could not believe from excitement, since Juanita appeared as usual totally unmoved, but perhaps with the reflection of her draperies. In the masses of her dusky hair she had fastened some late acacia blossom, and as she stood there she looked like an incarnation of spring, or as if the goddess of dawn had descended once more amongst men. Her small feet were plainly visible, and she wore gold and silver bangles on her ankles and her round bare wrists. The Warden's wife felt that such unconventional beauty was sinful, unearthly, strongly to be deplored.

It did not take long to decide who, of all the fair young women present, was to be the *belle* of the ball ; that, indeed, had been with the majority of judges already a foregone conclusion. Yet not one of Juanita's many admirers had ever before seen her half so lovely nor half so animated as she appeared on this night. As a rule the young girl was languid almost to inertness ; silent, her detractors would have said, to stupidity, but that it was impossible that one so responsive in gesture and expression, if not with tongue, could be accused of denseness. Perhaps it was, indeed, this habitual but suggestive silence which, in a land where women are accustomed to think and speak clearly, made so peculiar an attraction. It was all the more remarkable also because when she did speak her words were piquant and to the point. To-night, however, Juanita was found to laugh and chat with the gayest. Mrs. Hawthorn had cherished a lingering hope that the girl's foreign mode of dancing might detract from her generally graceful appearance and movements. But she was now fain to own to an enthusiastic and tactless guest that Miss Le Marchant's manner of dancing might compare favourably even with that of her own highly-trained and proficient daughters, and that the brilliant stranger had never appeared to such advantage as in the testing waltz. She also remarked with bitterness that Mr. Canning had been foremost amongst the crowd who immediately upon her entrance had solicited Juanita's partnership. The Warden's wife reflected with a sigh that only James Radley remained "unbitten," and that his escape was probably but attributable to the fact that he did not dance. Still she kept him beside her in grateful acknowledgment of his disaffection and steady head.

As with a lingering look Charles Graeme released her, Juanita sank down on the sofa whence the Warden's wife was keenly watching the proceedings of the evening. The girl bore none of the usual marks of two hours' steady dancing. The flowers in her hair were unshattered and her gown was as neat as at first. She seemed not

even to have warmed with her exercise. There was something unnatural and yet beautifully harmonious in the order of her appearance. She opened her fan, and waving it gently turned to the silent Radley.

"Do you not dance, Mr. Radley?" she said.

The few who were standing round laughed, so that Radley answered even more curtly than usual: "No, I do not."

She arched her eyebrows, and made a little movement with her head before she spoke again.

Then she said: "Then you will sit out with me. I am tired of dancing and should like to rest."

She held out her hand towards his arm without waiting for an answer, and rising turned to laugh up at the towering figure of Latimer, who stood by with a most woe-begone expression of countenance.

"Oh! I know it is your polka, Mr. Latimer," she said, "but I am so tired, and you—you cannot be. Sybil has one empty situation just now: go and ask her."

She moved forward and walked down the hall with Radley, and many seeing him sorely envied him.

Far other than those of satisfaction or elation were, however, Radley's reflections. All the evening he had been vaguely angry with himself because, to his own disgust, he had continually arrested his eyes in the act of wandering round and round the room with the beautiful floating figure of the girl who was now beside him. What was he, a man, a Christian and a worker, that he should be allured by this unholy fascination which had fallen upon other men; that he should be distracted by mere carnal beauty? He believed very strongly in the existence of the devil. He was more than half inclined to think now that Miss Le Marchant might be some special incarnation which the wicked one was using for purposes of temptation, some "false Florimel," some nineteenth-century Circe. When Juanita had asked him to sit out with her he would certainly have sternly repulsed her but for very shame of the presence of the bystanders, and because she did not allow him time for assent or dissent. He was certain that she intended to draw him into her toils; to bind him hand and foot as her victim; to feed her vanity on the living heart of her prey. From the first she had in his imagination singled him out for her particular attention, and her subsequent conduct towards him since that little dinner party in the Warden's lodgings had tended to strengthen this fancy. At the same time that he was shamefully conscious of the attraction of her almost superhuman beauty he thoroughly despised her, conceiving of her as both shallow and worth-

less. He disapproved of her also, holding her conduct towards himself and others to be uniformly forward and unwomanly. He even hated her—but that was at the times when he felt that he was not master of his own impulses in her presence.

Gloomy and silent Radley did not attempt to divert his self-imposed partner as they sat together in a draughty passage, and he it was who proposed, almost before the polka was over, that he should take her back to Mrs. Hawthorn. Juanita consented, but half-way up the hall she slipped from his grudging arm, and he saw her standing to enrapture Professor Wheatley's vision. Radley turned sharply away.

"The old fool!" he thought to himself. "At his years to be squandering his time in a ball-room, and dangling in the meshes of an enterprising adventuress! But am I not quite as much a fool? What business have I in this stronghold of Satan? I will get me home to my Bible and to my study"

Nevertheless he was content to form these pious resolutions leaning up against a doorway, and by no means hurrying to carry them into effect.

Towards early morning Radley, who had consumed the intervening hours in futile self-protest and discontent, once more found himself near Juanita. The girl was surrounded by quite a little throng of young men, their tongues evidently unloosed by champagne and exercise, all loudly clamouring for the bestowal of some favour.

"No, no, no, no!" she answered laughing, letting her dark eyes, radiant and glowing, pass from one to the other of them, and with each monosyllable ticking off the gentleman indicated by her head with an accompanying movement of her fan. "Those that ask do not get, as you yourselves say." Her fan and her eyes reached Radley and paused on him, and an extraordinary and incomprehensible change passed rapidly over her variable countenance. They all waited breathless for her decision.

"It is Mr. Radley," she announced at last clearly, "Mr. Radley who is chosen. Mr. Radley, who never asks."

There was a strong murmur of discontent, while Radley, without attempting to suppress a touch of irony, inquired stiffly the position to which he had the honour of being elected.

Juanita, ignoring or unobservant of the satire of his tone, continued to look at him with unclouded eyes.

"You have the honour of being elected the giver of a river picnic," she answered. "The picnic takes place to-morrow, which is to-day, and the boats are to start from the Warden's garden at two o'clock."

Already some of the little crowd had fallen disappointedly away, and Juanita glanced at those remaining with what might in a smaller or less soft eye have been described as a twinkle.

"But I," she resumed, looking once more direct at Radley, and seeming to hold his whole protesting self entirely powerless in her gaze, "but I it is who am to invite the guests. All our own party are bidden, of course ; and Professor Wheatley, and Mr. Canning, and Mr. Bankes, and Mr. Graeme, and Mr. Latimer," making little bows in the direction of each of these gentlemen. Then she dropped her eyes abruptly, and, thus released, Radley would have spoken, but that she was already lost among the throng.

* * * * *

"Radley," said Canning impressively, as about an hour later they paced together smoking in the Fellows' garden, "you are an uncommonly lucky man. I could tell you of at least fifty who at this moment would willingly stand in your shoes."

Radley tossed back his head with a kind of snort.

"If you refer to the position in which Miss Le Marchant has placed me," he said in a low angry voice, "the fifty are very welcome to my shoes, so long as the young lady is included in the bargain. I do not want her : I do not wish to have anything to do with her. But she—she persecutes me, she thrusts herself on me, she literally hunts me down ! She behaves in a manner which is a disgrace to womankind."

The deep intensity of his voice allowed no doubt of the seriousness of his words.

"Radley !" was all his friend could ejaculate.

To the onlooker it had seemed only as if the beautiful and popular stranger had bent a little from her pedestal in kindness to this solitary don. But Radley, conscious only of his fame in that world of his own in which he habitually lived, and his superiority to all other of his competitors in it, was not even aware that socially he was generally "out of it," and that there lay upon him in the drawing-room world a shadow—slight, indeed, but still definite. It was not for Canning to enlighten him now by calling attention to Juanita's condescension. Nevertheless, such candid and mistaken vanity grated on his fine sense of what was fitting : he longed to snub Radley.

His thoughts may have been divined, for Radley pursued his subject, breathlessly anxious to convince perhaps even himself.

"I dare say you may think me conceited, and all that sort of thing, Canning," he said ; "but I can assure you that the whole

affair has long outstepped the region of accident, and is evidently part of a carefully-devised plot. I will give you a proof of what I say. You may remember the luncheon-party which I had to give the Hawthorns, the end of last month. You were there yourself. Well, do you recollect that Miss Le Marchant asked me, very pointedly, in a pause in the general conversation, what were my favourite flowers? I am not observant, and I had not noticed what the young lady herself was wearing, or I should never have answered as I did, truthfully enough, that I preferred violets."

Canning nodded his head. He quite remembered the incident, and had at the time been surprised at the question, but still more so at the unexpected aptness of his friend's rejoinder.

"Well," continued Radley, drawing nearer and dropping his voice mysteriously, "could you believe it? That . . . that girl had actually the face to leave behind her on my writing-table her large bunch of Parma violets!"

At this tremendous *dénouement* Canning could not help laughing, both because the manner of the other was so tragic and indignant, and because the impotent disgust of all this protest indicated a depth of interest unwarranted by the importance of the subject.

"I really think that you are over-estimating yourself, Radley," he replied frankly. "Don't be offended with me, old fellow: but what should induce Miss Le Marchant to set her cap so determinedly as you fancy at you in particular out of all the University? There's Lord Fanshawe, and Bigby, the millionaire's son, and Graeme—his father's a baronet—and they and lots of others are all at her feet. Oh! I know they're not so clever as you by a long way. . . . But then, young ladies think sometimes of other things besides brains. . . . And I can't believe that she left you her flowers on purpose. It would have been very kind and sweet of her if she had, but that's not her way. Probably they merely dropped out and she did not miss them."

They had stopped at one of the narrow passages leading into the quad, and now stood facing each other. Radley regarded Canning coldly.

"You altogether misunderstand me," he said, and a curious blue blush stained his pale cheeks. "I do not wish to insist that the young lady is in love with me. I do not give her credit for being capable of any such generous sentiment. Did you not hear of her escapade with Graeme the other night? The whole college is ringing with it. And yet, though they all continue to adore her, not one of them gives her the justification of supposing that she returns

his infatuated passion. No ! Miss Le Marchant is incapable of love. But what I do think is that she is playing the very devil with all you fools—yes, with the old as well as with the young ; and that in her insatiable vanity she wishes to add me to the number of her victims. But that she shall never do. By Heaven ! I swear she shall never do it ! ”

His voice was shaken by irrepressible passion. He turned on his heel abruptly, ashamed of his outburst, and went straight into his own rooms. Canning, looking after him contemptuously, shrugged his shoulders.

(To be concluded.)

ENGLISH PLAYERS IN PARIS.

IT has not been exactly determined who was the first English actor to visit France in a professional capacity. The event may be assumed to have taken place at an early date in the history of our drama, seeing that a troop of players from our shores had visited Germany before 1600. Another company under Marlowe performed there for a considerable period about twenty-six years afterwards. We know too that Will Kempe, whom Shakespeare had in his eye when admonishing the clowns in "Hamlet," visited France, Germany, and Italy in 1601. His reputation for extemporal wit had preceded him ; but, beyond his jigging as a morris-dancer, there is no record of his having appeared, in the vocation of an actor, abroad. As a matter of fact, few of the many illustrious English players who from time to time honoured France with their presence ever thought of exercising their profession in that country.

About the end of the year 1751 Manager Rich, of Covent Garden Theatre, gave Mrs. Cibber a commission to visit Paris and secure for him the services of Signor Maranesi, Signora Bugiani, and other celebrated dancers of the time, whose fame had reached the ears of the pantomimically-inclined autocrat. While arranging matters in the gay city the actress saw a little idyllic play which hit her fancy ; so much so, indeed, that, on her return, she adapted it for her benefit under the title of "The Oracle." As performed on the 17th March, 1752, the piece, according to an eyewitness, was "very prettily executed, and not only gave great pleasure at the first representation, but even continued for a considerable time afterwards a standard theatrical collation."

Leaving London in the autumn of 1763 to pass a couple of years of voluntary exile on the Continent, by way of visiting condign punishment on a public grown indifferent to his genius, Garrick found Paris ready to receive him with open arms. Plays in which he expressed interest were revived at his mere suggestion, and many old actors came out of their retirement to give him a taste of their quality. Socially he was worshipped to his heart's content

At one noteworthy supper party, when Marmontel and d'Alembert were present, little Davy quite eclipsed the charming impression created by Mademoiselle Clairon in a scene from "Athalie" by his rendering of the curse in "Lear," the dagger scene in "Macbeth," and the somnolency of Sir John Brute. Apart from this Garrick, throughout his lengthened sojourn on the Continent, seems to have striven to keep his profession somewhat too obtrusively in evidence. It is to be hoped that very little veracity attaches itself to the many anecdotes told of his mimetic efforts in the presence of Preville, the admired French actor. Assuming the entire truth of the relation, such exhibitions were feeble proof of the possession of high histrionic powers ; and "showing off," as the modern schoolboy would term these grimacings, is surely far from commendable in an artist of assured reputation. How different the port and bearing of John Kemble, who, after quitting Drury Lane, went on a similar holiday tour through France and Spain in 1802 ! Sinking the actor for the time being, Kemble greatly disappointed *tout Paris* when sojourning there in July by appearing only in his true character of the thoughtful and reserved gentleman. Many, however, soon grew with Talma to admire the stately grace of the English tragedian. He was told of his likeness to the great Napoleon, one of whose hats was presented to him "that he might judge of the comparative capacity of their heads." Kemble saw little to admire in French histrionic methods ; but, like Garrick, he kept his eyes widely open, and to the continental tour of both the English stage owed many material improvements in *mise en scène*.

Born in Marylebone in 1797, of an Italian father and a German mother, Madame Vestris, by right of her professional associations, must certainly be numbered among English actresses. After her early marriage with Armand Vestris, she took a few lessons in singing, and appeared for her husband's benefit at the King's Theatre on July 20, 1815, as Proserpina in Winter's beautiful opera, "Il Ratto di Proserpina"—a rôle originally composed for the incomparable Grassini. When at her husband's instigation she elected to appear at the Théâtre Italien, Paris, on December 7th, 1816, the same opera was chosen for her *début*. On that occasion Mrs. Dickons, a favourite English actress, sang as Ceres. Somewhat qualified must have been Madame Vestris's success at the Théâtre Italien, as her appearances there were neither frequent nor important. The same story has to be told of her subsequent performances in drama at other of the Parisian theatres. Early in 1820 she returned to Drury Lane, and from that period onwards remained steadfastly true to the country of her birth.

Edmund Kean paid two visits to Paris, a period of well-nigh a decade intervening. The reception accorded him socially, when accompanied by his wife during the autumn of 1818, was much the same as that vouchsafed to Garrick and Kemble. Talma, whose acquaintance he had made previously in London, gave a banquet in his honour at which all the principal members of the Théâtre Français assembled to see their illustrious English confrère presented with a gold snuff-box. Unlike John Kemble, Kean conceived a very favourable impression of the French actors, and found no terms too glowing to express his admiration of Talma's acting as Orestes. Of his second visit we shall treat presently. To arrive at the reasons which prompted him to appear in Paris in his professional capacity, it is necessary to see what had happened in the interim.

English playgoers of sixty years ago had reason to feel thankful for the visit which Fanny Kelly made to Paris during the autumn of 1819. Much against the wishes of her father, the Captain, this young girl of sixteen had taken to the boards at Cheltenham in the June previous. After much difficulty, her worthy parents removed her from the theatre and packed her off to Paris, ostensibly to improve her pronunciation, the real intention, however, being to weaken her dramatic bias by an entire change of surroundings. Unlucky project! Not long after her arrival in Paris Fanny became acquainted with the great Talma, before whom she gave recitals from Shakespeare, receiving such unqualified praise in return as to make assurance doubly sure that she had not mistaken her calling. Thus it was that the loss to the domestic circle proved a gain to the stage.

Notwithstanding the social amenities of representative actors like Edmund Kean and Talma, the artistic relationships of England and France sixty years ago and later were on anything but stable basis. For instance, when a band of English players attempted at the Porte St. Martin Theatre in July and August, 1822, to perform several of the plays of Shakespeare—some four or five of whose works had previously been vilely adapted to the French stage by Ducis—they met with violent opposition from an organised gang of turbulent spirits. Night after night they were hooted from the stage amid a storm of jeers, such as "Speak French!" and "Down with Shakspeare; he is one of Wellington's aides-de-camp!" English playgoers before and after that period were equally narrow-minded. This much in all fairness must be noted when we hark back to the storm of indignation which assailed Garrick for daring to present some French dancers in "The Chinese Festival," and when, coming to more recent times, we remember us of the famous "Monte Cristo" riots.

The famous T. P. Cooke, who had joined the Adelphi company in October 1825, repaired to Paris on the closing of that theatre, and appeared at the Porte St. Martin for eighty successive nights in his powerful and extraordinary conception of "Le Monstre." As one result of "Tippy's" great success, Daniel Terry, then copartner with Yates in the management of the Adelphi, conceived the idea of opening an English theatre in the French capital, and at once asked his friend Sir Walter Scott's opinion on the subject. In reply, Scott, according to Mr. Edmund Yates's "Reminiscences," having first confessed himself alarmed at the subject of Terry's letter, went on to say: "I doubt greatly whether the Paris undertaking can succeed. The french (*sic*) have shown a disinclination to English actors; and for the British they are, generally speaking, persons who care little about their own country or language while they sojourn in a foreign country. There are about twenty-five or thirty theatres in Paris already, and I fear it would be a very rash speculation to erect or open another And a London and Paris theatre sounds very like playing for a gammon, which may be the noblest, but is seldom the wisest game." Since that date several attempts have been made to establish a permanent English theatre in Paris, but all without exception proved egregious failures.

The year 1827 saw France invaded by quite an army of brilliant English players, who set up the standard of Shakespeare in the country of frigid classic tragedy. Abbott's company gave their first performance at the Odéon on September 6, 1827, when Liston played Bob Acres in "The Rivals," to the Sir Anthony of Chippendale and the Lydia Languish of Miss Smithson. But war was not declared until the Tuesday following, when Charles Kemble, as Hamlet, and "la Belle Smidson," aroused in full the enthusiasm of the new literary school which had for leaders Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas. Donaldson has well said that the fate of the English drama in Paris hung at this period on an actress who for six years had been kept in obscurity at Drury Lane. It was certainly strange that the woman who never got beyond "walking ladies" in London, owing to her pronounced county Clare accent, should have been hailed with every token of unbounded enthusiasm in the French capital. What in the one country was spoken of as an obnoxious brogue was raved about in the other as the soul of melody. Unable to comprehend the reason of this wholly unexpected success, Abbott brought over an established English favourite in the person of the bewitching Maria Foote, only to find, after her appearances in "The Belle's Stratagem," "The School

for Scandal," and "The Wonder," that the French considered her a feeble imitator of their idol!

On the removal of Abbott's company to the Salle Favart on October 4, Miss Smithson drew crowded houses for twenty-five nights by her impersonation of Jane Shore, and subsequently appeared with unvarying success as Portia, Belvidera, and Cordelia. After losing their heads and hearts over her Ophelia, the town was unanimous in reckoning Charles Kemble's Othello quite subsidiary to her Desdemona. When she took her benefit the stage was absolutely smothered in flowers. Presents were sent in galore; amongst others a handsome *douceur* from Charles X., and a fine Sèvres vase from the Duchess de Berri.

Subsequently Abbott's company went on a provincial tour which proved disastrous to their financial resources. After visiting Rouen, Havre, Orleans, and Bordeaux the company suddenly disbanded, most of the members returning at once to England. Early in 1828 Harriet Smithson acted in Paris with Macready, her popularity— notwithstanding an occasionally feeble performance—then being practically undiminished. From that we lose sight of her until the year 1835, when she proved the truth of Sir Walter Scott's counsel to Terry by her attempt at establishing a permanent English theatre in Paris. What little capital she had was speedily swamped in this unlucky venture. Poor Smithson! She retired from the stage, married her persistent admirer, Hector Berlioz, and after eight years of continued unhappiness, separated in 1840. The despised of Drury Lane was not without her influence on the French stage. Jules Janin has told us how Rachel as a child was present at her farewell performance, and once said to him in pointing to a portrait of the Smithson as Ophelia, "*Voilà une pauvre femme à qui je dois beaucoup!*"

But we anticipate. Concerning the performances of 1827 Charles Kemble was wont to relate how the French understood little or nothing of the language uttered, but expressed themselves highly delighted with the fine situations and tumultuous action. Once in conversation with an enthusiastic admirer the Frenchman said to him with great vivacity, "*Othello! voilà, voilà, la passion, la tragédie! Que j'aime cette pièce! il y a tant de remue-ménage!*" ["There, there's passion for you, and tragedy! How I love that play! There is so much of a rumpus in it."] Very opportune for the cause of the romanticists was this audacious incursion of the English players. Had it not been for the enlightenment effected by their performances it is doubtful whether Victor Hugo, in that memorable call to arms, the "*Préface de Cromwell*," would have dared to deny Racine dramatic honours, while placing Shakespeare upon "the highest

poetic altitude of modern times." We know, too, that the English players had no stauncher admirer than Alexandre Dumas, who made it a point of seeing everything they produced, and subsequently placed on record the great intellectual benefit he had derived from seeing real passions moving men of quick vitality.

While literary and artistic Paris was being thus excited Balfe, not yet out of his teens, was taking singing lessons there at the instigation of Rossini. The great *maestro*, after hearing him sing in private, had recommended him to the direction of the Italian opera in Paris. It was his desire that the youthful Irishman should succeed the famous baritone Pellegrini, then fast declining into the sere and yellow leaf. Balfe at once placed himself under the care of Bordagni, who was charmed with the flexibility and compass of his pupil's voice. In less than twelve months from commencing to take lessons Balfe had made his first appearance at the Théâtre des Italiens as Figaro in Rossini's "Il Barbiere." Sontag was the Romia and Bordagni himself the Almoviva. The opera was repeated nine times. Laurent, the manager, induced the débutant to sign articles forthwith for a term of three years at a gradually increasing salary. Thus it was that Balfe achieved distinction as a vocalist long before he became known to fame as the composer of "The Bohemian Girl."

Macready's first appearance on the French stage was made at the Théâtre Italien, April 7, 1828, when he played Macbeth to a crowded house, numbering among its components the Duke of Orleans and the Duchess de Berri. Miss Smithson gave the tragedian but feeble support as Lady Macbeth, but the "Macdolph" of Abbott, as Jules Janin called it, was described by that critic as "pur, correct, et élégant." There were no two questions about the success of Macready, who was said to have paralleled the feat of Lekain, and, while possessing neither voice, deportment, nor physiognomy, to have rivalled the brilliance of Talma, upon whom nature had lavished all. After giving about ten performances, four of which were in "Virginius," Macready returned to London late in April.

Notwithstanding the liberal education in English histrionic methods which the Parisian public had now received, they do not seem to have fully appreciated the robust, passionate acting of Edmund Kean when he appeared at the Théâtre Italien (Salle Favart) in the following May. As Maria Foote is to Harriet Smithson, so is Kean to Macready ; thus ran their reasoning.

By way of marking his disapproval of the cold reception meted out to him on making his first appearance as Richard III., the tragedian repaired at the time of opening on the second night to the Café

Anglais, and well nigh succeeded in drinking himself to sleep before the manager, half distraught by the clamours of a crowded audience, could learn of his whereabouts. Under the circumstances his impersonation of Othello on that evening fell very much below his usual brilliant standard. Subsequently, however, his Shylock created a most profound impression, a thrill of horror passing through the house at the deadly realism with which the Jew sharpened his knife upon his sleeve in the trial scene. His impersonation of Lear too, in Nahum Tate's acting version, attracted considerable attention, and evoked a special translation of the tragedy issued, "conforme aux représentations données à Paris, 1828." Entertaining the most profound contempt for the intelligence of the French, and longing to return to the land where even his caprices and freaks were palliated, Kean made a thin audience the pretext for suddenly throwing up his engagement. Macready, on the other hand, returned to the assault immediately after the termination of his Drury Lane engagement, and putting forth his best powers gave eight performances in the months of June and July with unqualified success. Mr. William Archer, in his recently published "Life," quotes from the critic of the *Journal des Débats*, who says, "At his entrance as William Tell, and more than thirty times during the performance, salvos of applause proved to him that a French pit has ears for the language of truth in whatever idiom it may be couched. Protracted acclamations pursued him even after the fall of the curtain." On the occasion of his last performance as Othello a considerable number of excited Frenchmen, ignoring the regulation whereby actors were forbidden to appear before the curtain, invaded his dressing-room, bore him bodily into the orchestra, and thence lifted him over the footlights. Plumming themselves on having cut the Gordian knot, the enthusiastic band made the most of the situation, and proceeded to bestow upon Macready a series of embraces, which the great man complacently accepted. Ludicrous enough from an English standpoint, the incident was rendered all the more comic by the fact that not a few of the impulsive ones took away a slight memento in the shape of paint from the dusky Moor's countenance.

Taking advantage of the Anglomania which pervaded Paris in 1827, an attempt (the first of its kind) was made in that eventful year to create in the French mind a taste for the buffooneries of British harlequinade. Southey, a tolerably good clown, and brother of the poet, was induced to perform at Franconi's Cirque in company with Ellar and Tom Blanchard, the popular harlequin and pantaloone of the time; but their success was not very remarkable. Some

fifteen years afterwards, M. Roqueplan, director of the Variétés, acting on the advice of Alfred Bunn, engaged the famous clown Tom Matthews and several other English pantomimists to appear at his theatre in a comic pantomime entitled "*Arlequin Chasseur*." All went well until the third Sunday of their engagement, when, notwithstanding the fact that a crowd of people awaited the opening of the doors with eager expectation, M. Roqueplan considered the intense heat—the month being August—sufficient excuse for not giving the usual performance. This explanation proved so far unsatisfactory that it became bruited about that the bright particular Joey of the troop had declined to perform from religious scruples. And not all the public protestations of the manager that the company had given multiplied proofs of their zeal and fulfilled their contract with loyalty and exactness, could dissipate the bad impression made by the ingenious fable of some cynical *flâneur*. But passages at arms of this trifling nature are quickly forgotten. Eleven years afterwards (or in the spring of 1853) the jovial Tom Matthews journeyed once more to Paris to double Hudibras and clown at the Porte St. Martin Theatre in the Drury Lane pantomime of "*Harlequin Hudibras*" and quickly became as popular there as an English clown could hope to be in the land of the pale-faced Pierrot.

Undaunted by the peculiar reception given to some of the plays of Shakespeare in 1828, when the appearance of the witches in "*Macbeth*" created roars of laughter, and the cauldron scene caused a mystified Frenchman to howl out "*O mon Dieu, quel mélange*," Macready was sufficiently satisfied with his success then to return to the assault late in the year 1844. Happily for the success of the venture he took with him Miss Helen Faucit and several other prominent actors. Charles Dickens was in Paris when the company first appeared at the Salle Ventadour (a house usually given over to Italian Opera) and was present at the rehearsal of "*Othello*," when several departures from the orthodox "*business*" of the scene met with his approval as lending greater realism to the play. It is noteworthy also that Charlotte Cushman after failing in her first attempt to get a London manager to give her an engagement, journeyed to Paris with the hope that Macready might be able to find room for her in his company. It was not to be, however, and the indomitable Charlotte returned to London to burst upon the town at the Princess's Theatre. Macready's repertory in Paris consisted of stock legitimate pieces like "*Othello*," "*Hamlet*," "*Werner*," "*King Lear*," and "*Romeo and Juliet*." Under date December 23, 1844, he remarks in his diary:—"Acted '*Virginius*'

with much energy and power to a very excited audience. I was loudly called for at the end of the fourth act, but could not or would not make so absurd and empirical a sacrifice of the dignity of my poor art." Naturally the performance of the English actors attracted a good deal of critical attention. "En général," wrote M. Edouard Thierry in the *Messenger*, "les artistes anglais ont retenu l'emphase de la tragédie, telle que la jouait Lafont, telle qu'on la déclamaient à côté de Talma. Macready lui-même a conservé par moments ce débit pompeux, qu'il accentue d'ailleurs à la façon anglaise, en appuyant sur toutes les syllabes. Miss Helen Faucit parle simplement, naturellement ; la phrase coule limpide de ses lèvres, et s'échappe d'une seule émission, comme dans notre récitation française." It is evident from the tone of this and other criticisms that the race for highest honours was keenly tested by Macready and his leading lady. Nothing if not absolutely veracious, the tragedian in making mention of the Macbeth night in his diary, under date January 8, 1845, has to confess that "the audience applauded Miss Faucit's sleeping scene much more than anything else in the whole play." "Hamlet" (minus the grave-diggers) was represented before the French Court at the Tuileries, eight days afterwards, when King Louis Philippe presented the "Ophelia" of the occasion with a costly bracelet.

Victor Hugo was in the parterre on this noteworthy occasion, and more than once, so the story goes, attracted all eyes by his inability to restrain his enthusiasm within the kid-gloved limits of courtly etiquette. The visit terminated with Macready's performance of the death scene in "Henry IV." at the Opéra Comique on January 18 on behalf of the Society for the relief of Distressed Authors.

By the way, it is noteworthy that the project which the tragedian conceived in Paris of acting "Oreste" in the original to the Hermione or Andromaque of Rachel—and which he abandoned with reluctance after weighing all the difficulties of the task—was once carried into execution with perfect success at the French theatre in New Orleans by Junius Brutus Booth, who spoke the language like one to the manner born.

The casual wayfarer who chanced to pass by the Théâtre Impérial des Italiens, in Paris, at one o'clock in the afternoon of June 30, 1855, must have beheld a spectacle somewhat out of the common. About twenty or thirty young women, shabbily attired, but of handsome appearance, were to be seen grouped about bearing little bundles under their arms, and weeping bitterly. Presently Madame Ristori (who was giving performances at the theatre on alternate nights) comes along on her way to rehearsal, and asks the cause of

all this distress. These poor girls, she is informed, are the auxiliaries in an English company, engaged by M. Ruin de Fyé at the instigation of an English capitalist, who was to back up the venture with a sum of £3,000, to support Mr. J. W. Wallack, of the Marylebone Theatre, in a round of English pieces. But only £500 have come to hand, the performances have been stayed, and these poor girls have been turned out of their lodgings half famished, and know not where to seek shelter. Medea makes a rapid pass for her purse, finds some 300 francs therein, and shortly afterwards glides through the stage door without a sou. Truly "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Rossi, the Italian actor, was performing in Paris at the period of this woful contretemps, and saw Wallack in all his characters. Says Rossi, "He was a conscientious actor, but nothing surprising; a follower of traditions. His Othello was too northern; his Hamlet an American. I had been studying English assiduously, but I could not understand a word he said on the stage."

Seeking new worlds to conquer, after asserting his supremacy as a light comedian throughout Great Britain and America, Charles Mathews bethought himself of achieving distinction in a line never previously attempted by an English actor. In a word he made a French version of his own piece, "Cool as a Cucumber" under title, "L'Anglais Timide," and appeared in the principal characters at the Théâtre des Variétés, Paris, during September 1863. Some idea of the success of the venture may be gathered from the following conversation between the managers of two rival theatres, which took place after the première, and is related on the authority of Mr. Charles Hervey. "Qu'en dites-vous?" said one; "Je dis," replied the other, "que si j'avais dans ma troupe une demi-douzaine de gaillards comme celui-là tous les ours de mes cartons passeraient pour des chefs-d'œuvre!" Flattered by his reception, Charles Mathews was easily induced to pay another visit to the gay city a couple of years later, when a French version of "Used Up," entitled "L'Homme Blasé," enjoyed a prosperous run at the Vaudeville of fully fifty nights' duration.

Somewhat exceptional too was the success of that extraordinary woman, Ada Isaacs Menken, who made her first appearance at the Gaîté on December 30, 1866, in "Les Pirates de la Savane," and was recalled on that occasion no fewer than nine times. Some idea of the Menken's vogue in Paris may be gleaned from the fact that this engagement extended over 100 nights, the receipts for the first eight performances reaching 346,000 francs. The voluptuous, undraped beauty of the new star turned the heads of all in the gay and giddy

capital. Mazeppa scarfpins, Mazeppa hats, Mazeppa cravats, Mazeppa handkerchiefs, and even Mazeppa pantaloons met the eye at every turn. The elder Dumas was among the most ardent of the Menken's many worshippers ; and it was openly rumoured that the Empress herself was consumed with jealousy because the Emperor thought proper one night to send for the daring actress to his *loge*, and shower compliments upon her, while asking her acceptance of some valuable gift. After an absence of about a year and a half she returned to Paris to fulfil a contract made for her reappearance at the Châtelet Theatre in "Mazeppa." But it was not to be. Death had set his hand firmly upon the face and form that had enchanted all hearts. After a tedious illness poor Menken passed away on August 10, 1868, her remains being interred at Père la Chaise. Subsequently the coffin was exhumed by some American friends, and transferred to Mont Parnasse, where the last resting place of the once popular actress is marked by a colossal monument, on the southern side of which is the inscription "Thou knowest."

Supported by an admirable company, which included the names of Henry Irving, J. T. Raymond (the American comedian), Edward Saker, and Marie Gordon, Sothern essayed to take Paris by storm early in July, 1867, as Lord Dundreary. Unfortunately Mabilie and her children were as much mystified at the vagaries of this lisping and skipping personage as they were astonished at the sporadic outburst of posters (a new idea to Paris) with which Sothern heralded his advent.

Of few English-speaking actresses can it be said that they acquired distinction in Paris previous to making an appearance before a London audience. The late Miss Kate Munroe, an American by birth, could lay claim to this achievement. She sang in opéra-bouffe for six months at the Théâtre des Italiens, in 1874. Returning to Paris in the autumn of 1878, Miss Munroe reappeared with success at the Théâtre des Nouveautés in the "Deux Nabobs," and afterwards performed at the Bouffes-Parisiens in "La Marquise des Roués," her second visit extending over a period of seven months.

Of late years France has taken very kindly to our pantomimists. The Lauris, or some other well-known troupe, are always to be found at the Châtelet, the Eden, or the Théâtre des Folies. At the close of the Paris Exhibition of 1878 MM. Blum and Toche produced a capital revue at the Variétés, in which the miming of the Hanlon-Lees, as recently seen at the Folies Bergère was so admirably reproduced by the actors engaged that the success of the imitation led the authors to write a pantomime vaudeville for the English pantomimists.

Hence the origin of that world-famous nightmare "*Le Voyage en Suisse*," which, on its production at the Variétés, September 1st, 1879, by the Hanlon-Lees and a number of French comedians, enjoyed a run of upwards of 100 nights. Another piece by the same authors, produced at the same theatre by much the same troupe of pantomimists, exactly six years afterwards, and called "*Le Naufrage de M. Godot*," failed to meet with anything like the same success. In the meantime, however, M. Agoust who had seceded from the Hanlons, caused an unperformed pantomime vaudeville, written for him by Mr. Joseph Mackay, to be translated into French by M. William Busnach under the title of "*Le Testament de Macfarlane*." As originally performed at the Comédie Parisienne, October 21, 1881, the piece met with a rather indifferent reception, but managed to hold its own for fifty nights. The French scene-shifters made a sad bungle of the elaborate scenery, which had been painted in London, and on the première irritated the audience beyond endurance by the long entr'actes. Among the English members of the company, Mr. F. Desmond took first honours as Alphonse, a groom, with an imperturbable British phlegm. *L'Estafette* considered the actor's style easy, finished, and artistic; while the *Figaro*, in its enthusiasm, could only say that his miming recalled to mind in the highest degree the great Deburau. In its original form as "*Macfarlane's Will*," Mr. Mackay's play was subsequently performed in London. More recently still, we have had another instance of an English piece first seeing the light in French form. Mrs. Hooper's four-act drama, "*Helen's Inheritance*," which was performed at a matinée at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, about the middle of December, 1889, had originally been produced in Paris, with the author's daughter in the name part.

In 1877 that conscientious actress Miss Geneviève Ward went to Paris to study under Regnier, of the Comédie-Française. After being grounded in the French classical repertory and not a few of the great modern rôles, Miss Ward made her first appearance at the Porte St. Martin on February 11, 1877, as Lady Macbeth in Paul Lacroix's version of the tragedy. Few among the actress's English admirers will deny the extreme suitableness of the character; while those who saw her play *Clorinde* in the original at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, May 11, 1880, can testify to the faultlessness of her accent. Said the "*Revue Britannique*," speaking of her *début*:—"Dans la scène du somnambulisme du quatrième acte, elle a été positivement admirable. Jamais le remords ni les terreurs de l'hallucination n'ont été interprétés d'une façon aussi poignante; la salle toute entière

était suspendue à ses lèvres et frissonnait avec elle." So little question indeed was there about the success of the English *débutante*, that an offer was at once made of an engagement under Regnier at the Théâtre Français. It chanced, however, that Madame Favart had a prescriptive right to the parts in which Miss Geneviève Ward could only be seen to best advantage, and negotiations fell through.

Owing to the two noteworthy visits which Mr. Augustin Daly's company of comedians have made to Paris within recent years, the advisability has suggested itself to some American speculator of opening a permanent English theatre in the French capital. Over sixty years have now elapsed since Sir Walter Scott wrote those words of warning to Terry, and no one has shown as yet the fallacy of his contentions. But, *autres temps, autres mœurs*. Truly this is an age of enterprise; and we shall see what we shall see.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

THE SALMON STOP-NETS AT BEACHLEY, ON THE SEVERN.

AT Beachley Point—where the Severn and Wye join in a common estuary—it is possible, when the flood tide rises from the sea, to witness the streams of the two rivers change their direction, the striving waters rushing inland for a time against the natural current, causing endless vortices, with their attendant dangers. Up the Wye as far as Chepstow, the tide, somewhat deflected in its course by ridges of rock in the Severn, is one of the highest around the British coasts, rising from forty to fifty feet according to the phase of the moon. Where the Severn banks rapidly converge above Sharpness at the bend which is crossed by the high-level bridge, the intruding torrent of the spring tide sweeping with irresistible force up the estuary at the rate of twelve miles an hour, and not to be denied in its forward progression, creates the curling wave of the bore so often described on the silver Severn.

A treacherous waterway it is at the best of times. A few miles below the junction of the two rivers, sunken reefs, extending almost across the estuary—known as the English stones—render navigation impossible except at half tide, when the available channel is visible between the uncovered rocks. At high water a splendid expanse of water is seen ; but as the tide ebbs, miles of shifting sands and wastes of mud appear ; never for two years is the main channel in exactly the same course, and many a fine vessel or valuable life has been lost amid the intricacies of the shoals. Between the Wye mouth and the Severn sailing is especially dangerous in the rip of the tide without the services of a skilled pilot aboard. The conditions are never precisely the same. The very banks by the riverside are, in places, but meadows reclaimed from the ancient bed of the river resting on an insecure foundation of blue mud. At your feet are the salt-loving plants such as sea asters, saltwort, and plantain, with fleshy leaves suggestive of their alkaline properties.

On a hot August day it is a fair and attractive scene at Beachley.

The surface of the water is like oil, reflecting every object in the foreground with inverted image ; the wonderful horizontal stratification of the Rhætic Lias cliffs, as well as the vegetation, are delineated in the water in faithful detail until the line of demarcation is well-nigh lost. The vessels glide idly seawards on the tide, with sails hanging listlessly in the vain endeavour to catch the fleeting breeze. Away down the channel a bank of haze shivers in the noonday heat ; the ships appear as much in the clouds as on the surface of the deep. Do two worlds co-exist within the same dimensions, or is there reality at all in matter ? The whole surroundings are illusive. On the side which is clear all is doubly portrayed ; towards the sea everything is indefinite. Near at hand, the drowsy hum of insect-life invites a *siesta* by the river-side, where the thyme is fragrant on the soft turf, a seduction that must be withstood if my plan for watching the operations of the salmon fishers, now at work with their stop-nets in the Wye, is to be literally carried out.

It is an economy of labour for boats to drift down on the ebb from Chepstow—three miles away—to the allotted station off the Chapel rocks. Presently, as a boat passes silently by, I hail the solitary occupant, and finding the long-desired opportunity, enter therein, to proceed down stream for a few hours' fishing in the cool of the summer's evening. Floating peacefully along there is ample time to examine the structure of the net and master the mode of capture involved in the process. The owner, being of a communicative nature, is ready to explain any obscure points in the method of fishing. A large flat-bottomed and roomy boat is employed for the support of the stop-nets—one that is able to resist the strain of the meshes and gear carried by the rush of the tide, when the risk of capsizing is by no means slight. The boat is moored broadside to the current in the proper station to three stout poles driven into the muddy bed of the river to maintain the requisite purchase power. The net, with a 5-inch mesh from knot to knot, is attached to a couple of movable bars spread in V-shape from the apex until the extremities are 32 feet apart. The mouth of the net is kept in position by a half-inch rope across ; as it falls about a couple of feet below the surface of the water the force of the tide causes it to bag in the necessary fashion ; the narrowing extremity is carried underneath the boat, the pocket being attached to a line on the opposite side to be constantly held in the fisherman's hand. An upstream salmon swimming swiftly on the tide cannot see the meshes in the thick and turbid water until it is too late for escape ; it dashes head first into the net, struggling violently when it is too late to be free. With

the line in his hand the slightest movement or vibration can be detected. The pocket is hauled up by the end line for the captured fish to be knocked on the head before it is extracted ; or sometimes the V-shaped bars are bodily raised together with the net on the side of the boat exposed to the tide, the position of the stop-net being necessarily changed according to the direction of the current. Either way the salmon—ranging in size from 7 lbs. to 50 lbs.—is safely held, and the net is once more lowered into the stream. Occasionally, if the net is a trifle worn from constant use between April and September, a strong fish tears the meshes in a supreme effort to regain freedom, and a pretty struggle ensues ; the fisherman clasps his arms around a 20-pounder possessed of enormous power. Before now a man has been thrown into the river in the tussle.

On the day in question one net had hardly been set in the ebb tide when a violent twitching at the rope announced that a salmon had bolted in. Hastily hauling in the pocket, a silvery 7-lb. *botcher* soon lay in the boat. In passing, it may be remarked that a Severn *botcher* is the equivalent of a grilse. After the parr has put on the smolt scales it descends to the sea, returning after a few weeks' absence materially increased in size by the sojourn in the salt water a grilse. After a second migration to the sea, the Severn fishermen call their fish a *gillian*, nothing under 20 lbs. assuming in their eyes the full dignity of a salmon.

Half-an-hour later the most extraordinary jerks at the line, which might well have been caused by the gentle play of a porpoise, again indicated the capture of a fish. This time it was a 13-lb. *gillian*, or salmon, which had been ensnared—a fellow that required sundry smart taps on the head to finish his struggles before it was expedient to release him from the pocket.

Just now the common sea-gulls, kittiwakes, and a black-head gull were circling overhead, shrieking in discordant chorus, apparently dissatisfied at having no share in the fishing operations. Off Beachley is a fine spot for the passage of rare birds, especially in the hardest winter-time. The peregrine falcon chases the dunlin on the wastes of sand, and I have seen as many as fourteen herons wading at a time among the shallows in pursuit of their favourite fishing avocations. An osprey exhausted with long flight has been known to alight in a fishing boat in the Severn channel ; red-breasted mergansers, sheldrake, and other wildfowl arrive in frosty weather.

With the change in the tide we reversed the position of the net, in order to face the rising water. Before the flood several more beautiful salmon, 10-14 lb. fish, were taken in our boat, which was

one of a dozen moored across the mouth of the Wye. Later on, the tearing force of the surging stream became too strong to maintain the boat in a safe position. It was positively exciting to watch the conflict of the troubled waters as the roaring tide eddied swiftly past the boat, swaying her backwards and forwards in spite of substantial supports. A sailing boat trying to double the point at this time against the swirling stream would be infallibly driven on the rocks. Unshipping the tackle, it was deemed expedient to run before the flood on the return journey to Chepstow, content with the five salmon stowed away in the long baskets used for the purpose. Sometimes twenty fish might have been taken in the same time that we had expended in the capture of the five ; on the other hand, many days are altogether blank. From about the commencement of May, when the water becomes sufficiently warm for surface fishing, until the end of August, the stop-nets are in use on the Wye. Day and night the men are engaged, suspending work only when the tides are unsuitable for fishing.

The old Roman road passes through Chepstow to Beachley, where there is the old passage across the Severn from a stone jetty to Aust on the opposite shore. Here may be seen the wonderfully streaked and classic section of the Rhætic Lias cliff, so well-known to all geologists for the insect and fish-bone beds. At Beachley there is a pleasant little inn, sheltered by noble elms interlacing their branches overhead, facing the river-side—a charming resting-place in summer time. The shipping from Sharpness docks passes within sight of the windows. The Chapel light at the junction of the Wye lies half a mile to the right ; the limestone heights flanking the gorge of the Avon, at Clifton, are visible, together with the Severn tunnel works at Portskewett. Below the reef of the “English stones,” exposed only at the lower half of the tides, lies the islet of Denhay standing in midstream. Behind Chepstow rises the fir-clad ridge of the Wynd Cliff above the Vale of Tintern, and the wooded hills of the Forest of Dean stretch to the left behind Newnham. On the far side of the Severn the Cotswolds extend as far as the eye can see, the orchard-clad vale of Berkeley affording as rich a bit of sylvan scenery as can be found in England. Some of the cliffs are formed of red Trias marls, others are blue Lias, while grey limestones flank the course of the Wye ; there is infinite variety in the charming landscape.

Proceeding from Beachley a little higher up the Severn towards Newnham, the description of salmon-fishing with the lave-nets is in vogue. The men wade in the shallows by the sandbanks,

pushing the net before them on the river bottom. It looks like a shrimp's net in the distance, but on closer inspection is found to be a net with a pocket mounted on a V-shaped frame which is light and easily handled. The movements of the ascending salmon can often be seen from afar by experienced eyes, the dorsal fin disturbing the surface of the shallow water. Then the fisherman goes to work with his lave-net, meeting the salmon as it swims along unable to see the obstruction on account of the turbid water. In this way many a fine fish is taken; and as with the stop-nets, the men, standing knee-deep in water, often have a rare fight with the salmon. Higher up the river, again, the seine-nets are landed on the spurs of sand at suitable conditions of the tide. In the dead of night I have seen a seine drawn on the shores exposed by the receding water. In the faint glimmer of the half-hidden moon the kicking salmon lay glittering and quivering on the sand. All sorts of queer words belonging to the Gloucestershire dialect are heard amongst the fishermen. All floating *débris* is termed *rate*; a creek is a *pill*, and the sand-banks are *bastes*; a salmon which leapt in the nets, "bommuxed;" the scales are the *stillyards*, and the *muntle* is a windlass used for checking the course of the heavy nets, when the pointed stake, called the *debut*, is not used.

In the Wye, and perhaps the best of the Severn fisheries, the salmon netting rights are leased by a few individuals who employ a great number of men for about half of the year. The lessee finds all the boats and necessary *impedimenta*, the men being paid in a fixed proportion according to the results. Thus, for every £1 realized by the sale of the salmon the men receive 8s., subject to certain deductions, as their share. If a fish is in any way damaged, 1 lb. is docked from its weight in the reckoning with the fishermen. I saw a salmon that had been bitten in the side by a porpoise in a previous year. The fish was perfectly sound, but the scars remained; consequently the deduction had to be made, to the sole disadvantage of the fishermen. In the same way the men lose the advantage of the odd ounces in weight. A fish turning the scale at 12 lb. 12 oz. counts for them as a 12lb. fish. At first sight this does not seem quite fair to the hard-working fishermen plying a precarious trade. It must be remembered, however, that there is a considerable depreciation in the net weight of fish after they are taken from the water. A 20lb. salmon caught in the evening may scale but 19½ lbs the following morning. On the whole it may be presumed that those engaged in the fisheries on either side know their own business best, and that justice is done in the regulation of such matters.

This year the yield of salmon in the Severn district has shown a marked falling off: in the early part of the season a deficiency of water in the river prevented the fish running up in the usual quantities. It remains to be seen whether the tapping of the Vyrnwy—one of the upper sources of the Severn system—for the Liverpool water supply seriously affects the upward migration of the salmon; some practical authorities consider that it will do so. From some cause or other the returns for the first six months of the season of 1890 revealed a falling off on the average of the last seven years to the extent of full 40 per cent. Day after day and night after night, the heavy seine-nets were drawn blank on the sands, the patience of the men meanwhile being something quite remarkable—they never seemed to be disheartened in the daily task.

In the vicinity of the lower Severn there is still considerable uncertainty amongst the fishermen regarding the various species of migratory salmonidæ which frequent the rivers. Within the tidal influence the common trout (*S. fario*) need not be considered; and if you question the men they will usually affirm that only two species enter the estuary, viz., the salmon (*S. salar*) and the salmon trout (*S. trutta*); the bull trout (*S. eriox*), which is totally distinct, and not uncommon, is confused with the salmon trout. The truth is that numbers of bull trout netted in the Usk, Severn, and Wye, are disposed of in the market as salmon, to which it has the greater affinity. The best distinctions will be found in the shape and position of the fins; the shape of the opercula, or gill covers; the teeth; and, less surely, in the distribution of spots on the body and fins. It may be worth while to indicate the chief points of difference more definitely between the three fishes, taking a fully matured specimen of each for examination.

The salmon has the tail square; the bull trout has it convex; and the tail of the salmon trout, though square, is shorter and smaller than that of the salmon. Exact measurements given by Mr Cholmondeley Pennell, in the fishing volume of the "Badminton Library," show that the dorsal and adipose fins vary in position and form in the three species. With regard to the bull trout the dorsal fin is thickly spotted to the very tip, unlike that of the salmon, which is but slightly blotched. The plates of the opercula are differently shaped in either species. The teeth of the bull trout are the longest; both it and the salmon lack the strong palatal vomers of the salmon trout. The bull trout is thickly spotted with brown over the back and sides above and below the lateral line, and the fins are strong in proportion.

The bull trout has an indifferent reputation amongst anglers, who often regard it as an inferior and non-sporting fish. It is said to rise badly at a fly, and to yield poor play when hooked. Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell, however, appears to give the fish a better character, and states that he has taken a good many early in the season on the Usk. For some reason or another it enters the Usk and the Wye more generally than the Severn proper. The upward migrations are in the early spring, almost before rod-fishing commences, and again in the autumn when the close season arrives. This is perhaps why the fish is less known in the West than the salmon or salmon trout.

Several points in the life-history of the salmon itself are still wrapped in obscurity, and, considering the amount of interest taken in the king of fishes, the ignorance in its seafaring habits is surprising. The recent experiments undertaken by Mr. Archer in the Norwegian fjords, and duly chronicled in the columns of the *Field*, with numbers of marked fish, have proved that the same individuals, while roaming as much as ninety miles from the coast, often return to the same haunts in the rivers. Each salmon employed in the conduct of the experiments has been marked by a numbered and dated metal plate secured through the dorsal fin, the records of the returning fish being carefully noted and tabulated by Mr. Archer. But the general food supply at sea remains a matter of speculative inquiry. In the rivers salmon have been proved to devour ephemeridæ and water-beetles, but the sea-going fish invariably are taken with the stomach empty. I know of two exceptions to the rule. At the moment when a number of salmon were netted off one of the Scotch lochs a gentleman witnessed one eject some half-digested eels from the mouth; the details are recorded in the volume of the "Badminton Library" before referred to. In the *Field* for July 26, 1890, a writer records in the angling column that he has lately seen a salmon captured containing young salmon in the stomach. If the salmon lived chiefly on suction, the teeth would surely show signs of degeneration, which is by no means the case. I have seen a fisherman on the Severn have his finger lacerated through pushing the hand too far through the gills of a still living fish; and the quantity of short rounded teeth present every appearance of usefulness. The extraordinary increase in bulk during a few weeks' visit to the sea clearly points to an abundant food supply, which must be something plentifully distributed among the littoral fauna. The migrations of the salmon and river eels are curiously intermixed; it is quite possible that the young eels constitute a favourite article of

diet. The fact that the stomach of a salmon is almost always empty when captured has been explained as the result of fear. At the moment the fish feels the meshes of the net all food is said to be ejected. Fishing off the coast of Devon this summer I saw a large salmon leap through the water as if in pursuit of prey, just as a pike dashes after smaller fish ; it was gone like a flash, and we could see no more. Some day, doubtless, the full facts will be discovered and recorded.

Before leaving the vicinity of Beachley, I found it a pleasant stroll through the waving corn, by the side of a park surrounded with a double row of splendidly grown evergreen oaks, and by the riverside meadows to the peaceful old town of Chepstow. Here and there are the remains of the old wall skirting the environs of the town, and the ruined castle crowns a precipitous limestone crag. The rocks at this bend in the Wye afford a fine study, a great fault being exhibited near to the base of the hideous railway bridge spanning the river. Late in the evening I could see the stop-net boats lying side by side off a low quay, the nets all hung up to dry in the fresh air. After a few hours' rest, the fishermen will again go forth on the ebb tide, for during the last weeks of August will be the last opportunity of the year, and the deficiency of the early season has to be made up when the water is thoroughly warmed and the salmon are more abundant. Provision has to be made for the winter when work is scarce. Not a tide can now be wasted, and the summer days and nights are slipping all too soon away.

C. PARKINSON.

SOME EMINENT PIRATES.

THERE is, proverbially, as much difference between a solicitor and an attorney as there is between a crocodile and an alligator. There is just about as much between a pirate and a buccaneer. The buccaneers (I adopt the old-fashioned spelling of the word) were the first in the field, and their operations sometimes assumed a quasi-legitimate hue by virtue of letters of authorisation from the ministers of the countries to which they severally belonged. But it is impossible to draw even a loose line of distinction; for the two both in time and in characteristics overlapped, went on marauding expeditions in concert, and buccaneers were numbered among the very last of the brotherhood of pirates proper. There was no difference whatever in the *modus operandi* of the two; they frequented the same ground and hunted after the same ships—usually the luckless ships of Spain—were equally reckless and almost equally bloodthirsty and cruel. The buccaneers did not always take care to obtain letters of authorisation, and, even when they did, as often as not repudiated them, seized the vessel—fitted out originally by merchants of London or Bristol, who bargained for a proportion of the booty—and went trading on their own responsibility, pirates in all but name. And many of them preferred to be called buccaneers, because it sounded more honourable than the appellation of pirate, though forgetful, probably, of the fact that a pirate, as well as a rose, by any other name will smell as sweet. The great increase of both species of the genus freebooter at the beginning of the eighteenth century is attributed by Captain Charles Johnson to the forlorn condition of man-of-war's men and privateer's men at the conclusion of the peace of Utrecht. A large number of men who, during war-time, had held commissions of some sort, found themselves out of work. Return to the regular mercantile marine offered few inducements; and hearing of the extraordinary successes of those hardy individuals who refused to come home on the conclusion of hostilities, and chose rather to harass Spanish vessels off Madagascar and in the West Indies, and feeling also the itch for roving

and fighting still in their blood, the greater part went to the West Indies or Madagascar, and joined themselves to one or other of the aforesaid hardy individuals who now live for us mainly in what Mr. Clark Russell calls the "delectable pages" of Captain Johnson.

One of the most noted of the pirates was Edward Teach, commonly known as Blackbeard, a title he earned because of his extraordinarily long and black chin appendage. "He suffered it to grow to an extravagant length," we are told. "As to breadth, it came up to his eyes. He was accustomed to twist it with ribbons in small tails, after the manner of our Ramlies wigs, and turn them about his ears." In time of action he wore a sling over his shoulders with three brace of pistols, which hung in holsters like bandoliers; and stuck lighted matches under his hat, which, appearing on each side of his face, his eyes naturally looking fierce and wild, made him altogether such a figure that, says Johnson, "imagination cannot form an idea of a fury from hell to look more frightful." He was a Bristol man by birth, had been to sea all his life from an early age, and had sailed some time out of Jamaica, in privateers during the war with the French, but had never been anything more than a foremastman—though distinguished for uncommon boldness and personal courage—until he went a-pirating in the year 1716. Captain Benjamin Hornigold put him in command of a sloop he had taken off Providence, and the two sailed together for the Spanish West Indies, taking on the way a "billop" from Havana, a sloop from Bermuda, and a larger vessel bound from Madeira to South Carolina. After careening on the coast of Virginia, the two, with their prizes, went on to the West Indies and captured a large French Guinea-man, bound to Martinico, on board which Teach transferred his flag, separated from Hornigold—who returned to Providence and surrendered to mercy pursuant to the King's proclamation—and hoisted the black flag on his own account. He mounted 40 guns on this vessel, to which he gave the name of the *Queen Anne's Revenge*, and his first engagement in her was off St. Vincent, where he took the *Great Allen*, plundered her, set Captain Taylor and his crew on shore, and fired her. Then he fell in with the English man-of-war *Scarborough*, of 30 guns, and engaged this vessel for some hours, and until the latter thought it discreet to give over and make for Barbadoes, the place of her station. Teach himself sailed for Turniif to take in fresh water, and while there improved the occasion by capturing a sloop, the *Adventurer*, the captain of which no sooner saw the black flag hoisted than he struck and came to. Four more vessels—a full-rigged ship and three sloops—were captured in the Bay of Honduras, some ten leagues

from Turniff; and three others on the way to Charleston, off which port the pirates lay for five or six days, waiting for a store of medicines, which the captain of the *Revenge* sloop was sent to the Governor to demand.

More captures were made during these five or six days; first, a large ship bound for London with some passengers and a valuable cargo on board; and, secondly, another large vessel coming out of the port, two "pinks" going in, and a brigantine on which were fourteen negroes. All this, done in the very sight of the inhabitants, struck a mortal terror into their souls, for they had just been visited by Vane, another notorious pirate, who had knocked down their fortifications, sacked the town, and made things generally uncomfortable. This mortal terror may have occasioned the insolent security with which Richards and the men of his party paraded the place. They walked the streets publicly, we are told, and the people, although fired with the utmost indignation, yet dared not molest them for fear of heaping more calamities upon their own heads. Blackbeard in his demand swore that if the chest of medicines was not immediately given, or if the ambassadors suffered the least insult, he would murder all the prisoners taken on board the five captures, send up their heads to the Governor for his especial edification, and set fire to the vessels themselves. Under such compulsion, the Governor was not long making up his mind: he gave Richards a medicine chest worth between £300 and £400, and packed him and his men off, only too glad to purchase immunity at so small a cost. Blackbeard then let the prisoners and ships go, but kept about £1,500 in gold and silver, in addition to a quantity of provisions, &c., and sailed towards North Carolina, made friends with the Governor—who was a thorough-paced blackguard—and surrendered to the King's proclamation, his sole motive being to look about him, or, as Captain Johnson puts it, "to wait a favourable opportunity of playing his old game over again."

In June 1718 he began anew, and seems to have made some agreement with the Governor, by which, provided the latter winked hard at his depredations, and afforded him protection, he should receive a certain proportion of all plunder. North Carolina henceforward became Blackbeard's headquarters, and the Governor his very good friend, both men prospering marvellously through the efforts of the active partner. I need not go into particulars of Blackbeard's exploits; they are too numerous for the space at my disposal, and are, moreover, rather monotonous to read over. Suffice it that they were very numerous. It will be more interesting

to turn to Blackbeard's personality and peculiarities. He was a beau-ideal pirate, possessed with a mania for getting married. During his first sojourn at North Carolina, his friend the Governor married him to his fifteenth wife, a young girl of sixteen, whom he treated most brutally. Unlike the French Bluebeard, however, he did not, so far at least as our knowledge goes, kill any of his wives. He had them at different ports, and presumably visited each just when he happened to be in her particular neighbourhood. He was a man of some humour, but humour of a grim, sardonic kind, which is illustrated by a couple of stories I take the liberty of relating.

He was drinking one night in his cabin with his pilot, with Hands, captain of one of the sloops, and with another man, who is unnamed. Suddenly the diabolical fit came upon him, and, quietly drawing out a small pair of pistols, he cocked them crosswise under the table, blew out the light, and fired. The anonymous man had heard the cock of the weapons, and, knowing that mischief was whistling in the air, made tracks for the companion ; but Hands and the pilot were not quick enough, and the former received a shot in the knee, which lamed him for life, while the latter escaped with nothing worse than a grazed leg. Hands, with a loud oath, asked what was the meaning of this diversion, whereupon Blackbeard, with another oath, answered that " if he did not now and then kill one of them, they would forget who he was ! "

The other story is illustrative of Blackbeard's ambition to beat the devil in his own line. The fit came on him again, and he said abruptly, " Come, let us make a hell of our own, and try how long we can bear it." With that he dragged two or three of his subordinates down into the hold, closed up all the hatches, filled several pots full of brimstone, and other combustible matter, and set it all on fire. Before long the men cried for air, but he would not open the hatches, and kept them down there until they were nearly suffocated, and until the whole three fell down nearly dead with the poisonous fumes. He piqued himself ever afterwards on being " the best devil " on his ship. In point of fact the arch-fiend seems to have been the only being of whom Blackbeard was in the least afraid ; and, on another occasion, he was in much trepidation owing to the presence on board of some individual, who came from no one knew where, and who, after some mysterious conduct during several days, disappeared without leaving a trace behind him. " They verily believed it was the devil," we are told. Blackbeard died fighting, as beseems an old sea-ruffian, and in his last encounter,

against Lieutenant Maynard, did not finally drop until he had received five pistol shots, and twenty sabre cuts, about his body.

The pirate of whom renown had most to say in his own time was Avery, who was represented in Europe as one who had raised himself to regal dignity, consequent upon his capture of and marriage with the Grand Mogul's daughter; who had a large brood of dusky princelets, being bred in great royalty and state; who had erected forts and magazines for the more secure preservation of his immense riches; who had a large fleet of ships by which he was constantly increasing his vast stores; and upon whom, to cap all, a play entitled "*The Successful Pyrate*," was brought out in London. So famous was he, indeed, that several schemes were offered to the Council for fitting out a squadron to take him, while other men were for offering him and his companions an act of grace, and inviting them to England, with all their treasures, lest his growing greatness should hinder the trade of Europe with the East Indies. As a matter of fact, however, while all these rumours of his greatness were being credulously accepted and eagerly retailed, Avery was in the greatest distress. While he was credited with aspiring to a crown, he was in want of a shilling; and at the same time that he was said to be in possession of such fabulous wealth and dominion in Madagascar and the remoter East, he was literally starving at home. True, he did capture the Dutch East-Indiaman in which the Grand Mogul's daughter and her innumerable retinue had taken passage for Mecca; and true again, by this lucky windfall he had possessed himself of a great sum of money, of jewels, of gold and silver vessels, of rich dresses and the like. But he did *not* marry the lady, and the Grand Mogul got into such a rage on hearing of the enormous desecration and robbery that he swore to send an army to extirpate the English with fire and sword from all their settlements on the Indian coast, unless the offenders were delivered up to him. It cost the East India Company infinite trouble to pacify the Nabob; and, as the Company had promised him that they would send an expedition after the villains, Avery thought it about time to leave the neighbourhood. It was not a great sacrifice to him to do this, for the jewels and gold and the rich commodities captured in the Indiaman represented a total sum sufficient to maintain each of the pirates in affluence during the remainder of his natural life; and on the way to Madagascar it struck Avery that he would enjoy life much better on shore than "in ever climbing up the climbing wave." He therefore held a council of his subordinate captains and officers,

and suggested a proportionate distribution of the spoil and then a dispersal. The men agreed, the vessel was disposed of at Providence, the booty shared (by no means equitably, it would seem), and with his portion—including some diamonds for which he did not account to his men—Avery purchased a sloop, and made his way in this tiny vessel to Boston, where he had a desire to settle. But large diamonds were not vendible in New England, and the possession of them was the cause of much suspicion against the possessor; so Avery came to Cork, where, however, he was in as bad a case as ever with regard to the disposal of his diamonds; and so he proceeded to Bristol, some merchants of which place, he thought, might sell them for him on commission.

At this time, when the rumours of his vast riches and power had grown into a roar of excitement, Avery was on English soil with diamonds valued at many thousands of pounds in his pocket, and with hardly a coin to purchase bread. He was too well known to dare stay long at Bristol, so he went quietly to Bideford until his brokers had negotiated the sale of his diamonds. A few pounds were advanced him for immediate necessities; but as some months went by, and he received no more, nor even heard from the brokers, he ventured on a private visit to Bristol. The diamonds had been sold, they told him; but they refused to give him a penny of the money, and threatened that if he did not get out of the town and "lie low," the King's officers would be informed of the dangerous character that was lurking in the place. Avery fled again to Bideford, heartbroken and starving, and two or three days after his arrival there was dead. It is a strange example of the irony of fate that, while the parish of Bideford was burying the man, the people of London were witnessing and loudly applauding a play which assumed that he was the most successful Englishman in the world.

A modern writer has dubbed Blackbeard the Dick Turpin of the seas. If this appellation holds good, then Captain Bartholomew Roberts was the Claude Duval of the same element. Roberts was essentially a dandy—and a dandy in the best sense of the word—for he prided himself on his intellectual achievements, and his voyages show that he had a mind of decidedly finer calibre than any of the long list of freebooters, save only Dampier, Woodes Rogers, and Clipperton. His motto was, "A short life and a merry one"; and he lived up to it. During his brief three years' career he took no less than four hundred sail, large and small; and he fell, when the order of things brought round that event, shot through the heart, and with all his regimentals on. He always made a splendid figure

in an engagement, and was the most conspicuous man on board his ship. His full dress consisted of "a rich crimson damask waistcoat and breeches, a red feather in his hat, a gold chain with a diamond cross hanging to it round his neck, a sword in his hand, and two pair of pistols hanging at the end of a silk sling flung over his shoulders, according to the fashion of the pirates." It is not on record that he, like Claude Duval the landsman, ever danced a cotillon with a lady on any of the ships he captured, but his treatment of females was more uniformly courteous than that of any of his companions in villainy.

Roberts was, as the name implies, a Welshman, and, before adopting piracy as a profession, had sailed "in honest employ," as second mate of the *Princess*, bound for the Guinca coast for slaves. The *Princess* was taken at Anamaboe—where the negroes were being embarked for the West Indies—by another Welshman, Captain Howel Davis, and Roberts was persuaded to throw in his fortune with his countryman, though he "was in the beginning very much averse to this sort of life." Davis was soon after killed in an ambuscade on shore, and the young recruit, showing great capabilities, was chosen to take his place. Dennis, one of the officers and a fearful blackguard, proposed Roberts in a very neat speech—or rather in a speech which is very neat and decent as it appears in print, but which was improved probably (if not invented) by Johnson, just as the speeches of Cyrus were improved (if not invented) by Xenophon. However, here is a portion of it given *pro tanto* :

"It is my advice," said Dennis, "that while we are sober we pitch upon a man of courage, and with skill in navigation—one who by his counsel and bravery seems best able to defend this commonwealth, and ward us from the dangers and tempests of an unstable element, and the fatal consequences of anarchy. Such an one I take Roberts to be, a fellow, I think, in all respects worthy your esteem and honour."

So Roberts was chosen with acclamation, and very quickly justified the choice. Nothing seemed to daunt him, and he thought no more of going into a harbour and taking ten or twelve sail than a more commonplace pirate would have thought of taking one. The total number of his captures is ample indication of his success ; but the wonder to us moderns is how he ever managed to instil such widespread fear into the hearts of honest seamen as he undoubtedly did spread. He never maintained more than two vessels, the *Royal Fortune* and the *Ranger*, and yet he captured, as I have said, four hundred large and small craft. He was not a bloodthirsty ruffian

like Low, England, Anstis, Lowther, Evans, and the rest ; and his noted clemency to prisoners perhaps had its effect in making men submit the more easily to him. There was no mistaking the *Royal Fortune*. It always carried a "St. George's ensign, a black silk flag at the mizen-peak, and a Jack and pendant of the same," on the flag being a death's head with an hour-glass in one hand and cross bones in the other, a dart beside the grim one, and underneath a heart dropping blood. The Jack had a man portrayed upon it with a flaming sword in his hand, and standing on two skulls, subscribed respectively A. B. H. (a Barbarian's Head) and A. M. H. (a Martinican's Head). Roberts was killed in an engagement with the *Swallow* man-of-war, which he would probably have taken had he not been shot in the throat by a charge of grape. He was sitting at the time on the tackles of a gun, and it was not noticed until some minutes after that he had dropped. When Stevenson the helmsman ran to his aid and found him verily dead, he burst into tears, and "wished the next shot might be his lot." It was not, however. Stevenson rushed back to his post, put the helm up, and carried the vessel out of the reach of the man-of-war's guns. Their commander the pirates threw into the sea with his arms and ornaments on, and with a shot at his feet. Their spirits sank as his body sank ; they deserted their quarters, and stupidly neglected all means of defence or escape ; and the *Swallow* coming again on the scene had no difficulty in taking captive the *Royal Fortune* and her crew, who were tried at Cape Corso Castle on March 28, 1722, and the majority of them condemned to be hanged.

Edward Low may be called the Jonathan Wild of the pirates. He was born in an element of thieving and rascality, and has the questionable distinction of being brother to the ingenious individual who (according to the Newgate Calendar) was the first systematic stealer of wigs. This youth, when but seven years old, used to be carried in a basket on a porter's head, and from this coign of vantage "lifted" hats and wigs from the heads of passers-by, and popped down into his hiding again. Naturally, he came to a violent end, and swung high upon the gallows tree, a fate which his brother Edward and others of the family also met. Edward commenced his active career by cheating the small boys of Westminster of their halfpence—at chuck-farthing possibly, or at some such edifying game. Then he transferred himself and his talents to the lobby of the House of Commons, where he gambled with the footmen, and made things so decidedly unpleasant by his barefaced cheating that he had to leave the country. He went to Boston, and thence to Honduras, where

he worked for a short time as a logwood cutter. An opportunity presented itself for the acquisition of a trading sloop at no cost, and this opportunity Low embraced, took a dozen companions—all unconscionable rogues—and hoisted the black flag. I am not going to speak in detail of Low's manypiracies; the truth is, he is a disagreeable subject for an operation; and the reader will be quite contented, no doubt, to take them "as read." But an illustration or two of his cruelty I may give. The pirates fell in with a schooner between St. Michael's and St. Mary's, and because Captain Carter and his men showed an inclination to defend themselves they were cut and mangled in a barbarous manner, two Portuguese friars, who were among the passengers, being triced up at each yard of the fore-arm and pulled up and down until they were dead, just to afford laughter to Low and his companions. Another Portuguese passenger, for daring to look sorrowfully at this spectacle, had his stomach ripped open with a cutlass.

"At the same time," says Johnson, "another of these rogues, cutting at a prisoner, missed his mark, and Captain Low, standing in his way, very opportunely received the stroke upon his under jaw, which laid the teeth bare. Upon this the surgeon was called, who immediately stitched up the wound; but Low finding fault with the operation, the surgeon being tolerably drunk (as it was customary for everybody to be), struck Low such a blow with his fist as broke all the stitches, and then bid him sew up his chops himself and be damned; so that Low made a very pitiful figure for some time after."

What a picture of depravity, recklessness, and vice may be conjured up from this short quotation! It will afford some idea of the atmosphere in which the greater number of the pirates passed their lives. But to return to Low. He meditated an expedition into some part of Brazil, but his large vessel was overturned when she was upon the careen, and was lost consequently; and, being reduced to his old schooner again, he had to give up the project. Cruising in the West Indies, he attacked a rich Portuguese ship, the *Nostra Signora de Victoria*, homeward bound from Bahia. The captain of this ship, on finding himself pursued, hung a bag containing 11,000 *moidores* out of the cabin window, and, when the vessel was taken, dropped it into the sea. On learning this Low raved like a fury, swore a thousand good round oaths, and ordered the captain's lips to be cut off, and broiled before his face. Then he murdered the whole crew of thirty-two persons, all told. It is quite a pleasure to know for certain that this seedy cut-throat was hanged in due course; the

pity is that the whirligig of time did not bring round its revenges sooner. No other of the thirty odd English pirates whose exploits are on record ever approached him for sheer cold-blooded heartlessness ; one can only find a parallel in the careers of Lolonois the Cruel and Montbars the Exterminator, who are counted among the earliest of the freebooters, and who both believed themselves sent by Heaven to avenge the injuries done by the Spaniards to the Indians of Panama.

M. R. DAVIES.

AT THE BEND OF THE RIVER.

A PLEASANT change truly from the hot dusty road to the fair cool river. At this point a bend in its course conceals the upper part ; another lower down cuts it off below. We are surrounded and shut in by trees ; only a glimpse of some not very distant hills can be seen beyond. On the opposite side of the river a tongue of gravel stretches into the water, and is bounded by willows and a few small trees.

Immediately in front is the river, raised into ripples by the wind, and lapping gently against the shore ; behind is the steep bank of clay leading down from the road.

The stream has here performed a signal service to the geologist : it has revealed some of those secrets of mother earth dear to his heart. Great boulders, washed out of the clay, lie on the brink of the river. Beneath the clay a richly fossiliferous limestone has been laid bare. Relics of a far past lie thickly scattered around. To adapt a well-known line—

The stone we sit upon was once alive.

It is full of shells, corals, and encrinites—ready amply to reward the geologist actively hunting for specimens, or philosophically intent on speculations and musings on the past. To the latter the pretty little enchanter's nightshade, growing on the banks above, will be an appropriate symbol of his power to call forth out of their stony sleep the "forms that once have been." The former will doubtless rely mainly on his hammer and trained hand and eye.

Which shall it be, then, this blazing August day, when it is sweet to sit by the stream and watch the soft refreshing breeze curling its surface into dainty ripples ? The river's soothing influence gains the day. It has for the time the fabled power of the lotus : all things are full of rest.

The rocks around are a vast and ancient burying-ground, bearing records, not only of individuals, but of whole races. Sometimes in a rustic churchyard may be seen a rough block of limestone ; on

one side it is partly smoothed to bear an inscription, the other is rough and full of fossil shells, corals, and encrinites. Thus, in close contact are seen the record of an individual written by his fellow man, and the memorials of more ancient creations inscribed involuntarily by themselves.

And here, verily, the injunction contained in Virgil's line,

Et tumulum facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen,
Build a tomb, and upon it write an inscription,

has been carried out on a large scale. Behold the tomb ! See the inscription from which the geologist has learned so much of the ancient life-history of the globe !

Encrinite stems are among the most common fossils of this carboniferous limestone, they constitute a large portion of its bulk. Locally they are known as St. Cuthbert's beads. On a little rock off Holy Island, on the Northumbrian coast, says the old legend, the Saint laboriously forged them on his anvil :

On a rock, by Lindisfarne,
Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame
The sea-born beads that bear his name.

Here we are presented with the work of St. Cuthbert ; further down the coast, near the classic town of Whitby, we encounter the deeds of St. Hilda. The ammonites occurring in the Lias there are the relics of snakes, of which

Each one
Was changed into a coil of stone
When holy Hilda pray'd.

Thus even in the domains of the geologist is found the work of the weaver of legends.

In Sir Walter Scott's lines the beads are described as "sea-born"; and sea-born they undoubtedly are, for they grew and flourished in the seas of the Carboniferous age. There, strung on living tissues, they formed the pedicels of those sea-lilies, the encrinites, which played so important a part among the inhabitants of those ancient waters.

At Holy Island, indeed, they are doubly sea-born. The sea washes them out of the rock, and prepares them for the hand of the visitor. Here, the river has been the agent in their final appearance.

And we are further reminded that the great Saint himself, whose name has become associated by legendary lore with these fossils of the limestone, wandered through these regions ; for we are in Northumberland, and the river before us is the Tyne.

The limestone, with its marine fossils, brings before us the fact that here, where the river flows calmly on past its green banks, full twenty miles from the sea, the salt waves once rolled.

Ovid's line,

Et procul a pelago conchae jacuere marinae,
And far from the sea lie marine shells,

might have been written of this spot.

Change is the law in all things here. Nature is well termed *Novatrix rerum*.

The river runs on to the sea, and returns again to whence it came—the clouds—to continue its endless circulation. And the solid earth escapes not, but goes a similar round. The waste of the river cliff is carried out to sea, to form new land at some future time. These changes from land to sea, and from sea to land again, are among the most interesting truths revealed to us by geology. And yet the revelation is not altogether a new one. The truth was known at least as long ago as the time of Ovid. In one of his fables—in this particular not fable at all, but solid fact—he speaks of it as a thing familiar to himself :

Vidi ego, quod fuerat quondam solidissima tellus
Esse fretum ; vidi factas ex aequore terras.

(I have seen what formerly was firmest land the sea ; I have seen lands made out of the water.)

When we remember that some of the great truths taught by modern geology are compressed by a modern poet into a few lines ; when we reflect what volumes of geology are expressed in those words—

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands ;
They melt like mists, the solid lands
Like clouds they shape themselves and go—

and other passages, we may well wonder whence Ovid drew the information contained in the quoted lines.

The shells and other organisms of the limestone, lowly as they are in the scale of life, have obtained a memorial which has endured through countless ages.

Horace desired for himself a monument more durable than brass and loftier than the pyramids :

Exegi monumentum aere perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius.

And the fossils in the limestone here by the river have obtained a

memorial more lasting than brass ; while others, as the nummulites of the famous limestone, are kept in remembrance by one loftier than the pyramids.

Yet even these memorials, after lasting through all these long ages, are now being obliterated. The poet, in wishing for the lasting and lofty monument, also expressed the desire that it might escape the devouring shower—*imber edax*—to which the limestone is an easy prey. Charged with carbonic-acid gas, the rain, whether in the form of scattered drops, or collected as rivers or streams, dissolves the rock and carries it away in solution. Channels and hollows of various shapes and sizes are formed in it. The surface of an elevated limestone region is thus often carved into many beautiful and fantastic forms. Many of the curiously carved hollows are converted into most exquisite natural ferneries, with dainty spleenworts, graceful bladder-ferns, and glossy hart's-tongue.

At the sea-side, the limestone hollows between high and low water become aquaria of rare beauty. In them the sea displays the lovely hues of its many-coloured vegetation and its curious forms of animal life.

The larger cavities in the limestone often form caves. And here a subject of much interest opens out. Here is the happy hunting-ground of the antiquary. Dim, mysterious, and fascinating, underground water-courses stretch away into the dark distance ; fairy caverns with graceful stalactites hanging from the roof, and stalagmites shooting upwards amid dainty pools of water on the floor, tempt the explorer onward ; the sealed-up records of bygone ages, both historic and pre-historic, lie below.

Above the limestone, here, is the boulder clay : large rounded stones washed out of it strew the margin of the river. This deposit points back to an interesting epoch in the climate of the past. We see the geologist's now familiar picture of our land in the great Ice age. A huge mantle of snow covers the surface of the country, and mighty glaciers grind their way down the valleys. But according to modern geology we have had, not one, but many Ice ages. Dr. Croll's theory asserts the occurrence of such at intervals, not regular, but ascertainable by calculation from certain data. Thus in the Carboniferous age, to which our limestone belongs, have been many alterations in climate, from warm to cold and the reverse.

Astronomical and other changes, says Dr. Croll, cause the north and south hemisphere to be alternately glaciated. When this occurs, an accumulation of ice at either pole alters the centre of gravity of the globe, and the waters of the ocean are consequently drawn to that

pole. Much of the land in the corresponding hemisphere is consequently submerged : when the ice has passed to the other pole the waters retire, and the land re-emerges. In this way would Dr. Croll account for the alterations of sea and land which have occurred so frequently in the Carboniferous period.

The work of the river is to wear down the surface of the land, to form the broad valley and the narrow ravine. And this chiselling of the surface—one of the important truths of modern geology—was also known to the Roman poet, whose remarks on changes from land to sea, and sea to land, have been quoted above :

Quodque fuit campus, vallem decursus aquarum

Fecit ; et eluvie mons est deductus in aequor.

(That which was a plain, the water-course has made a valley ; and by the water floods the mountain is brought down to the plain.)

Yes, the broad valley in which the river runs is largely its own work. Aided by atmospheric forces, it has made the level plain a valley and brought down the high grounds to the plain.

See how great masses of clay have slipped down the bank ! They have been carried off by the flood, leaving as witnesses the large boulders formerly imbedded in it, and which now strew the ground.

Not even the hard limestone can resist the river's soft hand : hidden away in those transparent depths is the substance of the rock. Shells, corals, and encrinites, dissolved in the water, are carried out to sea. There they may go to form the hard parts of many marine organisms. Wonderful, endless, round of changes ! The carbonate of lime drawn from the carboniferous sea formed the stem of the encrinite ; after reposing long ages in the rock it is carried away in solution, and may go to form the shell of an oyster or part of a coral reef :

Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

Thus the great monument reared to the inhabitants of those ancient seas is fast wasting away. Horace has hitherto obtained the fame he required, but it has lasted only a moment compared to the memorial of the lowly organisms of the limestone. Yet, which will in the end prove most enduring ? Will mind assert its superiority over matter, and the thoughts of the poet outlive not only the destruction of the fossils of the limestone, but of the material universe itself ?

G. W. BULMAN.

CURIOSITIES OF EATING AND DRINKING.

AS French has, from some not very obvious reason, except that our lively neighbours generally take the lead in all the fashions, usurped the first place in the vernacular of the table, something more effectual than the private order said to have been recently issued to the German Emperor's establishment to substitute German for French will be needed to work a revolution in this respect in Prussia, while the rest of Europe will certainly follow its time-honoured customs. In spite of the prestige of French, English is not so poor that it would be difficult to draw up a decent bill of fare in it—more pretentious than the “Sausage and Mashed” temptingly blazoned in the windows of humble refreshment-rooms. Having regard, however, to the extraordinary blunders sometimes perpetrated in the futile attempt to describe a good English dish in bad French, it would be more prudent were those who use the latter to take some pains to guard against errors. “Menus made Easy” is one of the best books of the kind, and, in the modest preface, the author explains that she aims at assisting ladies in the delicate task of naming the dinner for the day. If “Menus made Easy” does nothing besides helping the comparatively small number of ladies who want to describe the day's dinner in correct French, its usefulness would be confined within narrow limits ; but it has a far wider field, and it could not be read without much useful information being obtained. In summer, when thousands of our countrymen make their way to Paris, this book would be of immense service, and would save many of them serious trouble in selecting their dinners. A good story is told of an English tourist, who, accompanied by two ladies, visited a Parisian restaurant. He volunteered to choose the dishes. Taking the menu from the waiter, he held it long enough to convey the impression that he was a profound linguist and had read the contents through ; then, to strengthen the deception, he pointed, with the air of one who had made up his mind, to two items far down the list, and, to begin with, ordered the “garsong” to supply

the party with them. His chagrin and the merry glances of his friends may be imagined when the waiter, with imperturbable gravity, placed on the table three finger-bowls filled with rose-water and a wine-glass containing toothpicks !

The following was a receipt to make turnip-bread, much used in Essex towards the end of the fifteenth century : "Take peeled turnips, boil them till they are soft in water ; then strongly press out the juice, and mix them, being beaten very fine and small, with their weight in wheat-meal ; add salt, as much as is sufficient, dissolved in warm water ; knead it up as other dough or paste, and bake it."

This may be compared with the bread, little more luxurious and digestible, used by the young German Emperor. He is said to be fond of constant variety, even in such trifling matters as bread. He takes, at breakfast, a small white loaf, called "salt-bun," the top of which is powdered over with salt—it costs one penny ; this done, he has a half-penny bun, known as "Lucca-eye" ; for sandwiches he has still another kind, made of the finest Vienna flour, and baked till the outside, afterwards cut off, is perfectly black—this also costs a penny. At dinner, with soup, "brothsticks" are served ; they are made after an Italian recipe, the secret of the court bakers—they come to a half-penny each.

While treating of low prices, the reader will be interested to see the *menu* and cost of a dinner-party given by Darrell of Littlecote, a rich country squire, in Elizabeth's days ; they are sufficiently curious :—

A pece of beef	xviid.
A legg of mutton	xxd.
II chickens and bacon	xxd.
I chicken and II pigeons rost	xviiiid.
For dressing all	viiiid.
For parsly, cloves, and sauce for the mutton	vid.
Bread and beer	vid.

7s. 11d.

Supper the same day cost 4s. 9d.

The profusion which characterised the unfortunate Charles I. is well shown in the following account of the lavish and wasteful table which he kept up ; it is asserted that—

There were daily in his Court 86 tables well furnished each meal, whereof the king's table had 28 dishes, the queen's 24 ; 4 other tables 16 dishes each ; 3 other 10 dishes each ; 12 other had 7 dishes each ; 17 other tables had each of them 5 dishes ; 3 other had 4 each ; 32 other tables had each 3 dishes ; and 13 other had each 2 dishes ; in all about 500 dishes each meal, with beer, wine, and all

other things necessary—all which was provided most by the several purveyors, who by commission, legally and regularly authorised, did receive those provisions at a moderate price, such as had been formerly agreed upon in the several counties of England, which price (by reason of the value of money much altered) was become low, yet a very inconsiderable burthen to the kingdom in general, but thereby was greatly supported the dignity royal in the eyes of strangers as well as subjects. The English nobility and gentry, according to the king's example, were excited to keep a proportionate hospitality in their several country mansions, the husbandmen encouraged to breed cattle, all tradesmen to a cheerful industry; and there was then a free circulation of monies throughout the whole body of the kingdom. There was spent yearly in the king's house of gross meat 1,500 oxen, 7,000 sheep, 1,200 veals, 300 porkers, 400 sturks or young beefs, 6,800 lambs, 300 fitches of bacon, and 26 boars; also 140 dozen of geese, 250 dozen of capons, 470 dozen of hens, 750 dozen of pullets, 1,470 dozen of chickens; for bread, 3,600 bushels of wheat; and for drink, 600 tun of wine and 1,700 tun of beer; moreover, of butter 46,640 pounds, together with fish, and fowl, venison, fruit, and spice proportionably.

A century before Charles I. ended his tortuous and unhappy life on the scaffold, which the miserable monarch had done his best to merit, by infringing the constitution, extravagance, and bad faith, a tract throwing great light on the times of Henry VIII. was "printed for Rycharde Bankes by Robert Wycr," relating to the legal times of work, meals, and sleep for artificers in the reign of King Henry VIII., and entitled, "The Ordynral or Satut concernyng Artyfycers, Servauntes, and Labourers, newly prynted with dyvers other things thereunto added":

It is enacted by ye sayd statute made in the vi. yere of Kyng Henry the VIII., the iii. chaptycr, that every artyfycer and labourer shal be at his worke betwene the myddes of Marche and the myddes of Septembre before fyve of the clocke in the mornynge, and that he shall have but halfe an houre for his brekefast, and an houre and an halfe for his dyner at such time as he hath to slepe by the statute, and when he hath no season to hym appoynted to slepe, then he shall have but one houre for his dyner, and halfe an houre for his noone meate, and that he departe not from his worke tyll betwene vii. and viii. of the clocke at nyght.

And that from the myddes of Septembre to the myddes of Marche, every artyfycer and labourer to be at their worke in the spryngynge of the daye, and departe not tyll nyght.

And yf that any of the sayde Artyfycers or labourers do offende in any of these Artycles, that then theyre defaultes to be marked by hym or his deputy that shal paye theyr wages, and at the weke's end theyr wages to be abated after the rate.

And that the sayde artyfycers and labourers shall not slepe in the daye, but onely from the myddest of Maye unto the myddest of Auguste.

Some time ago Joseph Dugnol, the famous *chef*, was interviewed by a New York reporter, who tried to get an original bill of fare from him, and succeeded. Here it is—it has been called the best in the

world ; it certainly has the merit of neither restricting the variety nor stinting the appetite :

BREAKFAST.

Anything you like and not too much of it. Change every day.

DINNER.

Ditto.

SUPPER.

Ditto.

In strong contrast to the moderate price of the German Emperor's bread may be placed the frightful extravagance in drink which still disgraces many working-men. The following extract from the *Guardian* deals with twenty-five years ago, but I could, from my knowledge of country labourers, give recent figures still more startling. Five years ago I used to see a Dorset labourer, whose wages were one pound a week ; this man, in one whole year, was said to have taken home five shillings only ; all the rest, his afflicted wife assured me, had gone in drink, and yet he had never once been intoxicated.

Few of us realise, says the writer in the *Guardian*,

how much is, or used to be, spent in village public-houses. Some twenty-five years ago I had an opportunity of forming an opinion on this point, and, taking into counsel a wise old friend, the vicar of a parish adjoining my own, I was able to get pretty accurately (1) the amount of wages paid yearly in these two parishes, with a population of about 1,400 together, and (2) the annual quantity of beer consumed in the six public-houses in the two parishes. I cannot now give you the actual figures we arrived at, but I know that we deliberately concluded that more than 6s. was consumed in drink out of every pound paid in wages by the farmers. Spirits were very little drunk at that time in such places. My impression is that we only took note of beer, and we were able to get as nearly as possible at the actual sums paid by the various farmers and the actual number of barrels of beer supplied to each public-house. Subsequently I had for a time in my possession the *book* of one of these houses, given to me by a former landlord, and there were cases there of men earning 12s. to 14s. a week, and not reckoned as unsteady, who habitually spent 6s. or 7s. a week at the public house.

It may interest consumers of alcoholic beverages to learn what, according to the figures officially placed, on July 15th, 1890, before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Deleterious Spirits, some of the drinks so generally relished are really made up of. That report states that, one year with another, there are sold in this country as whiskey 21,828,284 gallons of a decoction which is not whiskey at all ; 6,000,000 gallons are sold as brandy and gin which are neither the one nor the other ; nearly 14,000,000 gallons of potato and rice spirit are imported, and 12,500,000 gallons are consumed

under the erroneous impression that they are rum or gin. Who, after this, would care to be a spirit drinker?

The recent edition of Sir Henry Thompson's popular "Food and Feeding" does not call for much comment. The importance of properly selecting and preparing food, the various materials at man's command, the ordinary dietary of Englishmen, the contrast between it and that of Continental nations, and many other topics are fully discussed in its pages. Sir Henry regards the food taken in this country as far too solid and stimulating—shall I say, too indigestible—and throughout the work this is the key-note. Greater attention should rather, he thinks, be paid to skill in cooking than to quantity. The dreary monotony of the dinner-table of many middle-class families is most wasteful. Describing such an establishment, our accomplished author observes: "Joints of beef and mutton, of which we all know the very shape and the changeless odour, follow one another with unvarying regularity, six roast to one boiled, and have done so ever since the average middle-class Englishman began to keep house some five-and-twenty years ago!" But roast meat is rarely to be obtained, when the term is used in the good old sense of a joint cooked in front of an open fire. Without disparaging the improvements of cooking-range manufacturers, the difference between roasting before an open fire and baking in a close or partially ventilated range is considerable, while the superiority is with the former. The author lays great stress on *braising* animal food, and regrets that it is not better understood and more generally practised in this country. *Braising*, as ordinarily understood by English cooks, does not strongly recommend itself; for its successful performance the meat should be just immersed in a strong liquor of vegetable and animal juices, called *braise*, in a close covered vessel; the latter should be exposed for a considerable time to a degree of heat just short of boiling, and as little evaporation as possible should be permitted. In this manner the toughest and most fibrous of flesh becomes tender and digestible. Soups, although excellent and economical, are not sufficiently used among us, and the author of "Food and Feeding" gives considerable space to them. In connection with this matter, some of my readers will recollect the amusing controversy, a few years ago, when Sir Henry Thompson stated, in a paper read at the Fisheries Exhibition, that turtle-soup "at its best" was made of stock from the conger-eel, the turtle only furnishing the garnish and the name. Several dealers in turtle-soup, and some other persons who were somewhat over zealous to protect, as they imagined, the injured reputation of civic banquets, took up the

cudgels against Sir Henry, but he silenced his critics and established the accuracy of his assertions.

What would Sir Henry say to plum-pudding as an invalid's dish? Would he be more amused or disgusted with the following. "A much insulted British Plum-Pudding" some time ago wrote to the *Times* :

Perhaps your readers may be interested as well as amused at the information which the *Kreutzzeitung* offers to its patrons concerning English Christmas puddings. The extract, of which the following is a translation, is from an article on English Christmas customs, reprinted from the *Kreutzzeitung* by the *Petersburger Zeitung* of January 5 : "The ingredients of this famous national dish consist of dough, beer in the course of fermentation, milk, brandy, whisky, and gin in equal parts ; bread, citronade, and small and large raisins in profusion. The mass must be stirred by the whole family for at least three days, and then hung up in a linen bag for six weeks in order to thoroughly ferment. The cost of this delicacy," adds the well-informed writer, "is about 20s. for four persons." Live and learn !

One can only hope that the amusing articles one so often reads in English periodicals on foreign curiosities of diet have something more reliable to rest upon, and that foreigners do not find them more amusing than true.

The fruit lover will be glad to hear on good authority that fruit farming is rapidly making way in many parts of the three kingdoms. Mr. Charles Whitehead mentions, in an interesting article, originally published in the *Royal Agricultural Society's Journal*, that fifty years ago under 100,000 acres of land were given to fruit growing ; these in 1872 had increased to 170,000, and the present estimate is at least 214,000. When allowance is also made for the improved methods of cultivation generally adopted there is good reason for satisfaction. In addition, it should be remembered that the imports of apples have increased from 71,162 bushels in 1839 to 3,796,692 in 1888 ; nearly half this enormous amount comes from the United States, and half the remainder, a quarter of the whole that is, from Canada ; but we also receive large quantities of soft fruit from Spain, France, Belgium, Holland, and Portugal. It remains true that there is still plenty of room for the development of fruit-growing in this country. Unfortunately our fruit-growers are severely handicapped by drawbacks less felt in the States and on the Continent ; amongst these may be mentioned excessive carriage rates and the charges of the middle-men—though how the latter are to be avoided is not obvious—and late spring frosts, to which the author of "Lorna Doone" has just drawn marked attention. If we do not use fruit to the extent we ought, we are none the less to blame in not turning

vegetables to proper account. Some very serious diseases are aggravated, if not caused by meat, and the well-to-do, to put the matter mildly, certainly eat too much animal food. Almost all large overgrown vegetables can be boiled, and make excellent dishes. Huge cucumbers, too overgrown to be eaten raw, are a wholesome second vegetable, cooked like vegetable-marrow, or boiled whole in salt and water, and when thoroughly tender, should be strained through a sieve, and seasoned with pepper, salt, and butter. Lettuces, radishes, and celery can also be served up well boiled, and are delicious.

Under the title of "Our Farmers in Chains," the Rev. Harry Jones gives, in a recent number of the *National Review*, the prices of different agricultural products which the farmer receives, the cost of transit to the Metropolis, and the price paid by consumers; and the facts which this distinguished writer has collected, though in the main not new to the farmer, who has long known the vast difference between the sum paid him and that obtained by the retailer, are so strikingly put that they must arrest the attention of every reader. Mr. Jones observes that people will hardly credit that some things which the farmer grows easily and abundantly, and which are in constant demand, are retailed at more than double and treble the price which he receives for them; and yet the truth of this is capable of easy proof. Struck by the price charged for small carrots, a penny for three, in one of the poorer districts of London, Mr. Harry Jones directed an agent to pay regular visits to the humbler shops in Lisson Grove, Bethnal Green, Bishopsgate, Shoreditch, and Limehouse, and ascertain the prices charged. The result was, broadly, the discovery that carrots, bought in the bunch, were charged for at the rate of a half-penny apiece, turnips about the same, and good parsnips everywhere a penny each. Ten bushels of carrots were then bought for him by a farmer friend near Thurston Station on the Great Eastern Railway, about three hours from London; they weighed 3 cwt. 2 qrs. 14 lbs., and contained six hundred and thirty carrots—sixty-three to the bushel. The cost of the whole was 2s. 11d., or 3½d. the bushel; thus he bought sixty-three good carrots for 3½d.—the current price of nine to the working-people of London. Six hundred and thirty carrots weigh one-sixth of a ton, so that a ton would number 3,780, and the price would be 17s. 6d.; the cost of carriage between Thurston and London is 8s. 9d. in two-ton truck loads. Hence a ton of carrots, numbering 3,780 roots, can be bought at Thurston and transported to Bishopsgate for £1. 6s. 3d., while close to the latter a bundle of nine is selling at 3½d. or £6. 2s. 6d. the ton! Deducting £1. 6s. 3d. from £6. 2s. 6d., £4. 16s. 3d. remains to cover the cost of the car-

riage of the ton to the shop of the retail dealer, leaving him a very handsome profit. But the Great Eastern undertakes to bring from station to station and to deliver a ton of carrots in London within ordinary limits for 15s. 10d., so that the actual cost of this quantity of carrots, placed in the hands of a retailer, is £1. 13s. 4d. His retail price would make a ton fetch £6. 2s. 6d., showing a profit which he certainly does not get under existing conditions, the lion's share going to the middle-man. Dealing with white turnips, Mr. Jones estimates the number grown on an acre at 30,000, and as fine ones are sold in London at a $\frac{1}{2}$ d. each, and bundles of smaller ones at $3\frac{1}{2}$ d., an enormous difference exists between prices in town and in the open country. Parsnips are grown much in the same way as carrots, and a good crop of the latter produces 1,000 bushels to the acre; if only fifty roots were allowed to the bushel the total would be 50,000. Even half that number would, at the London retail price, come to £104. 3s. 4d., a sum which, could he only get it, would make the poor farmer's mouth water.

How much can be written on such an apparently insignificant text as oysters is shown by a singularly curious and even learned work just given to the world by Dr. J. R. Philpots, of Parkstone. It deals with the whole history of oysters and extends to 900 closely printed pages. The author however informs me that his material would fill 1,200, but that in pity to his readers he has held over 300 pages for another edition. Had his portly tome extended to the dimensions originally proposed it would have more than merited the comprehensive title it bears, "Oysters and All about Them"—for could anyone find more to say? The work abounds in quaint passages and anecdotes drawn from old and little read sources, and therefore resembles, *mutatis mutandis*, the "Anatomy of Melancholy" or the "Compleat Angler." I venture to give a brief passage as a specimen of the lively style and careful research of the author.

In the days when luxury was rampant, and men of great wealth, like Licinius Crassus, the leviathan slave merchant, rose to the highest honour, this dealer in human flesh in the boasted land of liberty filled the office of consul along with Pompey the Great. On one occasion he required 10,000 tables to accommodate all his guests. How many barrels of oysters were eaten at that celebrated dinner the *Ephemerides*—as Plutarch calls the *Times* and the *Morning Post* of his day—have omitted to state; but as oysters then took the place that turtle-soup now does at our great City banquets, the imagination may busy itself, if it likes, with the calculation. All we know is that oysters then fetched very high prices at Rome, as the author of the "Tabella Cibaria" has not failed to tell us; and then, as now, the high price of any luxury was sure to make a liberal supply necessary, when a plutocrat like Crassus, to strengthen his popularity, entertained half the city as his guests. The Romans had a weakness for the *breedy* creatures,

as Christopher North calls them in his inimitable "Noctes Ambrosianæ." In the time of Nero, at least one hundred and twenty-four years later, the consumption of oysters in the Imperial City was nearly as great as it is now in the World's Metropolis ; and there is a statement that during the reign of Domitian untold millions of bushels were annually consumed at Rome. These oysters were but the Mediterranean produce—the small fry of Circe and the smaller Lucrinians. This unreasonable demand upon them quite exhausted the beds in the great fly-catcher's reign ; and it was not till under the wise administration of Agricola in Britain, when the Romans got their far-famed Rutupians from the shores of Kent, from Richborough and the Reculvers—the *Rutupi Portus* of the Itinerary, of which the *Regulbium*, near Whitstable, at the mouth of the Thames, was the northern boundary—that Juvenal praised them as he does. And he was right, for the whole world besides produces no oyster like them ; and of all the breedy creatures that glide, or have ever glided, down the throats of the human race, *our Natives* are probably the most delectable. Can we wonder when Macrobius tells us the Roman pontiffs, in the fourth century of our era, never failed to have Rutupians at table, for we can feel sure that Constantine the Great and his mother, the pious Helena, must have carried their British taste with them to Rome. Pliny mentions that, according to the historians of Alexander's expedition, oysters, a foot in diameter, were found in the Indian Seas ; and Sir James E. Tennent was unexpectedly enabled to corroborate the correctness of this statement, for at Kottier, near Trincomalee, enormous specimens of edible oysters were brought to the *rest-house*. One measured more than eleven inches in length, by half as many in width. But this extraordinary measurement is beaten by the oysters of Port Lincoln, in South Australia, which are the largest edible ones in the world. They are as large as a dinner-plate, and of much the same shape. They are sometimes more than a foot across the shell, and the oyster fits his habitation so well that he does not leave much margin. It is a new sensation, when a friend asks you to lunch at Adelaide, to have *one* oyster fried in butter, or eggs and bread-crumbs, set before you ; but it is a very pleasant experience, for the flavour and delicacy of the Port Lincoln mammoths are proverbial even in that land of luxuries.

Dr. Philpots has as an object to draw special attention to the importance of a longer close season, less recklessness in dredging, and the systematic extension of oyster-beds ; but in some respects his conclusions are at variance with those of Huxley.

The last report of the Scotch Fishery Board is rich in curious information on salmon—king of fish—herrings, and oysters. The *Times*, in a sparkling leader, has given the "Breedy Creatures" of Christopher North a telling paragraph, which my readers will thank me for giving them an opportunity of reperusing at their leisure, and which supplements my own remarks on Dr. Philpots' great book of 900 pages.

The movements and the multiplication of the herring are beyond human control, but it is otherwise with the oyster. The pages of the Report which the Commissioners devote to this delicate morsel are, in fact, filled with statistics as to the destruction of natural oyster-beds throughout the world, and as to the way

in which art is contriving to supply their place. For example, the Firth of Forth is almost emptied of its oysters, and the trade of Leith has dwindled to 315 hundreds, valued at £175, or 11s. per hundred. At the beginning of the century a single boat would often take 6,000 oysters in a day, which would be sold for 1s. 3d. a hundred. The same story, as everyone knows, is told of all the natural oyster fisheries, not only round our own coast, but in France and even in America. For example, "the produce of the rich beds of the Bay of Cancale, on the coast of Normandy, gradually fell from 71,000,000 of oysters in 1847 to 1,000,000 in 1865." In America the beds north of the Chesapeake are now worthless; those on Rhode Island and Connecticut are reported extinct; and even the great beds of Maryland and Virginia are becoming rapidly exhausted. But there is happily another side to the medal. The oyster is a being that can be watched, and the man of science has been watching it. Its development in all its stages is known, and, fortunately, the conditions of it are such as can be produced artificially. The first important step seems to have been taken in 1851, under the direction of Professor Coste, of the Collège de France; and the astonishing result of the experiments introduced by him has been that, at Arcachon alone, the number of oysters exported rose in ten years, between 1871 and 1880, from under 5,000,000 to the enormous number of 195,000,000. In America, as might be expected from that country, where everything is done on a large scale, the results are greater still. It was in 1874 that Mr. H. C. Rowe, of Newhaven, began sowing shells in deep water: this being the method which experience has suggested for giving the young fry, diffused throughout the water, a place to which they can attach themselves. Mr. Rowe, according to the Commissioners, "now sows as many as a hundred thousand bushels of shells annually upon what is now the most colossal oyster-farm in the world, embracing an area of 15,000 acres at the bottom of the sea." He and his imitators, in fact, have developed a large industry, and already supply the markets of New York with 60 per cent. of all the oysters sold there. For the details of the method adopted we must refer our readers to the Blue-book, only expressing the hope that something like the American system, which is capable of much regulation and improvement, may be largely adopted on our own coasts, famous for oysters since Roman times.

How rapidly animals adapt themselves to altered conditions of existence the following passage will show: and human beings are not less quick in submitting to unfamiliar circumstances and in thriving upon them. "Hereabouts," says Miss Betham Edwards in her recent work on the "Roof of France," "the barren, stony wilderness-like country betokens the region of the Causses. We are all this time winding round the rampart-like walls of the great Causse de Larzac, which stretches from Le Vigan to Millaw, rising to a height of 2,624 feet above sea-level, and covering an area of nearly a hundred square miles. This Causse affords some interesting facts to evolutionists: the aridity, the absolutely waterless condition of the Larzac has evolved a race of non-drinking animals. The sheep, browsing the fragrant herbs of these plateaux, have altogether unlearned the habit of drinking, whilst the cows drink very little. The much esteemed Roquefort cheese is made from ewes' milk, the

non-drinking ones of the Larzac. Is the peculiar flavour of the cheese due to this non-drinking habit?"

Most people, no doubt, know that the ruminants—that is, certain animals, like cows—have large pouches connected with their intestinal apparatus, in which imperfectly masticated food is received, and, at a convenient season, returned into the mouth and there thoroughly masticated. Human beings occasionally have the power of returning their food into the mouth for a more complete mastication, and one such instance is recorded by Mrs. Piozzi in her "Journey through Italy," that of a gentleman living at Milan, in the year 1786, who had this remarkable peculiarity:

There is a lawyer at Milan, and a man respected in his profession, who actually chews the cud like an ox, which he did at my request and in my presence. He is apparently much like another tall, stout man, but has many extraordinary properties, being eminent for strength, and possessing a set of ribs and sternum very surprising, and worthy the attention of anatomists. His body, upon the slightest touch, even through all his clothes, throws out electric sparks. He can reject his meals from his stomach at pleasure, and did absolutely, in the course of two hours—the only two I ever passed in his company—go through, to oblige me, the whole operation of eating, masticating, swallowing, and returning by the mouth a large piece of bread and a peach. With all this conviction nothing more was wanting; but I obtained, besides, the confirmation of common friends, who were willing likewise to bear testimony of this strange accidental variety. What I hear of his character is that he is a low-spirited, nervous man, and I suppose his *ruminating* moments are spent in lamenting the singularities of his frame.

Mrs. Oliphant, one of the most charming and entertaining of living writers, has in her delightful "Literary History of England," a work of extraordinary merit and as interesting as a novel, given a touching account of Burns' habits and his deplorable craving for stimulants. She also draws pointed attention to the melancholy, though of course well-known, fact that Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Thomas de Quincey, who were both connected, at least for a time, with the Lake school of poets, were addicted to a dreadful habit, closely allied to intemperance—an inordinate craving for opium, which blasted the lives of both. A passage that greatly struck me in reading her graceful narrative of Anna Seward, the "Swan of Lichfield," draws a sad picture of the disgraceful exhibition which poor Erasmus Darwin, the once famous poet, though now almost forgotten, usually so abstemious, made of himself one day that he had been transgressing his ordinary temperance.

"To balance," says Mrs. Oliphant, "Miss Seward's semi-heroic narrative, we are told of a certain occasion on which Dr. Darwin, who as a rule eschewed all intoxicating liquors, was persuaded to drink more wine than was good for him. It was while on a boating expedition, in the middle of a hot midsummer day,

To the horror and astonishment of his friends, the half-intoxicated doctor, suddenly plunged out of the boat into the river, when they were close to Nottingham, and rushing, in his wet clothes, across the fields, reached the market-place before they could overtake him. Here they found him mounted on a tub, making an oration to the gaping multitude around. 'Ye men of Nottingham, listen to me,' he said. 'You are ingenious and industrious mechanics. By your industry, life's comforts are procured for yourselves and your families. If you lose your health, the power of being industrious will forsake you, *that* you know; but you may not know that to breathe fresh and changed air constantly is not less necessary to procure health than sobriety itself. Air becomes unwholesome in a few hours if the windows are shut. I have no *interest* in giving you this advice. Remember what I, your countryman and a physician, tell you. If you would not bring infection and disease upon yourselves, and to your wives and little ones, change the air you breathe; change it many times a day by opening your windows.' After this abrupt address he got down from his tub and went back with his friends to their boat. The dripping philosopher on his homely platform, the gaping crowd about him, an eager apothecary of his acquaintance vainly endeavouring to persuade him to come home with him and change his wet clothes, and the astounded excursionists standing by, not knowing what to make of their friend's vagary, form an amusing picture."

Perhaps one of the most singular proofs of affection ever recorded is that given by the eccentric genius, De Quincey. He paid a girl of eighteen a signal compliment, and showed himself capable of sublime self-sacrifice for her sake: during his engagement he positively reduced his daily allowance of opium from 340 grains to 40. With his constitutional melancholy, aggravated by the abuse of this terrible drug, De Quincey went through as much misery as the most unfortunate of men ever experienced.

The physician is asked a dozen times a day, by clients of an inquiring turn, what they had better eat, but usually they intend all the while to take just what pleases them. If the doctor's advice is in accordance with their humour, well and good; if not, they abuse him, and go their own way, notwithstanding all the cogent arguments he can bring forward. A great physician of the past—Sir Richard Jebb—was not distinguished for the delicate language he made use of to his patients. Nothing used to make him swear more than the eternal question, "What may I eat?" "Pray, Sir Richard, may I eat a muffin?" "Yes, madam—the best thing you can take." "Oh, dear me, I am glad of that. But, Sir Richard, you told me the other day that it was the *worst* thing I could eat!" "What would be proper for me to eat to-day?" queries another lady. "Boiled turnips." "Boiled turnips!" exclaims the patient. "You forget, Sir Richard, I told you I could never eat boiled turnips." "Then, madam, you must have a terribly vitiated appetite!"

The following lines were written for Sir Richard Jebb's epitaph:

Here, caught in Death's web,
 Lies the great Doctor Jebb,
 Who got gold-dust like Sir Astley Cooper ;
 Did you speak about diet,
 He would kick up a riot,
 And swear like a madman or trooper.

When he wanted your money,
 Like sugar or honey,
 Sir Richard looked happy and placid ;
 Having once touched the cash
 He was testy and rash,
 And his honey was turned all to acid.

Perhaps one of the most curious features of the present age is the constant attack on time-honoured beliefs. Every kind of food and drink is proved by some scientific discoverer or another to be rank poison ; all amusements are attacked on sanitary grounds, while no occupation escapes : in short, according to some pedant or another, life is beset with such perils that how it is preserved for a single month must startle the inquirer. How singular to be warned that tea and coffee are more dangerous than alcohol, and that excess—though, what is excess?—in the former is worse, positively worse than drunkenness caused by wine and beer ! This, at any rate, is the conclusion drawn by Dr. Mendel, of Berlin. But he has been forestalled, and Brillat-Savarin, who really can write well, long ago assured us that Buffon and Voltaire drank enormous quantities of coffee to their deadly hurt, and that the descriptions, which the former penned of the dog, the tiger, the lion and the horse, were written under strong cerebral excitement. He uttered the awful warning that a person of sound constitution might without danger take two bottles of wine a day, *pace* Dr. Richardson, throughout a long lifetime, but with the same indulgence in coffee he would become an idiot or die of consumption. But let us descend to particulars. “In Leicester Square, London,” writes the author of the “*Physiologie du Goût*,” “I have seen a man whom the immoderate use of coffee had reduced to the state of a helpless cripple. He no longer suffered any pain, but had become accustomed to the state, and treated himself to five or six glasses a day.” Brillat-Savarin, in his inimitable fashion, thereupon adds that to prepare himself for a severe task he once drank a larger quantity of coffee than usual, but, not having to grapple with the work he expected, had to pay for his rashness by not closing his eyes for forty hours, his brain all the while being on the rack, and “acting like a mill in motion with nothing to grind.” But, pleasantry apart, every medical practitioner knows that the reckless consumption

of hot tea, so common among the poorer class of middle-aged women, is not unattended with inconvenience, in some cases indeed with actual danger, and much of the indigestion that makes their lives so miserable can be traced to their craving—a perfectly artificial one—for tea: at any rate, I have in hundreds of cases succeeded in relieving many of these unhappy sufferers by stopping the supplies of tea for a few weeks.

While on tea, a few words on common household beverages may not be out of place. As every child knows in days when, as the Latin *Delectus* says, “even boys know many things of which the learned of olden times were ignorant,” four or five non-alcoholic beverages are consumed in incredible quantities in all parts of the world, and by all classes; of these, infusions of tea, coffee-beans, coffee-leaves, cocoa, Paraguay tea, chicory, and Brazilian cocoa, or guarana, are the principal, though others are taken in smaller amounts.

To commence with cocoa. This familiar beverage contains a crystallised nitrogenous alkaloid called theobromine, the analogue of the theine or caffeine in the other members of the same class. Theobromine is noteworthy for its large percentage of nitrogen, and it has been credited with being a nerve restorer. Though tasteless, theine is the stimulating constituent for which these beverages are drunk in such quantities, and any useful physiological properties they possess mainly depend on it. Although the warmth of the infusion is grateful to most people, the aroma of cocoa, tea, and coffee, which has something to do with making them general favourites, is due to a pungent and powerful volatile oil, rarely exceeding one part in 150 or 200. Cocoa, though it should be thoroughly mixed with water and beaten into a paste to prevent the formation of lumps, should invariably be *well boiled*; it is then more palatable, and when the manufacturer has added starch, a harmless constituent of the cheaper brands, more nutritious. Cocoa made with milk, or equal parts of milk and water, is nutritious and wholesome, and cheaper than tea or coffee. My readers should remember that perfectly pure brands, like Cadbury's cocoa essence and Fry's cocoa extract, never thicken on the application of hot water, for they contain no starch. These high-class preparations are cheaper and wholesomer, for they only consist of cocoa from which two-thirds of the rich and indigestible cacao butter has been expressed; nor are they, like the Dutch cocoas, adulterated with dangerous and objectionable alkaline salts. It is significant that the fierce battle on behalf of pure non-medicated cocoa which has been raging in the market is not

confined to England ; the firm of Walter Baker & Co., of Dorchester, Mass., U.S.A., has also been compelled to exert itself to the utmost against Dutch cocoas, which sell at higher prices than their pure rivals, because the alkalies added to them by the makers give the resulting infusion or soup an appearance of increased fictitious strength, and so deceive the public.

The nutritious properties of tea and coffee hardly call for attention, nor is it certain that—unless sugar and milk are added—they have any value at all as food. Tea has been credited with promoting the transformation of starchy and fatty food, and with encouraging perspiration, by stimulating the action of the skin ; but some physiologists try to show that it promotes the chemico-vital bodily functions, and increases rather than checks waste. Strong tea counteracts, in some limited degree, alcohol, and is often used by dram-drinkers, especially in London, for that purpose, and I have known Warwickshire peasants fall back upon it. The Metropolitan Police are said to be keenly alive to its anti-alcoholic properties, while hard drinkers are not ignorant of them, and sometimes tax them to the utmost.

Coffee lessens the action of the skin, and it is said—but more observations are needed to settle the matter—that with a moderate allowance of food, and a liberal supply of tea and coffee, a much larger amount of bodily and mental work can be got through than when these beverages are excluded from the diet and more food is given ; in other words, one of the strongest claims on behalf of all these beverages is that they are food economisers and waste preventers—and if this could be sustained their physiological value would be established ; but I fancy much can be said on the other side. Tea and coffee are, in some at present inexplicable way, of service to the human economy, and most people look upon them as prime necessities of life. Marked recovery of spirits follows a cup of coffee or tea taken directly after violent exertion—at any rate, many people say so. These fluids ought not to be drunk hot, nor in excess, nor at a late hour, as all—but coffee more particularly—interfere with sleep. Unfortunately, the custom is growing of taking them nearly boiling hot ; the folly of this is shown by the indigestion and disturbance of the system sometimes following a single cup of very hot strong tea or coffee. Besides, pepsin—the active principle of the gastric juice—is rendered inert when very hot drinks are taken into the stomach, and a temperature of 120° to 130° Fah. appears to destroy its active properties ; in other words, very hot fluids give rise to indigestion, disturbance of the system, and waste of food, and many experienced

medical practitioners trace a great deal of the severe indigestion which torments middle-aged women to the inordinate quantities of scalding weak tea they take six or seven times a day. I notice that a large proportion, perhaps a majority, of my dyspeptic patients are tea-drinking total abstainers, principally women, who are foolish enough to saturate themselves with insipid hot fluids, and then blame teetotalism for their bad health.

Tea, coffee, and cocoa are all more economical when finely subdivided. At the barracks of the Royal Marines, at Stonehouse, I was surprised to find that tea-leaves were always ground very fine before being infused. An orderly told me that the saving was considerable, less ground tea being needed than unground; this is a good hint, and my readers should not forget to act upon it. A small hand-mill, like the one for coffee, answers admirably, and the daily allowance of tea could be ground in it. Some years ago cakes of compressed tea, divided by a network of lines for greater ease in breaking them into pieces of proper size, were widely advertised: I do not know what has befallen the venture; it could not fail to have many uses, and ought to have been successful. A curious and entertaining article on brick-tea caught my eye a short time ago: I give the most interesting passages, from which the reader will see that the Orientals are aware of the importance of compressing their tea.

A curious and interesting feature of the Chinese tea trade is the extraordinary growth of the brick-tea industry. Formerly the "Bods" of Thibet were the only customers for the compressed and sourish slabs that found their way across the frontiers to the Chinese dependency, but now the Tartars of Central Asia, the Siberians, and the peoples of Eastern Russia, all demand their raw tea in slabs, tablets, or bricks. Consul Allen recently stated that the trade in brick-tea seems to increase by leaps and bounds. The bricks are prepared by machinery, and the brick-tea factories, with their tall chimneys, are the most striking buildings in the European settlement at Hankow. The museum at Kew Gardens received a couple of samples of this tablet-tea early in the present year, and the last number of the *Kew Bulletin* contains an interesting reference to brick-tea. Two kinds of tablet-tea are manufactured for the Siberian and Russian markets, the large and the small; but they differ both in manner of preparation and in quality of the leaf used. The large bricks are made in a very simple way: a quantity of common tea-dust is placed in a sort of pudding-cloth or bag, steamed for a few moments, then turned into wooden moulds, where it is beaten to the required consistency by wooden mallets.

In the modern steam manufactories of Hankow the dry dust is poured into iron moulds, and there subjected to steaming and pressure. This gives a better shaped and firmer brick. When ready, the bricks are placed to cool, stored in drying rooms for a week, carefully wrapped in separate papers and packed in bamboo baskets, each containing sixty-four. Each brick must weigh one catty— $1\frac{3}{4}$ lb.—and care must be exercised to secure the desired weight, or the

Siberians and Tartars refuse them. Hence, a brick, if under weight, is rejected. Green tea is prepared in the same way, only the prejudices of buyers require it to be made up in $2\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. tablets, to be made of the whole leaf, and to be packed thirty-six in a basket. The cost of preparation, carriage, duty, and packing is 30s. per picul of 133 lbs., or $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb.—hence it can be sold at a very low price in the Siberian and Russian markets. The makers, being practical men, take care to reserve the finer and best dust for the outside, keeping the coarser and inferior leaf for the inside. Some years ago this kind of brick-tea was shipped to London in large quantities for Russia. At present it all goes direct from China overland, *viâ* Kiahhta and Maimachin.

The better class of Siberians and Mongols require a superior article, and to supply their wants a smaller brick or tablet of good quality leaf is prepared. It is manufactured from the finest tea-dust. The selection is carefully made, only the product of the early pickings or first crop being chosen. The fine leaf is not steamed, for steaming robs the tea of all its fragrance, and would ill adapt the bricks for connoisseurs. The dust is poured into steel moulds, quite dry, and subjected to hydraulic pressure of two tons to the square inch. In this way the tea preserves for an indefinite period all its aroma and freshness. The original cost to the manufacturer at Hankow is over 84s. per picul. Duty, carriage, packing, and so forth, amount to at least as much, so that the tablets can hardly be sold at a profit by the wholesale dealer and retailed much under 4s. per pound. With the best steam machinery the failures are only five per cent.; where the old-fashioned hand-moulds are used, twenty-five per cent. of the bricks turned out are imperfect and have to be remade. It is claimed for the compressed tablets and bricks that the fragrant constituents of the leaf are better preserved than in the ordinary loose state, that the cells are broken by the heavy hydraulic pressure; hence the use of bricks is more economical, a given weight yielding a stronger infusion than the same quantity of loose tea. But though the small tablets have been introduced in this country, they have not taken with English tea-drinkers. The true brick-tea of China, the unsophisticated article, is, however, nothing like the tablets and slabs which find their way to Russia and Siberia. The genuine brick-tea of the Chinese manufacturers is intended for the Thibetan market and for the Eastern Mongols. It is made of the whole leaf, stalk, flower, and all, as it is picked from the tea-shrub, and is in shape and appearance not unlike a rather dirty ordinary brick. The correspondent writing in the *Kew Gardens Bulletin* states that he has never seen this kind of brick-tea manufactured, but knows it is made by the Chinese in a very simple way. *Simple* is hardly the word: *primitive* is nearer the mark. The leaves are chewed, and when well saturated with saliva are laid out to ferment and partially dry. They are then rolled up into little ball's, with the help of some additional moisture, and afterwards moulded by hand into oblong blocks, or bricks, ten inches long, ten broad, and four thick. The leaves thus prepared acquire a slightly sour taste, due to fermentation induced by the saliva. The trade in these bricks is a most important one, and it is the fear of interference with it on the part of the tea-growers of Assam that is at the bottom of the hostility manifested by the Chinese and Thibetans to an attempt to enter into closer commercial relations with the trans-Himalayan state. The trade in brick-tea is a monopoly of the Lamas or priestly caste of Thibet, and they are very jealous of any interference with a highly profitable business. The ordinary Thibetan must have tea; it is the only thing he considers indispensable, and for this commodity he depends entirely upon the Lamas. The latter know that, if intercourse between Darjeeling and Thibet were encouraged, the Assam

planters would supply the natives with tea at a much lower rate than the priests charge. So, what with the Lamas on the one hand and the Chinese planters on the other, it is not surprising that the attempt to foster commercial intercourse between India and Bodyul is not viewed with favour on the other side of the Indo-Chinese frontier. Brick-tea is also used as currency in Thibet, prices being quoted in equivalents of the compressed leaf. The beverage prepared from the sourish tablets is hardly likely to tempt the Western palate. The Thibetan tea-pot is a sort of wooden churn, into which a boiling infusion of the tea-leaves is poured through the strainer ; a little salt is added, and some twenty or thirty strokes are applied with a wooden dasher pierced with holes. A lump of butter is thrown in, and the mixture churned with one hundred or one hundred and fifty strokes administered with much precision. But this is a good deal more palatable to Europeans than the brew concocted of the bricks by the Mongols. Meal, as well as a bountiful supply of butter, is added to the decoction, and with a fat sheep's tail or two swimming about in the liquid, a dish of tea is served which, in flavour and appearance, is difficult to distinguish from well-thickened pea-soup.

It will long be a moot question, which common household beverage is the most wholesome and useful. That most people prefer something hot to drink is as certain as that the sun is the source of light and heat, and the well-meant crusade against hot infusions is making little way ; few indeed are the persons who stick to cold water, though a good many make free use of milk. In England tea is in almost universal request, and 150,000,000 lbs. are used annually ; coffee is not becoming a greater favourite—indeed, it is said to be actually losing ground ; while, though cocoa is coming into greater request, and the consumption has advanced rapidly of late, it is still far less used than it deserves. Although many persons complain that it does not refresh them like tea or coffee, it possesses the same advantage of warmth, while it is immensely more nutritious, and a large cup of rich, pure cocoa, with sugar and milk, is greatly more sustaining than one of tea or coffee. Cocoa is not an infusion or decoction, but a soup or gruel, and the finely divided particles are suspended in the mixture, but only for a short time ; they have a tendency to settle at the bottom, hence it requires frequent stirring ; and it was to saponify the cocoa soup that certain Dutch firms have added alkalies to their preparations, so that precipitation is not so rapid, and an appearance of greater fictitious strength is obtained. It is to be regretted that people cannot see the reason of the hostility of English firms to these medicated brands. It is no narrow or false patriotism to contend that when our own manufacturers offer, at very low prices, perfectly pure and wholesome preparations, we should, other things being equal, give them the preference. Something too could be advanced as to the objections to the regular use of medicated

cocoas, as the human system is not the better for daily doses of alkaline salts, and on account of their absolute purity the preparations of our own great makers have much to recommend them.

From cocoa to the end of the world is a far cry apparently, but not in reality, for as soon as the population of the globe is so dense that sufficient food cannot be found, cocoa, which, unlike many other beverages, is a food, will not be forthcoming in sufficient quantities. Now, according to a leader in the *Times* of September 9, the British Association, at its recent Leeds gathering, was sorely exercised discussing the very serious question presented by the rapid increase of population, and the first paragraph of that leader is worthy of close attention ; I give it verbatim.

Some flippant person once observed that, as posterity had never done anything for him, he could not see why he should trouble himself about posterity. It may be hoped that few would avow their acceptance of this shocking sentiment, but there is reason to fear that many among us have formed a very inadequate conception of the duty we all owe, even to our more remote descendants. Happily the British Association exists to correct erroneous notions upon this and other important subjects, and to substitute serious reflection for irresponsible frivolity. Its anxiety for the future of the race may be estimated from the fact that two important sections—the Geographical and the Economical—met yesterday, September 8, to discuss the prospects of the population of the globe. Mr. Ravenstein opened the discussion with a paper in which he offered a careful and elaborate estimate of the possibilities of expansion. Our readers will learn with relief that, notwithstanding the gloomy prognostications sometimes heard, these possibilities are still in his view considerable. He estimates the population of the world for the present year at 1,468 millions, and, after making careful allowance for various unfavourable circumstances, he comes to the comforting conclusion that the human race may increase to the number of 5,994 millions without outrunning the supply of food. As this is equal to more than four times the existing population, it may be feared that improvident persons will find in his figures some encouragement to continued carelessness. But a closer examination will convince all but the most thoughtless that, great as is the apparent margin, we cannot afford to dispense with caution and foresight. Mr. Ravenstein has put to himself the pregnant question—How long will it be before the world is full, if humanity persists in its present reckless rate of increase, namely 8 per cent. per decade? Most people will probably learn with pained surprise that, on these terms, the limit of expansion will be reached in 182 years. In the year 2072, unless the human race mends its ways, there will be no more room anywhere. But a single decade will see an increase of 479 millions, and in a single year—the year 2073—a number of unfortunates exceeding the present population of the United Kingdom will be born into a world which will have no food to offer them. Imagination reels under the effort to realize the gigantic calamity thus clearly foreshadowed by the operations of science. The interval may actually be bridged by a couple of lives. The babe born this year may live to see the birth of a grandchild or great-grandchild in 1981, who in turn may live to witness the birth, in 2073, of one of his descendants fated to endure either starvation or a

diet of grass. Surely the most frivolous must pause at the awful thought that his infant's grandchild may live to see the world marked *complet*, like a French omnibus.

Not long ago, what at first seemed an incomprehensible inquiry was addressed to me : I was asked by a young lady, in a letter forwarded by a London editor, to inform her whether starch would do her and some young female friends harm. In my innocence I thought she meant the starch we get in flour, and which is so large and wholesome a part of its bulk, and so I replied that it was most useful and excellent. Judge of my astonishment to learn that she meant a horrid compound of washing starch, which she and her friends took in inordinate quantities to make themselves thin and interesting, much as vinegar is still so often swallowed for the same criminal purpose. What a shock to one's feelings in the year 1890 to discover, for the first time, that starch, compounded with I know not what injurious messes, is taken to derange the stomach and to make the eater thin! Surely, if leanness and a bloodless complexion are coveted, nothing could be easier than to abstain from all but a modicum of food.

For people bent on starving themselves or disorganising their digestion the quality of their food is of minor importance, so that my next paragraph will not interest them.

The Bread and Food Reform League having recently obtained leave to hold meetings in the Board Schools of the Metropolis to air their views, a preliminary gathering was held at the Parkes' Museum of Hygiene, and was attended by a large number of visitors. Dr. Hare, one of the most learned and genial of Metropolitan medical luminaries, a true philanthropist, and absolutely venerated by his old pupils, took the chair, and Dr. Norman Kerr, the great authority on the treatment of inebriety, read a paper on the "Inestimable Value of Good Bread"—arguing that, while white bread was indigestible and innutritious, brown bread, prepared on scientific principles, satisfied every demand from the hygienist's standpoint. Dr. Kerr continued that it was rather singular that while the well-to-do were open to sound teaching—but are not the ignorant always the most impenetrable to new ideas—the views of the League, supported by a mass of incontrovertible evidence, had found little acceptance among the poor, who were far more directly concerned. Whole-meal bread develops a healthy structure of the body with vigorous brain-power, while flour, deprived of its phosphates, will, in the course of time, should it be relied upon as the staff of life, reduce those who eat it to the condition of "jelly-fish" (the expression, though telling, is not

mine but Dr. Kerr's). Miss Yates, the hon. secretary of the League, contended that the use of white bread is a common cause of rickets in children, and of consumption, neuralgia, and other complaints in adults. This shows that even a vegetarian diet, in spite of its superior cheapness and wholesomeness, has drawbacks, when zeal is not accompanied by discretion and knowledge. By the way, an argument in support of vegetarianism, crowning all the others, and, in my humble judgment, giving them tenfold weight, is that the extension of vegetarianism would lessen the indescribable and agonising sufferings of the unhappy creatures reared and killed for human food. To say nothing of the atrocities perpetrated on calves, Strasburg geese, and many other timid animals reserved for the epicure's consumption—of turtles nailed down to the decks of ships and transported thousands of miles lying on their backs ; of cattle and poultry packed in railway carriages, and driven wild by want of food and water, jammed against one another, crushed into corners of vans and trucks, and shaken by the jolting of the trains—what of the cruelty of drovers and the ferocity of butchers ? From one end of the world to another, through all the ages, the sufferings of animals at the hand of man have been so terrible, unnecessary and cold-blooded, that they have saddened the hearts and darkened the lives of all the thoughtful men and women who have dared to think about them. Well has it been said, although with no bearing on vegetarianism, that no animal is half so savage as man. Whatever else it might mean, a vegetable diet would lessen the torture of animals and make humanity to them more common.

ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

UP AND DOWN THE LINE.

ONE needs to be as great a man as Mr. Ruskin to be able to write to a correspondent, as he did in March, 1887, and describe railroads as "the most hideous things now extant, animated and deliberate earthquakes, destructive of all wise social habit or possible natural beauty, carriages of poor souls on the ridges of their own graves." It is only fair to remember that these very burning words were written in reply to a gentleman of Cumberland, who had communicated with him respecting the then projected Ambleside Railway; they owe without doubt much of their intensity to æsthetic reasons of the greatest cogency. Such a dislike to railways seems refreshingly fantastic now, but it was extremely common in the first half of this waning century, and fortified itself with reasons quite the reverse of æsthetic; in fact, the anti-railway champions took up a sternly practical stand-point. At the third reading of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Bill in the House of Commons in 1826, the Hon. Edward Stanley moved that the Bill be read that day six months, and Sir Isaac Coffin seconded the motion, indignantly denouncing the project as fraught with fraud and imposition. He would not consent to see widows' premises invaded, he gallantly said, and "how," he asked, "would any person like to have a railroad under his parlour window? What was to be done with all those who had advanced money in making and repairing turnpike roads? What with those who may still wish to travel in their own or hired carriages, after the fashion of their forefathers? What was to become of coach-makers and harness-makers, coach-masters and coachmen, innkeepers, horse-breeders, and horse-dealers? Was the House aware of the smoke and noise, the hiss and whirl, which locomotive engines, passing at the rate often of ten or twelve miles an hour, would occasion? Neither the cattle ploughing in the fields or grazing in the meadows could behold them without dismay. Iron would be raised in price 100 per cent., or, more probably, exhausted altogether! It would be the greatest nuisance, the most complete disturbance of quiet and comfort, in all parts of the kingdom, that

the ingenuity of man could invent !” Other opponents to the Bill gave forth still gloomier and odder predictions ; the smoke of the engines would kill the birds, and the cows would be so frightened (poor things !) as to cease to give their milk ; the sparks from the engines would set fire to the houses and manufactories on the line of route ; the horse would become an extinct animal, and such dire results were to ensue that amongst them the absolute ruin of the whole country would shrink to the insignificance of a mere detail. This was not considered particularly absurd by a large class of people in 1826, and one rather looks on those daring spirits as heroes who are represented in an old print of two trains as travelling on the Liverpool and Manchester line in 1830. One of these, which apparently represents the very earliest form of passenger train, is drawn by an engine, which is a species of first cousin to the famous “Rocket,” the engine which gained Stephenson the prize of £500 in a competition at Rainhill, and which is still preserved in the South Kensington Museum. Previous to its opening the Liverpool and Manchester line offered this prize for the best engine that could draw three times its own weight. On the 8th October, 1829, three engines entered the competition ; the “Rocket” was there in charge of Stephenson ; Ericsson and Braithwaite showed the “Novelty,” and Hackworth produced his “Nonpareil.” All the vehicles at the bottom of the print seem to be fully exposed to the weather, except for a slight awning overhead, and only a portion of the passengers are enjoying the luxury of seats ; the vehicles are in type not unlike open goods waggons of the present day. The upper portion of the picture shows a train with better accommodation, as all the carriages are covered in. It is worth noticing that the luggage of the passengers is piled on the roofs of the carriages, which elevated situation is also occupied by the guards ; the carriages are named “The Traveller,” “The Times,” &c. ; like their predecessors, the stage coaches, which they had but recently then superseded. At the end of the train are seen a party of travellers seated in their own family carriage, which is mounted on a low truck and without the wheels having been removed from it. This self-respecting family includes some ladies in *décolleté* dresses, and on the box-seat are perched the coachman and footman, apparently as ornaments, for naturally there are no horses. Surely, even the Sage of Coniston would approve of this method of travelling, which has all the charms of Britannic exclusiveness and an almost artistic originality. The curious-looking engines of the “Rocket” type lingered on till comparatively recently on some Cornish lines. Their strange-looking apparatus of piston-rods,

cogged on one side, gave them a terrific appearance ; living eye-witnesses describe them as moving along with a horrid clang, which caused the country-folk to name them onomatopœically "*jim-jams*," and they looked to an imaginative spectator like some great dragon or prehistoric beast painfully dragging its unwieldy bulk along and uttering discordant shrieks the while.

It is most interesting to trace how tenaciously the first railway managers clung to the traditions of coaching, probably out of deference to the susceptibilities of the timid travellers by the new conveyance, who themselves adopted at first a method of procedure very different from our present airy style of "Third, single, Jericho." An old work gives us a glimpse of ticket taking about eight and forty years ago on the London and Birmingham line. Having reached Euston the traveller found a policeman, in the company's dark green uniform, standing about the entrance of the station. He then passed through the portico ; on the right was a range of buildings, the upper part of which was used as offices for the secretary and other officials. Moving on he entered beneath the colonnade, where the booking-offices were, and a number of people generally hung about, waiting to pay their fares. There were no pigeon holes in those days, but a large counter was in the booking-office with a number of clerks behind it "displaying the usual bustling, but with rather a more methodical appearance than their professional brethren at the coach-offices." Then as now, the passengers passed in between a rail, through which only one individual could go at a time. Our early historian in recording his experiences (bold man that he was !) says : "Into this pass we enter, and we patiently listen to the utterance of the names of stations. When our turn comes we mention the place we are going to, and the station nearest it is named, together with the fare to that station. This sum we pay, and receive a ticket, which is forthwith stamped for us, and on which the number of the seat we are to occupy, and all the necessary directions, are printed. Ticket in hand, we proceed forwards through the entrance hall, and emerge beneath a spacious shedding, round which the traveller can scarcely cast a wondering gaze, when a policeman approaches, and hurriedly asks, 'Number of your ticket, sir?' Having obtained a glance at the ticket, the official immediately points out the owner's seat in the train, and then hastens away to perform similar duties to others." We must here say farewell to this observant traveller of the past, and leave him shivering at the entrance of his railway carriage, unwilling to quit the *terra firma* of the "parade," as the platform was anciently called. The first railway-tickets were often

of ivory or horn ; some of them were charmingly engraved in steel by the American Bank-note Engraving Company. In shape they were circular, square, octagonal, and triangular. On the Leicester and Swannington Railway, metal tickets were used engraved with the name of the station which was the traveller's destination. At the journey's end these were collected by the guard, placed in a leather pouch, and taken to Leicester for future use. The builders of the first railway-carriages made not the least allowance for the changed mode of progression and motion which was naturally introduced with the steam-engine when they built the first coaches. They retained the short, narrow, stuffy body of the stage-coach, set it upon four wheels of another make, and then simply attached it to the engine as to a new, enlarged kind of horse. With the increased speed of travelling the motion became intolerable, and when a high rate of speed was reached few people could keep their seats. By degrees, but very slowly, these things were improved ; better ventilation was ensured, more wheels were added, and the carriages enlarged in height, length, and width ; doors and windows also were so constructed as to keep out the clouds of dust that choked the traveller on badly-made and ill-kept lines. A good idea of the pitch to which modern care is extended to all the *minutiæ* and details of carriage building may be gained by going over the works of the London and North Western at Wolverton. Here immense stores of the woods used are kept in stock. The spoils of West Indian and American forests are to be seen in the shape of huge logs of mahogany, bay-wood, pine and Quebec oak ; the East Indies send teak, which is largely used in the framing and fittings of the carriages, while English oak and ash are also to the fore. Overhead is a high-speed travelling crane, which, while one is looking on, seizes the great log in its powerful clutch and lifts it on to two trucks, standing upon a miniature railway of two feet gauge, which runs throughout the works. The log is swiftly conveyed into the saw-mill, and is met on its entrance either by a large circular saw, which soon converts it into planks, or by a frame saw, which cuts it into boards or panels as required. The planks are then cut to standard sizes, and packed away in drying sheds to season, or if they consist of already seasoned timber, they are at once marked out, and fashioned into the various parts of a carriage by some of the numerous complex machines which abound on every side. In the drying-sheds are kept, with the planks already mentioned, piles of mahogany panels and of veneers of walnut, sycamore, ebony, and various other woods used for ornamental purposes. These are all

labelled and dated, and receive as tender care as a leisured connoisseur bestows upon his bins of choice vintages, for it seems that much depends upon skilful selection and preparation of the materials from which the carriages are built. In the "body-shop" (which has a rather medical-student kind of sound by the way) these parts and sections, already cut out of seasoned timber, are put together and assume for the first time the rough semblance of the body of a carriage. This is then raised by a crane and lowered on to the under-frame already prepared for it; the vehicle is then taken in the rough to another shop, where it undergoes long tedious processes of rubbing down, painting, and varnishing; the internal fittings and upholsterings (which have been prepared in other shops) are then added, and the carriage is finally put in a cool airy shed for its paint and varnish to harden and dry before it finally emerges for, let us hope, a long career of usefulness in the world.

It is quite worth while to go and see the process of wheel-making at the wheel-shop. The wheels are made without spokes, and the centres are solidly built up of segments of teak compressed by hydraulic power. Passing the imposing double row of wheel lathes, which, with apparently very little attention from the workmen, are cutting long spiral shavings of steel from the tyres, much as one pares an apple with a knife, or boring out tyres, and cutting the grooves for the retaining rings (which, once in place, make it impossible for the tyre to leave the wheel, even if broken into several pieces), one reaches the machinery by which the wheels are finally put together. A steel tyre, spun from a solid block of weldless Bessemer steel, is swung up by a hydraulic crane on to the press, the teak segments already prepared are placed in position within the circumference of the tyre, the press is closed up and a handle turned which sets the hydraulic ram in motion. Groaning, the solid blocks of teak are forced into the tyre; with a few thumps they are driven home. When the press is opened the wood centre is seen to be as homogeneous as though formed out of one piece of timber. Nothing remains but to add the retaining ring and boss plates; another hydraulic press forces the wheel and its fellow on to the axle and keys them up. These are the means taken to set one more wheel rolling forth into the world to join its thousands of companions which are hurrying along the iron road day and night unceasingly. The curious in such matters may be interested to learn that the London and North Western Railway system is calculated to run one mile and three quarters every second, in one minute it does 104 miles, while all the year round it goes every four hours a distance

equal to a girdle round the earth. Poor wheel and its destiny of eternal unrest ! A Victor Hugo alone could properly deal with its feelings from the moment when the teak is uprooted from its native forests of Siam to the time when it passes out of the yard of the works at Wolverton to its giddy life of perpetual revolution. The same principle of evolution which has turned the old stage-coach into the comfortable modern saloon-carriage has been at work in every department of railways and their management, and the highly intricate and important modern system of railway-signalling springs from a most simple beginning. There is, of course, an obvious need on every railway for some visible indication by means of which the drivers of trains may be warned when they may proceed and when they must come to a standstill. Shortly after the opening of the Stockton and Darlington line, which was the earliest line constructed, one of the station masters is traditionally said to have adopted the simple expedient of placing a lighted candle in the window of the station-house when it was necessary for a train to stop. From this rough expedient has developed the complicated system of signals and interlocking which may be seen at its highest development at Clapham Junction or at Waterloo. When the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was first opened in 1830, the only means of signalling the trains was a flag by day and a lamp by night. An old print in the *Illustrated London News* shows us the pointsman or policeman in the longtailed coat and tall hat of the period making the prescribed motions with his flag. The first advance to modern signalling began about four years after the line had been opened, when stout posts were provided upon which lamps were placed by the pointsman. Nowadays the signalman's cabin is the centre from which all signalling radiates, and it is necessary to enter one before the working of the system can be thoroughly understood. In the Cannon Street box, which is a very typically important one, there are rows of bright levers, divided into two sets—the up and the down—each relating to their respective lines. They are also further subdivided into home and distance signals. Besides these levers there is a round dial worked by electricity, which informs the signalman if the arm of the signal has answered or not to his lever. The motive power of this dial is the arm of the signal itself ; hence no error can possibly happen. Above the levers are nine or ten wooden boxes, resembling the ordinary telegraph instruments, as indeed some of them are. At many great junctions the signalman is aided by an arrangement on the lever, which prevents a signal being lowered while the points which it covers are wrongly set. Thus, if a train is

crossing from one line to another, all the signals both upon the up and the down line are blocked ; by these means any traffic is prevented from approaching. As to the telegraph communication, there is not only a wire between box and box, but there is also a "through" wire from station to station. On the "through" instrument the attention of the man required is called by using a particular letter before commencing, and the code can thus be used at any intermediate station needed. It is a remark common-place enough after any railway accident to refer to the onerous duties of signalmen, but with 1,200 trains passing daily through Clapham Junction, over three hundred leaving Victoria, and more than four hundred leaving Waterloo, and so on, is it to be wondered at that occasionally things do go wrong?

It is a curious fact that the general public put but little faith in the telegraph until it accomplished, in connection with the railway, a feat which at the time made a considerable sensation, and popularised the new invention. This was caused by the capture of Tawell, the murderer, who poisoned his sweetheart at Slough. The poor woman, being at the point of death, called in her friends, who chased the villain to the station, where he just caught the London train. The telegraph was called into requisition, and the following message was sent : "A murder has just been committed at Salthill, and the suspected murderer was seen to take a first-class ticket for London by the train which left Slough at 7.42 P.M. He is in the garb of a Quaker, with a brown greatcoat on, which reaches nearly down to his feet. He is in the last compartment of the second-class carriage." On arriving at the terminus he took a City omnibus, but the conductor was a policeman in disguise, and Tawell was watched from one coffee-house to another, which he entered probably for purposes of proving an *alibi*, as they were all places he was in the habit of frequenting. Finally, he went to a City lodging-house ; as he was on the threshold, the policeman who had followed all his movements quietly said to him : "Haven't you just come from Slough?" He confusedly denied, but was immediately taken into custody, tried, and hanged. A countryman who travelled in the same carriage with Sir Francis Head from Paddington a few months later, looking up at the wires, exclaimed, "Them's the cords that hung John Tawell." This whole occurrence greatly took hold of the public mind and rendered it favourable to the telegraph ; in the sequel the long "brown greatcoat" of this murderer does not appear to have obtained the subsequent popular odium which the black satin dress of Mrs. Manning the murderess incurred, nor did it gain the notoriety of the vehicle of another and earlier criminal, Thurtell,

whose gig and respectability have become historical in the pages of Carlyle. Electricity in the future will probably have a much more intimate connection with the railway when electric lighting becomes more common. At present it has only been adopted by a few lines, although there are at least three methods by which an electric current may be obtained for lighting the carriages of a train. A primary battery may be used, a secondary battery, as on the Brighton line, or the dynamo may be used direct. Each system has its advocates ; among railway engineers the consensus of opinion is favourable either to the secondary batteries or the direct action of the dynamos, but perhaps ultimately the two systems may be combined. The Liverpool and Manchester Railway carries a Brotherwood's engine and a Siemens compound shunt dynamo fixed on the tender of the locomotive, with an ammeter and switch on the engine, so that the driver may regulate the current ; there are two lamps in each compartment of the train, with an automatic switch arrangement, so that in the event of one lamp failing, the second would be automatically brought into use. The expense of each lamp under this system per hour is '628 of a penny, but this is only for one train ; there would be no higher working expenses if it were applied to three or four trains working between the same points. It is beyond question, however, that electricity will eventually supersede gas and oil. The dangers of oil in case of accident to a train are even greater than those of gas, and in America the horrors of many terrible railway accidents have been greatly increased by the fires which have arisen from the gas and oil. Probably the next decade will see many more changes for the better in improved railway carriages, and it is noteworthy that the improvements all tend to the amelioration of the third-class carriages, and are for the benefit of third-class passengers, who are now as valued by the companies as they were formerly despised and ill-treated. Mr. Gladstone may claim probably to have been the prophet or first advocate for the change of the time-honoured three classes into a fusion of two only, as on the Midland. In 1874 he remarked, in the course of a letter addressed to a chairman of the Metropolitan Railway, "With moderation of fares, I join, in my mind, another change—the substitution of two classes for three." It is estimated that in 1854 only 53 per cent. of passengers travelled third-class, and recent figures prove that now they number at least $87\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. ; figures which speak for themselves of the value of the ever-increasing class of economical travellers. The enterprising Midland was the first company to introduce the Pullman car into Great Britain, and in 1872 the first

contract was signed for their supply for fifteen years. The English Pullman cars are specially constructed for our lines, being narrower than those used in America. The ordinary car is some 48 or 50 feet long. Those which are run on the Midland are well carpeted and furnished, and have cushioned easy chairs which turn on a pivot. The drawing-room sleeping-car is another well-appointed saloon, with fixed seats at the windows like short sofas, two and two, and facing each other. Between them is a table on which it is possible to write, without difficulty, while the train is going at full speed. At night the tables are removed, and the seats, being lowered, form good bedsteads; the panels overhead can be unfastened, and form good upper berths.

Luxurious travelling has reached a great pitch in the United States and there are more than a hundred such carriages belonging to private individuals, and one millionaire travels about with a picture gallery on board; it may be guessed he is unmarried, for the female of that species would scarcely be able to give up the space to pictures and *objets d'art*, which her Saratoga trunks would probably claim. The Emperor Napoleon III. was an early specimen of the luxurious traveller, and more than twenty-five years ago had carried "land-yachting" to a pitch of great perfection. He travelled with a large suite which occupied fourteen carriages. The engine was one specially constructed and of great power; following the engine was a huge baggage car, in which was carried the luggage and the provisions for the party; the dining car came next, and was the first used in Europe. The Emperor and Empress on more than one occasion gave dinner-parties in their train that have rarely been equalled in royal palaces. Behind the dining-room car came an open carriage in which travelling was exceedingly comfortable and pleasant in fine weather; succeeding this was a drawing-room car, containing a piano, sofas, arm-chairs, card-tables, clocks, a musical-box, a library, and many other things useful and ornamental. The sleeping appointments of the train were excellent; most of the servants occupied the baggage-carriage, in which beds could be formed by drawing out panels, on the American system. For the Royal party there was a car divided into a number of compartments; one for the Emperor, one for the Empress, two dressing-rooms, two rooms for the ladies-in-waiting, one for the Emperor's valet, and an extra room. Next to this came the apartments of the Prince Imperial and his attendants. All the compartments communicated with the others by electric bells, and the Emperor could at any moment stop the train by direct communication with

the driver. At the end of the train were placed two or three additional luggage vans to serve as buffers in case of danger. The Prince of Wales possesses a private train which was built for him by the South-Eastern Company, and consists of seven rooms and is fifty feet long. The ex-Emperor of Brazil had one which was made for him in America ; it is said to have everything on board from a Turkish-bath to an ice-cream machine. The Czar also possesses a day-car fitted up in every way like that of the Prince of Wales. It is well known that Her Majesty the Queen is the greatest traveller probably of all the sovereigns who have occupied her throne, though King John must have nearly equalled his Royal successor, as he is said never to have spent a fortnight consecutively in the same place, during the whole of his reign. As is becoming for such a great and experienced traveller the royal carriages are simply furnished and built for real use, in spite of fanciful descriptions which Society newspapers have given of them from time to time. The great luxury is, humanly speaking, its absolute safety ; a pilot engine precedes the royal train some fifteen minutes or so a-head, and between that and the royal train no waggon, carriage, or engine is allowed to run. After the royal train has passed, full fifteen minutes must elapse before any engine or train is allowed to leave a station or siding. Immense care is taken to inspect all crossing-gates before the train passes, and some one is appointed to watch them with all attention, and the siding points are spoked. Her Majesty has been an excellent customer to the railways, and is said to have paid more than two pounds per mile when travelling from Baden to Aix-les-Bains. The railways in this country are a very loyal body, and from them has been formed what is termed the "Engineer and Railway Volunteer Staff Corps" ; this is composed of a certain number of engineers, several of the great contractors, and the general managers of most of the principal railways, the contractors forming the "Labour Branch" of the corps. In case of an invasion the officers of the corps would superintend the working of the railways, as they do in times of peace, but would be under military command ; it is believed that the system is so perfect that a considerable body of troops could be concentrated at any given point on our shores in a short time, if necessary. The War Office, in 1885, instituted a test of the ability of the officers of the Staff Corps, which may be interesting to describe ; although only carried out on paper it affords an idea of what the railway companies could accomplish in case of emergency. The test took the form of an "Exercise," proposed by order of the Commander-in-Chief, and was

really a kind of problem which the Staff Corps were offered to solve. An invading force of 150,000 men was assumed to be disembarking between Southend and Shoeburyness, and hostile vessels were simultaneously ascending the Blackwater river to land a strong detachment at Stangate Abbey. Instructions were supposed to have been telegraphed to concentrate 130,000 men on the line of Stanford-le-Hope, Billericay, and Chelmsford, with a view to occupy the Basildon position and repel the invader, three corps to be brought up as quickly as possible, and the rest within forty-eight hours. The particulars were given as to where the troops were stationed all over the country, and the number of men at each place. In due time the problem was solved and the answer furnished. It was assumed that for the time being all ordinary traffic had been suspended, that all the railways could be worked at once, and that encroachments of land to form due temporary platforms of sleepers and ballast, for loading and unloading horses and artillery, would be permitted. Tables were submitted to the War Office showing every detail of arrival, departure, time allowed for refreshment, and the number of men conveyed by each train. The total number of trains to be employed was 515; not counting stoppages, the speed twenty-five miles an hour; no trains were to follow one another on the same lines at a less interval than fifteen minutes, and the last train was timed to arrive at Chelmsford within forty-five hours and fifty minutes of the hour at which the order was supposed to have been given by telegraph, so that mercifully, on paper, the defenders were placed in a position to drive the invaders of our hearths and homes into the sea. Once landed, however, our enemies might turn the tables on us, as the Germans did on the French in the war of 1870-1, when investing Paris; for not only did they avail themselves of the railways around the city, but they took possession of the large locomotive works of the Northern of France Railway, and by means of impressed labour (which they properly remunerated nevertheless) they repaired rolling-stock and plant, and worked the railway.

A charming story was told by the locomotive superintendent of the French railway, which shows international courtesy flourishing amazingly under most trying circumstances. This gentleman occupied a comfortable and well-furnished residence at Saint Denis, whence he was forced to retreat at the approach of the German army; zealously occupied with taking with him as much as possible of the rolling-stock of his railway to Lille, he had no time to dismantle his house or remove any of his possessions. He accordingly left behind him a letter addressed to any officers of the

German army who might take up quarters in his house, politely begging them to make the freest use of everything, but entreating them to do as little damage as possible. Under the circumstances the Teuton rose to the height of the occasion, and was not to be beaten by Gallic courtesy, for, on the superintendent's return, after the evacuation, he found everything as he had left it, and upon the piano, in his drawing-room, was a volume of Schubert's songs subscribed to their courteous, though involuntary host, by those officers of the German army who had been his guests. A few facts as to rapid travelling may be of some interest, as on no other point do such misconceptions exist, and very wild statements have at times been made with regard to how fast a locomotive can run, and travelling at the rate of one hundred miles an hour has been freely talked of by those who are unaware of the facts. A Bristol and Exeter broad-gauge engine, having nine-foot wheels, was, in 1853, officially timed at a speed of just over eighty miles an hour, for a short distance, upon a falling gradient with a light load. Great Western broad-gauge engines with eight-foot wheels were tried upon several occasions during the years 1847 to 1854. They attained seventy-eight, but could not reach eighty miles an hour. The Great Northern 8 ft. 1 in. engines have attained seventy-nine and a half miles an hour. At the commencement of the Civil War in America the London and North-Western achieved a notable record of fast travelling. It was at the time when the British Foreign Secretary had sent a despatch, in the nature of an ultimatum, to the Federal Government, with respect to the case of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, the Confederate envoys, who had been taken forcibly out of a British ship by a Federal cruiser. There was no Atlantic cable in those days, and although all England was on the tip-toe of expectation to know the nature of a reply which would decide the issue of peace or war between two great nations, there was no swifter means of communication than steamer to Queenstown, thence by rail to Dublin, then again by steamer to Holyhead, and by rail again to London. From the 2nd to the 9th of January, 1862, an engine was kept constantly in steam at Holyhead, and when at length the ardently awaited despatch arrived, it was brought from Holyhead to Euston, a distance of 264 miles, in five hours. This meant an average speed of fifty-three miles an hour throughout, including one stoppage at Stafford for the purpose of changing engines. Although at this time the company had not adopted the block telegraph system (now in use on 96 per cent. of our lines), and the working was carried on by the ordinary telegraph signals from station to station, the whole journey was performed

without the slightest hitch. The Prince of Wales has done some fast travelling, having gone on this same line from Manchester to London in three hours and fifty-five minutes ; but the Great Western had previously beaten this by conveying him from London to Swansea—260 miles—in three hours and fifty-three minutes, the average speed throughout that remarkable journey being almost fifty-six miles an hour. During the railway race of 1888, several trains on various lines ran on falling gradients at seventy-six miles an hour, and at the present time in ordinary traffic, on certain portions of railways, trains are run at seventy, seventy-three, and occasionally seventy-five miles an hour. It, therefore, will be seen that eighty miles an hour is the maximum of a locomotive's pace, and the cause of this is that at that speed the resistance of the air, the back pressure in the cylinders, and the friction together have become so great that they absorb the whole power of the engine ; and the back pressure in the wrong side of the piston becomes greatly increased by the fact that the exhaust steam cannot be got out of the cylinders fast enough. The limit of locomotive speed, both theoretically and practically, is, therefore, eighty miles an hour. Probably the fastest train now booked on any time-table is that which is timed to run between Liverpool and Manchester in thirty-two minutes (including two stoppages)—that is, a shade over sixty miles an hour actual running time. For long-distance fast trains the average time is about fifty miles an hour, inclusive of stoppages : though the actual speed between the long-distanced stations is sometimes accelerated to as high as seventy and seventy-five miles an hour. A train not stopping between Carlisle and Preston, when running between Grayrigg and Oxenholme, has been timed to cover five miles in three and three-quarter minutes. Such are a few facts and reminiscences concerning those roads of our nineteenth century which have accomplished as great revolutions, political and social, as ever did the roads of the Romans. Those who are inclined to take a more favourable view of them than does Mr. Ruskin may be interested to hear that for the idea of the rails themselves they have to thank some inventive genius of the seventeenth century who hit upon the plan of laying down parallel blocks of timber, to form rude tramways in the vicinity of mines, to enable the mineral products to be drawn more easily to the riverside. It was not till one hundred years later that, about the year 1768, cast-iron rails were substituted for the wooden blocks and the rails were laid ready for the locomotive engines of the nineteenth century somewhat in the fashion that is now in vogue.

ANCIENT INSCRIPTIONS ON AND IN OUR OLD CHURCHES.

BESIDES the countless inscriptions placed on monuments to the memory of the dead in our ancient churches, there are many other legends introduced in a decorative capacity, and many others which are evidently intended to serve chiefly as records. These are carved or cut on the structure, both on the exterior and in the interior ; and they are also placed on the furniture, as on the pulpit, the font, the stalls, and the screens ; the bells, the floor-tiles, and also on the church plate.

There are, it must be premised, many edifices without a single example of any kind, yet the number of inscriptions is nevertheless so large when we look at them collectively, that we cannot but be impressed with the ingenuity that has seized so frequently every coign of vantage for their display. Sometimes it is the fascia on the top of a tower that has been chosen, sometimes the base of a church, sometimes the chancel arch, or different parts of the walls, and sometimes the porch and the lych-gate. Ruskin says, "The greatest glory of a building is not in its stones, nor in its gold : its glory is in its age, and that deep sense of voicelessness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity." These inscriptions seem to be, in a measure, the elsewhere absent voices, as well as words, and to have a special and indescribable hold upon us.

Launceston Church, in Cornwall, is built of granite, and is curiously covered with a profusion of sculptured ornament, chiefly representing pomegranates. There is a large porch with a room, or parvise, over it. There are the figures of St. George and St. Martin carved on its front, and round the base of the building is a range of shields, with a letter carved on each shield. These letters form a Latin inscription : " Ave Maria gracie plena, Dominus tecum sponsus, Amat sponsam Maria, optimam partem elegit. O quam terribilis ac metuendus est locus iste, vere aliud non est hic, nisi domus Dei et

porta celi." In St. Sennen's Church, in the same county, there is a slab inserted in the floor of the chancel to record its erection in 1533. And again, on a cornice in the south aisle of Bodmin Church is carved a Latin line to the effect the edifice was erected in 1475.

Some inscriptions relate to the dedications of the fabric. The most ancient, perhaps, is that in Jarrow Church. This is cut into a stone, which stone has been removed from a place in the north wall of the nave and carefully fixed on the west wall of the tower. On it is cut in Roman lettering a Latin inscription to the following effect : "The dedication of the Basilica of St. Paul on the ninth of the Kalends of May in the fifteenth year of King Egfrid and the fourth year of Abbot Ceolfrid, under God the founder of the same church." There is a later one in Holy Trinity Church, Clee, in Lincolnshire, of the time of Richard the First, which says this church was dedicated to the honour of the Holy Trinity and St. Mary in the time of Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, MCXCII, *tempore Richardi regis*. And in St. Mary's Church, Rolvenden, Kent, there is another, setting forth the edifice was founded in honour of St. Anne and St. Catharine by Edward Gyldeford, A.D. MCCCXLIV. Foundation stones are also occasionally inscribed, as in the instance of that of the chapel of Queen's College, Cambridge, on which Sir John Wenlock caused to be cut, in Latin, "The Lord will be a refuge to our Lady Queen Margaret, and this stone shall be a token thereof." In the cloisters of Norwich Cathedral are two ancient inscriptions on single stones. One says, "The Lord Ralph Walpole, Bishop of Norwich, placed me ;" the other, "Richard Uphalle placed me."

Some examples are known to have existed that have now disappeared. There was one in Luton Church, Bedfordshire, which contained a statement respecting the foundation of the chapel there on the north side of the chancel :—

Jesu Christ most of myght,
Have mercy on John Le Wenlock, Knight,
And on his wyfe Elizabeth,
Who out of this world is past by death,
Which founded this chapel here,
Help them with your hearty prayer
That they may come to that place
Where ever is joy and solace.

When removed, they have generally passed out of remembrance and we thus learn the importance of the preservation of those still left us. Another, formerly in Abingdon Church, has disappeared, which ran : "In the worship of Our Lady, Pray for Nicholas Gould and Amy," The said Gould paid the expense of improvements to

this fabric. Only recently, under the floor of a gallery in the chapel of St. John the Baptist, in Gloucester Cathedral, fragments of stonework were found to be part of an inscription that was once below the battlemented parapet of the reredos, and which, when whole, according to the Rev. H. Haines, ran thus :—

Hoc Baptistæ Lyon Gloucestre fecit honore
 Fac hunc ergo frui Celi sine fine decore
 Hic & cultorum precibus memorare tuorum
 Et Rex Celorum semper sit tutor eorum
 Hoc Pater et flamen concordat jugiter Amen.

There is a very curious doorway in Dinton Church, in Buckinghamshire, which is enriched with two hexameters. There are spiral columns to this doorway, and a carving in bas-relief on the door-head, showing two dragons eating fruit from a tree, and St. Michael thrusting a cross into the mouth of a third. And from one side to the other runs :—

PREMIAPROMERITISSIQIDESPETHABENDA
 AVDIATHICPRECEPTASIBIQVESITRETINENDA.

This, when divided thus :—

Præmia pro meritis si quis desperet habenda,
 Audiat hic precepta sibi que sint retinenda,

may be paraphrased as signifying that he who hears the precepts there taught, and acts up to them, will not be without reward. Door-heads are, perhaps, more frequently chosen than other places for inscriptions, on account, may be, of the greater facility with which they may be read there than in more out-of-the-way situations. In a small Welsh church, very hoary and massy, at Llanbedr, Merionethshire, there is a tablet inserted over the doorway with a Welsh inscription to the effect that no man was to come to this privileged and strong refuge but with good thoughts in his heart. On the south door of Castor Church, Northamptonshire, we may read :—
 “Richardus Beby Rector Ecclesie de Castre fecit.”

These legends are not infrequent upon church towers. Over the west door of St. Peter's, Angmering, Sussex, runs :—“Anno D'ni mill'mo quingentesimo sept'mo.” And in a similar position on the tower of St. Michael's, Stawley, Somerset, are twelve panels, on the sixth and seventh of which is inscribed :—“Pray for the sowle of Henry Hine & Agnes his wyffe, A.D. 1522.” Below the rich open-worked parapet upon the tower of All Saints' Church, Derby, is inscribed :—“Young men and maydens.” St. Cybi's Church, Holyhead, has on the frieze under the battlements, “S. T. S. Kybi ora p' ns. ;” and on the north side : “Sancte Kybi ora pro nobis.” This

is of fourteenth-century workmanship. On the west front of the tower of Backwell Church, over the doorway, is cut:—"In Jesu spes mea. 1552." A campanile at St. Tydecho, Mallwydd, Merionethshire, has the date 1640, and "Soli Deo Sacrum." The great tower of Fountains Abbey, 166 feet high and 24 feet square, has an inscription on each side:—

Regi autem seculorum immortalis invisibili
Soli Deo i'hu x'po honor et gl'ia in s'cla s'clor'.
Et virtus et fortitudo Deo nostro in secula seculorum. Amen.
Soli Deo i'hu x'po honor et gl'ia in s'cla s'clor'.
Benediccio et caritas et sapientia et gratiarum accio honor.
Soli Deo i'hu x'po honor et gl'ia in s'cla s'clor'.
Soli Deo honor et gloria in secula seculorum. Amen.

They are also occasionally associated with the fenestration. Under the east window of St. Firmin's Church, North Crawley, Buckinghamshire, is cut:—"Petris cancellum tibi dat Firmane novellum, est cum lauderis Deo Petri memoreris." Over the west window of the Abbey Church of Valle Crucis, among the mountains and streams of North Wales, is inscribed:—"A. D. Adam, D. M. S. Fecit hoc opus. Pace Beata quiescat. Amen." And then follows a date of which M.D. only is legible. Again, in the panelling under the west window of the choir of Gloucester Cathedral may be read:—"Hoc quod digestum specularis opusq^e politum Tullij hac ex onere Seabrooke abbate jubente."

Amongst other external inscriptions on sacred fabrics may be mentioned the curious and anagrammatical examples at the east and west entrances to the slype of Winchester Cathedral. At the end is cut:—

ILL AC
H
Ambula

PREC
ATOR
VI

Illac preator, Hac viator ambula. (That way thou who comest to pray, this way thou who art pursuing thy journey, walk.)

And at the east:—

1632.

Cessit Communi Proprium, jam pergitte qua fas. (Private property has yielded to public utility. Proceed now by the way that is open to thee.)

ACR
S A
ERV

S
IT
S

ILL
A
IST

CH
ORO
F

Sacra sit illa choro, serva sit ista foro. (That way is consecrated to the choir, this way leads to the market,)

There are two ancient Roman inscriptions set into the tower of the Church of St. Mary le Wigford on the south side of the doorway which is of Norman workmanship. They are considerably the worse for their long exposure to the weather, but have been made out. The first says :—"Dis manibus. Nomini sacrum Brusci filii civis Senonis, et carissimæ Unæ conjugis ejus et Quinti filii." The second, which is above it, is not quite so certain :—"Marie ofeisce nerisie io vipioscsi in criemeie iripe." There is another instance of mediæval builders using up ancient inscribed Roman stones in Hexham Abbey Church, where in the Saxon crypt, may be seen a stone with a Roman inscription to this effect : "The legate of Augustus being Proprætor, Quintus Calpurnius Concessinus prefect of the Cæsarian horse, of the Corionototæ, honoured by the hand of the Emperor, erects this altar to his divinity, performing his vow." And in the roof of the entrance passage to this relic of the old Saxon evangelists, may be seen a tablet on which may be deciphered a Roman legend stating : "To the Emperor Cæsar Lucius Septimus Pertinax, and the Emperor Cæsar Lucius Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Pius Felix, and Geta Cæsar (the soldiers of) the vexillations of the cohorts dedicate this monument." The Saxon masons found these stones ready to their hands and built them in, just as the twelfth-century masons found their crypt ready and convenient, and left it intact below the magnificent structure with which they replaced the small Saxon edifice that first stood upon the site.

Looking now to inscriptions in the interiors of our ancient churches attention may be directed to the roof of Iselham Church, in Cambridgeshire, which has a very explicit one. It was erected in 1495, by Christopher Peyton Esq., whose arms with those of his wife, are to be seen among the angelic figures, quatrefoils, roses, and tracery enriching it. Running along both sides is the following :—"Pray for the good prosperite of Crystofer Peyton and Elizabeth his wyfe, and for the sowle of Thomas Peyton Sqwyer, and Margarete his wyfe, fader and moder of the said Crystofer, and for the sowles of al the awncestre of the sayd Crystofer Peyton wych dyd mak thys rofe in the yere of owre Lord MCCCCLXXXXV beyng the x yere of Kynge Hery the VII." The cornice of the roof in the Church of St. Collen, Llangollen, has also a long continuous inscription. On the cornice of the rich roof of a chapel in Tiverton Church may be read :—

Have grace, ye men, and ever pray
For the souls of John and Jone Greenwaye.

In the aisle of Asherington Church runs the following :—

God save the Church, our Queen Elizabeth, and realme,
And grant us peace and truth in Christ. Amen,

On an impost moulding of one of the tower arches in Sunninghill Church is :—"Undecimo kalendarum Martii obiit Livingus Presbyter," which is as likely to be commemorative as sepulchral. The oaken beams of the roof of the west end of the north aisle of the chancel in St. Mary's Church, Beverley, have carved upon them :—"Mayn in thy lyffing lowfe God a bown all thyng and euer thynke at the Begynnyng quhat schall cowme off the endyng." And on the bosses formed by the junction of the ribs, we may pick out : "W. HAL, carpenter, mad this Rowffe."

In the county of Kilkenny, at Freshford Church, on the rich Norman porch, are two bands on the external face of the inner arch, both of which are inscribed with contemporary characters. The first says :—"A prayer for Niam, Daughter of Corc, and for Mathghamain O'Chiarmeic, by whom was made this church." The one above it says :—"A prayer for Gille Mocholmoc O'Cencucam, who made it." This class of inscription is also of frequent occurrence on the Continent, where the custom of carving the names of the sculptors and architects, as well as artificers, upon their works was more in vogue in old times than is generally known. In many of the noble buildings in France, Germany, and Italy the names of those who made the work are recorded on the architraves, pillars, doorways, and other places. The statements are generally in Latin, but not always. To give but one example. Above the doorway in the principal front of Cremona Cathedral, and below the fine wheel-window, is cut :—

+ MCCLXXIIII
MAGISTER JA
COBUS PORRA
TA DE CUMIS FE
CIT HANC ROTAM.

To return to our own country. There is an alms-box in Bramford Church, Suffolk, dated 1591, inscribed :—

Remember the poor : the Scripture doth record
What to them is given is lent unto the Lord.

In St. Cuthbert's Church, Billingham, is a carved oak alms-box supported on a baluster shaft against the most westerly pillar of the south aisle. It is inscribed :—"Remember ye poor. Año. Dom. 1673."

Several pulpits have inscriptions. The pulpit in Winchester Cathedral has the name of the donor—Thomas Silkested. That in Wells Cathedral has "Preache thou the worde. Be fervent in season and out of season. Reprove, rebuke, exhort in all longe sufferying and doctryne." Another in All Saints' Church, Hereford, is a fine

example with its original sounding-board, and among the carved foliage on its front runs :—"How beautiful are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of peace and hope." In St. Katherine's Church, Regent's Park, the pulpit has carved on it a verse from Nehemiah, declaring Ezra the scribe stood upon a pulpit of wood and read the Book of the Law in the sight of all the people.

A bench end in Blickling Church, Norfolk, seems to give the name of the clever carver—"Thom̃s Hylle."

The font in St. Ives' Church is inscribed :—"Ecce karissimi de Deo vero baptizabuntur spiritu sco." A very ancient example in All Saints' Church, Little Billing, Northamptonshire, has:—"Wilbertus artifex atque cœmentarius hunc fabricavit. Quisque suum venit mergere corpus procul dubio capit." An early English font at Keysoe, Bedfordshire, has in old French :—

Trestui ki par hici passerui
Pur le alme Warel prieui :
Ke Deu par sa grace
Verry merci li face. Am̃.

An inscription on a font in Chillingham Church, Northumberland, says, "God blis this church. M.R.W. An. Dom. 1670." Another, on a font in Eglington Church, in the same county, says, "Wash and be clen. 1663." On a font in a neighbouring church, at Alnham, are the Percy arms, and the date 1664; and on one at Ingram the same heraldic ornamentation and the date 1664. The font in St. Mary's Church, Beverley, has cut round the ledge, "Pray for the soules of Wyllm Ferefaxe, draper, and his wyvis, whiche made thys font of his pper costes, the day of March v, Yere of our Lord MDXXX." This church has also interesting inscriptions on the pillars, which appear to have been erected at the "pper costes" of various people. We may read on one :—"Xlay and hys wyfe made thes to pyllors and a halffe." On another :—"John Crosley mercatoris et Johanne uxor' eius orate pro animabus." Again, "Thes to pyllors made gud . . . histarum proarum . . . Wyffis. God reward thaym." The last-mentioned is a record that it was the ladies of Beverley who were at the necessary expense of the work. The sixth pillar has :—"Thys pyllor made the meynstyrlys, orate pro animabus pro Hysteriorum." A pillar in Romsey Abbey Church has on the capital a winged figure with an inscription :—"Robertus me fecit. Robertus tute. Consul d. s. me fac salvum." A very ancient font in Bridekirk Church, Cumberland, has in Runic characters :—RIKARTH HE ME IWROKTE AND TO THIS MERTHE GERNR ME BROKTE. (Richard he me i-wrought and to this mirth (beauty) gern (carefully) me brought.)

Amidst the sculpture on this font is the figure of a sculptor engaged in carving, which has been thought likely to be a certain Richard employed by Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, in the twelfth century. The highly ornamental sixteenth-century cover of the font in St. George's Church, South Acre, Norfolk, bears a Latin inscription to the effect that we are to pray for the soul of Geoffrey Baker, rector, who made the work.

A font in Burgate Church, Suffolk, has :—" (Orate p' aiābs) Will mī Burgate, milit', et dñe Eleanore ux' ei' qui istum fontem fieri fecerunt."

Screens have been very frequently enriched with inscriptions. On the frieze of one in Malpas Church, in Cheshire, runs :—" Pray, good people, for the prosperous estate of Sir Randolph Brereton, Baronet, of thys werke edificatour, with his wyfe dame Helenour, and after this lyfe transytorie to obtayne eternal felicity. Amen, Amen." And on another screen in the same church we may read : "Orate pro bono statu Richardi Cholmondely et Elizabeth uxoris ejus hujus sacelli factores Anno Domini Millesimo quingentesimo quarto decimo." In Bunbury Church, in the same county, is a handsome stone screen, the frieze of which is inscribed :—" This chapel was made at the cost and charg of Syr Rauffe Eggerton, Knyght, in the yere of owre Lord God mccccxxvii." On the rood-screen at Gilden-Morden, Cambridgeshire, runs the following :—

Ad mortem duram Jhū de me cape curam.
Vitam venturam post mortem redde securam.
Fac me confessum rogo te Deus ante recessum.
Et post decessum cœlo michi dirige gressum.

A very rich screen, that is supposed to have belonged to Jervaulx Abbey, now in Aysgarth Church, Yorkshire, is inscribed, "A. S. Abbas, Anno D'ni 1536." These initials are thought to represent Adam Sedbergh, who was hanged for the part he took in a rebellion. The rood-screen in Hexham Abbey Church is in good preservation. On its cornice is an inscription which determines its date as being between the years 1491-1524 :—"Orate pro anima domini Thomas Smithson prioris hujus ecclesiæ qui fecit hoc opus." On the middle rail of the screen in the Church of St. Catharine, Ludham, Norfolk, is carved in raised letters, somewhat difficult to decipher, "Pray for the sowle of John . . . and Sysyle hys wyfe that gave fortē pūde, and for alle other bifactors made in the yerr of ower Lord God mccccclxxxiii." On the screen in the tower arch of Addlethorpe Church, Lincolnshire, the inscription, instead of being spread out, as usual, along a cornice, is enclosed in a central space in the centre panel :—"Orate p. anima Johannis Dudick senior. et uxor' ejus." A fine stone screen in Colmstock Church is inscribed :—"Whan God

woll better may hit be." A corbel in the Church of St. Mary, Reculvers, Kent, has :—"Discat qui nescit, quia (Thomas) hic requiescat."

Most of the fragments of ancient stained glass handed down to us have inscriptions, and dates introduced either on scrolls in the hands of the personages depicted, or in some other manner. In the east window of the chapel in Haddon Hall, Derbyshire, for instance, we may read :—"Orate pro ai'abus Ricardi Vernon et Jenette uxoris ejus qui fecerunt año dñi millesimo ccccxxvii." In the north aisle of Morley Church, in the same neighbourhood, is some painted glass, in which is set out an old tradition that the king once gave the Canons of Dale Abbey as much land as could be encircled by a plough drawn by stags in a day, or "betwixt two suns," which stags were to be caught in the forest. One legend says :—"Go whom and yowke them and take ye ground t^h ye plooe"; and another :—"Here Saynt Robert plooyth with the" In the chancel is a figure of St. Ursula with this legend on a label :—"Sca Ursula, cum xi mill. virginum, ascendens in cœlum." In Hillesden Church, Buckinghamshire, the east window of the north aisle is filled with stained glass depicting the legend of St. Nicholas, to whom the edifice is dedicated, and the different scenes are described as "Mortuus ad vitam redit precibus Nicholai," &c. The south window in the chancel of Leverington Church, Cambridgeshire, shows a knight and his lady on either side of the Virgin, with this inscription :—"Jū fro sine make us fre, for John's love yat baptised ye"; and, "Lady lede us all fro harm to him yat lay did in yi barm." On one of the windows of St. Neot's Church, Cornwall, the mediæval glass-painter has placed :—"Ex dono et sumptibus Radulphi Harys et ejus labore ista fenestra facta fuit."

Volumes have been written on the subject of bells and their inscriptions. It is only in very out-of-the-way places that a bell may still occasionally be found with an inscription that has not been recorded. And even in very secluded places the narrow winding steps up to the belfries must be very worn and faulty, or the ladders which were the only means of ascent taken away, to ensure a chance of finding one that collectors have not already "made a note of." There is an old bell in Eglingham Church, Northumberland, amongst moors and hills, that has a Dutch inscription. This states :—"Anthony is my name. I was made in the year 1489." (Antonis es minen name ic ben gemaect int jaer MCCCCLXXXIX.) Seeing there are scarcely more than half-a-dozen bells of its nationality in the whole country, it is difficult to account for its presence in this wild moss-trooping border-land. Bell legends are most frequently in

Latin, unless of a somewhat late date, when quaint English wording occurs, such as that on one of the bells in Kirkby Stephen Church, Cumberland:—"Be it known to all men that me see Thomas Stafford of Penrith made me. 1631." An older bell in Alkborough Church has:—

Jesu. for. yi. modir. sake.

Save. al. ye. sauls. yat. me. part. make. Amen.

Some bells have the whole alphabet upon them. These are called alphabet bells, and there are many examples of them. A very early one is to be seen in the Church of St. John and St. Pandiana, Eltisle, Cambridgeshire. It was supposed as all wisdom can only be expressed by the letters of the alphabet, they contained "the whole counsel of God." A Morpeth bell has:—"Cry alovde repent MDCXXXV," and the names of the churchwardens. In the fine old parish Church of St. Michael, Alnwick, there are three bells of different centuries, all very sonorous and silver-toned. The first of thirteenth-century date says appealingly:—"ADIVTORIO+POPVLO+DEI MICHAEL+ARCHANGELE+VENI+IN+." (The Archangel is the guardian saint of the church.) The second, which is of late fourteenth-century work, says:—"AVE+MARIA+GRACIA+PLENA+ORATE+PRO+AIA+DE+JOHANNE+VALKA . . ." And the third, an ancient bell that was melted down in 1764, bears that date.

The old Glastonbury clock in the north transept of Wells Cathedral has two mottoes:—"Semper peragrat Phoebe," and "Punctus ab hinc monstrat micro sidericus arcus," and a third on the clock face on the exterior of the edifice says:—"Ne quid pereat."

As examples of inscriptions on ancient floor-tiles, those in the lady-chapel of Gloucester Cathedral may be mentioned. One legend is spread over sixteen tiles, and is four times repeated:—"Ave Maria gra ple' Dns tecum." Another is:—"Domine Jhu miserere." Another, spread over four tiles:—"Ave Maria gra plen'." And a fourth set:—"Dñe Jhū miserere."

The value of church plate, combined with the ease with which it can be melted down, has led to the disappearance of many a noble piece that would now be worth, if not a king's ransom, a very considerable sum. Besides those preserved in our Museums, we still find some interesting chalices and flagons in some of our ancient churches. Many have the names of the parishes to which they belong upon them; many the names of the donors; many a date only. There is a tall slender silver cup of Elizabethan workmanship still passed from lip to lip in the sea-bleached, wind-worn venerable parish church on Holy Island, with the date, "Anno 1579. Holy Island." Many

seem to have been memorials. A silver cup, nine inches high, thus tells its own tale :—" Given to St. Andrew's Church, in Hexham, by Mabel Hoorde, wid., 1634." A flagon in St. Mary's, Gateshead, says :—" The gift of Elizabeth Collinson, in memorie of her daughter Jane Wrangham, deceased, to the Church of St. Maries in Gateside, 1672." Haltwhistle Church, Northumberland, has a pewter flagon engraved :—" The gift of Geo. Lowes in N Castle + Pewterer to the parish of Haltwhisell." The chalice belonging to Eglingham Church is inscribed :—" Sacra Sacrus. Anno 1701. Ex dono Edwardj Collingwood de Byker Armigeri quondam Comitatus hujus Vice Comititis Ecclesie parochjali de Eglingham."

Thus it will be seen, there has been from the earliest times a feeling in favour of making the various parts of a sacred edifice the medium of an expression of devotion, praise, or thanksgiving, appeal to sacred persons with entreaty for help, and a record of benefactions. Over the whole country from the bells floated, as it were, invocations and exclamations of adoration. In most parishes the eyes of worshippers were reminded by inscriptions, if not on the fabric or furniture, perhaps in the stained glass, or on the chalice, flagon, or paten of the communion service, of the glory of God. There was made apparent by them an atmosphere of piety, gratitude, and love. Only a few are here gathered together ; there is therefore a wide field left open and free for interested collectors : only the gate into it is pointed out. To conclude this brief survey, it may be added there is at least one instance in which art has made use of an imaginary inscription in a church to inculcate a lesson. To the curious and minute "*Meditations among the Tombs*" of the Rev. James Hervey, in the last century, there is a frontispiece representing the interior of a church—spacious, lofty, and magnificently plain, he called it, in which are many sepulchral monuments. In this ancient pile "reared by hands, that, ages ago, were mouldered into dust," a youth in flowing drapery stands before a tomb of a hero inscribed "*Pro Patria*," from which a minister endeavours to attract his attention to an inscription on the wall above the altar, "*Pro inimicis*," as a matter of greater heroism.

There is a seventeenth-century verse by Maurice Wheeler, the head-master of the King's School, in Stuart times, painted on the wall of the whispering gallery of Gloucester Cathedral, too good to omit, though of a less durable character in its manual execution :—

Doubt not but God who sits on high
Thy secret prayers can hear ;
When a dead wall thus cunningly
Conveys soft whispers to the ear.

THE PROGRESS AND FUTURE OF DROITWICH.

AS the January number of the *Gentleman's* had a long paper on Droitwich from my pen, in which I tried to do full justice to the place, it was rather startling to be asked to write a second article on the same subject so soon after the former. But there is ample excuse for my audacity, and I will let the reader into the secret. As I ventured to prophesy, Droitwich has grown in size and popularity with a rapidity that reminds one of American enterprise rather than of English sluggishness and deliberation ; and invalids and visitors are flocking to it in such enormous numbers as to call for extensive preparation for their accommodation. On August 1 the British Medical Association, then holding its general annual meeting in Birmingham, having accepted an invitation, paid the place a visit and inspected the baths, hotels, and lodging-houses, while many of the visitors went over Impney House, and all partook of luncheon in the Salters' Hall. I had the good fortune to be one of the party, and saw a place, familiar to me from childhood, to great advantage. Unfortunately, though rain did not fall, the day was threatening, and the skies had that sombre, depressing appearance with which we in England are only too familiar, and which spoils two garden parties and out-door excursions in every three. Many of the elderly visitors took the trouble to wear a great-coat and to carry a heavy cape or waterproof over the arm ; this, in addition to an umbrella, and in many cases the large bag which many excursionists insist on saddling themselves with on such occasions—though what earthly purpose a small portmanteau can serve on a day excursion one cannot understand—made a *tout ensemble* not particularly favourable to rapid movement ; and I certainly think that, as rain did not descend, some of these unfortunate sight-seers found themselves far too heavily weighted. All health resorts need bright sunshine and dry warmth, while Droitwich, being primarily a manufacturing town, especially demands unclouded skies ; this it unfortunately did not have, so that many of the medical visitors were less favourably impressed than they ought to have been.

The luncheon was sumptuous, but that goes without saying, as Mr. Corbett was the host. Unfortunately he was not able to be present, and the chair of state was filled with some dignity by Dr. S. S. Roden, the venerable practitioner, whose long residence in the place has made his fame little inferior to that of the ancient town itself, and whose knowledge of the brine treatment is greater than that of anyone else now living in the neighbourhood. This gentleman is now assisted by his son, Dr. Percy Roden, who, since the removal of Dr. W. Parker Bainbrige, has had charge of the Mineral Waters Hospital.

Dr. S. S. Roden, in a useful pamphlet, "*Droitwich Baths*," has the following passage on the past of the town. It is sufficiently interesting to bear reproducing here :—

The existence of Droitwich as a Roman station, under the name of "*Salinæ*," is beyond question, and remains exist of highways, known as the "*Upper and Lower Saltways*," one leading over the Lickey Hills, through Saltley, into Lincolnshire ; the other, or Lower, crossing the country through Alcester and over Broadway Hill into Gloucestershire and Hampshire. These roads possibly existed prior to the Roman occupation ; and knowing how important salt is in contributing to the health not of man only, but of the animal world generally, it is reasonable to assume that in those primitive times, when few of the natives travelled far from their birthplace unless in time of war, a place where a strong brine spring flowed to the surface must have been well known and largely resorted to by the inhabitants of the surrounding districts. The ancient Saxon name of the town, Wych or Vic, is said to have given rise to "*Wiccii*," applied to the inhabitants of the county. Tradition records that letters were sometimes addressed to "*Worcester, near Droitwich*." Habbington, historian of Worcestershire, who lived at Hindlip and wrote about 1630, thus describes Droitwich : "*Five miles north of Worcester is Wich, anciently named 'Wiccii,' whereof this county before the Conquest took its name. A famous borough, whose burgesses challenging thier places of descent, surpass for nobility, worthyness, and wealth the greatest burgesses in the kingdom.*" He further says of them, "*that at this instant they are of that generous disposition as they are rightly called 'ye Gentlemen of Wych.'*" Droitwich seems to have been first represented in Parliament in the reign of Edward I. King James I. granted the borough a new charter for appointing a recorder, town clerk, two magistrates, and two representatives in Parliament. The place enjoyed great dignity. Not only did it send two members to Parliament, but, when under the Reform Bill of 1832 the county was divided, it became the polling place for the eastern division. The Reform Bill of 1832 deprived Droitwich of one member, and now it is reduced to giving its name to one of the electoral divisions of the county.

Although Droitwich has long been famous all the world over for its inexhaustible treasures of the finest table salt, it is at last coming prominently into notice as a health resort. True, it can boast of no dazzling Sicilian sky, no mild humidity, no furnace-like heat. Its sole claim to the invalid's attention is its brine baths, whose efficacy

has been proved by thousands of martyrs to chronic rheumatism and gout. Some of the letters from persons of high rank and national reputation which I have had the privilege of reading have been extremely touching in their exuberant gratitude. One states that the writer was urged to visit Droitwich by Sir James Paget; this shows that that distinguished surgeon has a high opinion of the baths; other leaders of the medical profession endorse Sir James's verdict. The brine of Droitwich is interesting from its exceptional purity and extraordinary strength; it contains nearly 50 per cent. of salt. Fifty years have passed since attention was first drawn to the medical value of hot brine baths in complaints for which they are not usually resorted to. The late Mr. William Bainbrigge, an excellent surgeon in his day, did much to make the place popular; but the pioneers in such undertakings are rarely rewarded, and Mr. Bainbrigge went to his rest, having done less for himself than for suffering humanity. In consequence of the high specific gravity of the brine, it is necessary to dilute it with twice as much hot water before it can be used for bathing purposes; after a time the swollen and tender joints become less sensitive, and more or less completely return to their natural size, while the skin of the whole body gets soft and velvety. Dr. W. P. Bainbrigge assured me that the water in which gouty patients had bathed contained a good deal of urate of soda, which he believed was dissolved out of the tissues by the solvent properties of the brine. No one doubts that these baths get rid of a great deal of gouty matter, though they should be taken under experienced medical supervision, as they do not suit all the cases which would seem likely to benefit by them.

"Although," writes Dr. S. S. Roden, "the waters of Droitwich are said to have been used in the times of the Romans, their medicinal and curative properties were not fully known until the last half-century. Attention was first prominently called to their efficacy as an external application in the first severe visitation of Asiatic cholera in 1832. This discovery was so striking that I venture to relate it. Droitwich, like many other places, suffered severely from the outbreak, and people died so rapidly and suddenly that a panic seized the inhabitants, and great difficulty was experienced in getting anyone to wait on those who were attacked. The disease was looked upon as so infectious that to approach any of the stricken was to insure infection to oneself. Under these circumstances a cholera hospital was extemporised out of a disused salt-work; still, difficulty remained in inducing anyone to take charge of it. At length, a man and his wife were found willing to undertake the management; the man's duty was to fetch the patient, take him to the hospital, and prepare a hot bath, and, if a man, to bathe him, and then to put him in bed; and when a fatal result occurred, to convey the body to the cemetery. On the wife devolved the duty of nursing, administering medicine and nourishment, and bathing female patients. On one occasion, a patient being brought during the night, there was no hot water; under these circumstances the man

fetched buckets of boiling brine from a neighbouring salt work. The effect upon the patient was to resuscitate him; the skin became warm, the voice and the pulse returned, and he rapidly recovered. The result even amazed the medical staff, and henceforth during the epidemic the hot brine bath was used in every case and with the most favourable result. Sir Charles Hastings was at the time a constant visitor to Droitwich, and his attention being directed to the marvellous results of the brine bath, his philosophical mind saw how valuable the application might prove in the treatment of many diseases; and with characteristic energy he advocated opening public baths, with the result that in 1836 the first were opened. These soon obtained great local celebrity, and considerable numbers of persons came from different parts of the county. In 1855 the late Mr. Grabb, an enterprising tradesman in the town and a man of great intelligence and energy, took up the Baths. The Limited Liability Act had just come into existence, and this offered a great opportunity to a joint stock company to develop the Baths. The scheme was approved of and supported by most of the neighbouring gentry; an eligible site was selected for the erection of Baths, together with a scheme for a handsome crescent of lodging and boarding-houses. Whether the provisional committee was alarmed by the great pretensions of the scheme I know not, but the undertaking suddenly collapsed. Mr. Grabb, however, conscious of the capability of the place, threw himself single-handed into the undertaking, and enlarged and improved the existing Baths. He erected a number of additional baths, together with a well bath and douches, sank a deep pit in the hope of finding brine, erected a steam engine, elevated the walls, and dug out the basin of the present swimming bath, and he made arrangements with the Great Western and Midland Railway Companies to issue bathing tickets; unfortunately, his resources did not suffice to carry out his plans to the fullest extent, and without letting go his favourite scheme, he turned his talents in other directions. In 1870 the late Mr. Bainbrigg took the Baths over from Mr. Grabb, and established a company to purchase them and the adjoining hotel and to convert them into a single establishment. A large sum was spent in enlarging and extending the bathing accommodation. One grave error was not preserving the well bath and douches put in by Mr. Grabb. The swimming bath was then completed, and has since been one of the greatest attractions of the town."

Admirable accommodation, on a luxurious scale, has been provided for the large number of sufferers flocking to the town. Handsome private boarding-houses meet the eye at every turn, and these provide, at moderate charges, every convenience and attention, while the town boasts of two large hotels: one, the Raven, formerly the Manor House of the quaint old town, is kept by Mr. George Buddle; it is extensive and attractive, with tastefully laid out grounds, exceedingly comfortable rooms, and cheerful surroundings. I have been all over the house several times, and have been much pleased with the beauty of the rooms and the admirable management. The drawing-room is very pretty, and it has been enlarged, while a new wing has been added to the hotel, which now contains a handsome dining-room and some good bedrooms; indeed, it has thirty of the latter for visitors, a number which will not long suffice.

The other hotel, the Royal, managed by Miss Coghlan, I have not been over, though one hears most satisfactory accounts of its internal arrangements. Mr. Corbett, M.P. for the division, and a wise and munificent benefactor of the town, has done much for Droitwich, developing the salt industry and building the St. Andrew's Baths, which have been fitted up with the latest and most luxurious appliances for treatment and comfort. When at Droitwich, at the end of September 1887, I was much struck by Mr. Corbett's arrangements, and the accommodation then seemed large enough for many years, but the new baths have long ceased to be sufficient to accommodate the visitors whom the growing fame of the place is attracting, and on revisiting them March 27, 1888, I found that considerable additions were already being made. To prevent disappointment I must add that Mr. Corbett's Brine Baths are not a hotel. Three years ago, in my earliest papers on Droitwich, I urged that large boarding-houses under competent medical supervision were urgently needed, though I believe that even at that time two or three local practitioners took in boarders or regularly visited some of the boarding-houses. Something more than this was nevertheless needed, and I ventured to point out a certain piece of land which it seemed to me would do excellently for a huge sanatorium, like those that have made Malvern, Buxton and Bournemouth famous. My suggestions did not at once bear fruit; but on my recent visit to the town, the architect, Mr. Nichols, of Colmore Row, Birmingham, took me over an immense and imposing range of buildings rapidly approaching completion, which I believe will accommodate 120 inmates: it stands near the St. Andrew's Baths, and will be connected with the latter by a covered passage. This is I hope only the commencement of a new order of things, and before long, should the first sanatorium answer, as it can hardly fail to do, we may have several others. The advantage to the town and to invalids will be incalculable.

When the St. Andrew's Baths were first opened they were fitted up with nine bathing places; there was also, under the same roof, a large swimming bath. The latter was set apart for ladies at certain times; this was awkward, and often inconvenienced invalids and strangers coming for a few hours. Now, two new magnificent wings have increased the bathing places to twenty-four, of the most sumptuous description; many have capacious private dressing-rooms; and a second swimming bath has been built, so that one swimming bath will always be ready for ladies, the other for gentlemen. The price of tickets is very reasonable, and Mr. Corbett allows me to mention that the baths are always open, free of charge, to any medical prac-

tioner who wishes to give them a trial, and sends in his card to the manager.

As for the exact composition of the water, as it is not taken internally it would not interest the reader ; enough that it is similar to, though purer than sea water. It makes, as the Romans knew perfectly well, table salt with little trouble, and of great purity, and the refuse is small. It differs from the purest sea water in containing many times as much salt. The beds from which the brine is pumped are only 200 feet beneath the surface, so that it is cold ; the temperature is 52° Fah. Its specific gravity is so high that, like Dead Sea water, it supports the human body, and some effort is needed to sink in it—indeed, special contrivances are required, while new-laid eggs float on its surface like empty walnut shells in a horsepond.

At present the brine is pumped up from a depth of 140 to 200 feet ; it has a density of 1.25, and contains upwards of 22,000 grains of solid matter in each gallon, or 5.5 ounces in a pint. The solid constitution is mainly chloride of sodium, combined in small quantities with other salts, and with traces of bromine and iodine. The salinity is so intense that the water cannot be used as a beverage. It might be used diluted to perhaps one-sixth its present strength, and this proportion would be an active aperient. For bathing, the brine has to be reduced from its original strength, for the buoyancy of the fluid in its purity would be so great that the body could not be submerged, but would float like a cork on the surface, and in its full strength it would be likely to occasion irritation of the skin ; and, thirdly, the attempt to heat the brine to the required temperature would lead to a precipitation of salt, which would choke up the valves, angles, and orifices of the pipes and taps, and occasion more or less constant disrepair. The process adopted is to fill into the bath cold brine to one half the quantity of fluid required, then to add boiling water to bring the bath to a proper temperature ; even with this reduction the strength of the brine is five or six times that of sea water, and difficulty is experienced in keeping the entire surface covered in the bath. To return to the question of temperature. The swimming bath is kept at a temperature of 80° to 84° Fah., and is of great service in general debility, particularly in convalescence after acute disease ; provided always that the power of reaction in the system of the patient is good. This is of the greatest importance and should be attended to in all cases, not alone for the swimming bath, but in warm and hot baths ; here again the necessity for medical super-

vision is obvious. The warm and hot baths are given at temperatures varying from 90° to 106°, or, in some cases, as high as 110°. In the new baths, erected by Mr. Corbett, M.P., a very complete arrangement of douches has been provided so that the force of the waters may be fully utilised by local application to any region. This is of the greatest value in the treatment of stiffened joints and in many other local maladies.

To get the full benefit of treatment patients should stay some time. Unfortunately it is now the fashion to rush from place to place, stopping here a week and somewhere else three days. This is not advisable in chronic gout, and in those cases of thickening of the joints which perplex the doctor and cause the sufferer more distress than he likes to confess. Many who have tried Droitwich once have got so much good that they have returned again and again ; and though it rarely happens that brine baths, or indeed any other, can eradicate the tendency to disease, and, in addition, to temporarily curing the patient, make him proof against the return of his enemy, there is general agreement that, with some exceptions, benefit is almost always derived. Constant attention to diet, and leaving off spices, alcoholic stimulants, and animal food, might keep the old enemy at bay. An intemperate client of mine fell with great violence from a tree, five years ago, and injured his shoulder. He was then over fifty, and thirty years before had had rheumatism badly, having finally to go to the Mineral Waters Hospital at Bath for treatment. He was then completely cured, and had no return of the complaint till after the fall from the tree, when chronic, and I feared intractable inflammation of the right shoulder set in, and there was every prospect of his being permanently disabled. After six months' unsuccessful treatment at his own house I sent him to Droitwich, and began a correspondence with Dr. Bainbrigge, then only known to me by fame. That gentleman promptly and courteously answered, nay, he did more, he defrayed the expense of the poor fellow's six weeks' residence at Droitwich. The man returned home well, his shoulder painless, and of normal appearance and size ; and since then he has worked like a Trojan. This is my solitary experience of the benefits of the baths to a patient of mine, though an old friend found marked good from repeated visits to them.

Although Dr. Percy Roden tells me that his father is on the point of publishing a work on the Brine Treatment at Droitwich, I venture to reproduce, with some compression, the following passage from Dr. S. S. Roden's modest pamphlet :—

During the present year a new set of baths has been erected by Mr. Corbett, always a great benefactor of the neighbourhood. In the new baths the latest improvements have all been introduced for the treatment of stiffened and thickened joints, in the way of douche, jet, steam, and vapour baths, and massage : and no outlay which skill, experience, and knowledge could suggest, has been spared in making these baths effectual for the relief of all forms of disease to which they are applicable ; and as a source of pleasure and recreation to those in health.

One important feature of Droitwich is the atmosphere. To the eye so much white steam, often blended with black smoke, such as usually, more or less, overhangs the older part of the town where the salt-works exist, is not inviting, nor does it convey a pleasing impression to visitors as they approach the railway station from Birmingham. The railway is unfortunately raised to a level with the top of the chimney stacks of the evaporating pans and their roofs. The town being only perceptible on the remote side of the works, is seen to the greatest possible disadvantage. Nevertheless the place is singularly healthy and the inhabitants live long and enjoy vigorous health. The reason of this atmospheric benefit is the presence of chlorine. The existence of this element so widely and yet so scantily disseminated, is a great boon to the inhabitants, and accounts for the remarkable freedom from epidemic and zymotic disease that Droitwich enjoys. This power to resist infection is as true as remarkable. When outbreaks of typhoid and scarlatina or measles occur in the surrounding towns, a few scattered cases may happen here and there about Droitwich, but nothing to call an epidemic. Even small-pox when introduced, rarely extends to half-a-dozen cases, but dies out.

“Ordinarily, if the attack of illness,” he continues—

is of some months’ standing three to six weeks’ treatment is a reasonable time for the cure. It is sometimes very difficult to discriminate between sciatica and rheumatoid arthritis of the hip. The distinction is of no great importance as far as treatment is concerned, as the latter affection is also greatly benefited by the brine baths : there is also no form of true gout that does not benefit, from *podagra*, the old-fashioned acute great-toe gout, down to tophetic developments in the knuckles and joints. The beneficial action of the brine is as marked in rheumatism as in gout ; acute rheumatism with high inflammatory fever, commonly known as rheumatic fever, does not come under observation, or at all events, not until the febrile symptoms have subsided. Cases of sub-acute and general articular rheumatism, with pain and swelling of the joints, and a moist sweating skin, but with pulse and temperature not exceeding 100, make rapid recovery, and not infrequently a patient who has to be carried with great care to the bath on arrival, is able after one or two baths to walk with crutches, and very shortly with sticks ; and finally, in three or four weeks to throw aside his sticks and return home perfectly well.

Rheumatic gout, or rheumatoid arthritis, when affecting the whole frame, is one of the most distressing afflictions to which the human frame is subject : it is obstinate and intractable, and renders its victims’ existence miserable to themselves and distressing to their friends. Not a limb, not even a joint, in aggravated cases, but is rendered useless, and many of them distorted ; the fingers being bent and stiffened and more or less drawn to the little finger side, so that no justifiable force even temporarily restores them to their natural shape ; the knees and elbows are contracted and bent. Not only the joints but the surrounding tissues and the sheaths of the tendons are swollen and filled with fluid. Under these conditions no position is easy or comfortable to the sufferer for any length

of time. At the same time the sufferers have no power to assist themselves, and every change of position is accompanied by pain. Such cases are too well known not to be at once recognised. Whatever will alleviate such distress is a great blessing. It is in this form of disease, usually so unmanageable, that the great efficacy and power of the Droitwich waters are found. It is a disease intractable to ordinary remedies, and one of a progressive downward tendency, but still in the majority of instances it yields to the use of these waters; not immediately and rapidly, but ultimately. The more advanced conditions only gain a modified relief during the first course of treatment; but that relief is a distinct one, and it is found that after the patient returns home improvement continues. It may require a repetition of treatment for three or four successive years to ensure complete recovery; and so deeply rooted is the tendency to recurrence that a return for a short course of treatment from time to time is desirable. The thickening and stiffness that so frequently remain in the joints and limbs after fractures, dislocations, or severe sprains derive great benefit from the baths or douches. Strumous enlargement of the glands of the neck and other parts also derives great benefit from the baths, and the atmospheric condition of the locality appears to be very favourable. Such strumous affections are far less prevalent among the children of the town and in the Union Workhouse than in manufacturing towns. In paralysis the tonic action of the baths is well seen, and, as a rule, in the milder forms complete restoration of power follows their use.

Droitwich is not particularly attractive, but the country in the immediate neighbourhood is exceedingly pretty and fertile. It is, however, interesting, and abounds, says Dr. Roden, "in old half-timbered houses of the 12th and 13th centuries." The date of these handsome houses must surely be an error, and I know of few more ancient than the 15th and 16th centuries, and that in England is very respectable antiquity. Visitors from large towns, more especially from London, are delighted with the district, and many would become permanent residents could convenient houses only be found. Near Droitwich there are many places of interest. Worcester, with its majestic cathedral, is only six miles off; and the trains, of which the service is excellent, cover the distance in ten minutes; Malvern, with its bold and picturesque hills and well laid-out and prosperous streets, is only fourteen miles away; while the rich district of which Ledbury is the centre is six miles beyond Malvern. While few of free choice would choose Droitwich as a permanent residence, it is not worse than many other manufacturing towns, and it is far more attractive than some. Its small size—its population is only 4,000, though rapidly increasing—makes it easy to run off into the open country. A quarter of an hour is enough to reach the fields and lanes, while a few minutes in the train takes the visitor into the loveliest districts of Worcestershire, or to Wyre Forest, near Bewdley, with its fine timber and long stretches of woodland scenery. The most pressing consideration with the invalid,

however, is to get well, and feeling that good is being got would reconcile him to longer journeys and less attractive places than the Roman Salinæ. All round the town fine timber abounds. The Lickey Hills can be reached in half an hour, and some of the drives far and near are lovely, and those who can afford them have nothing to desire. The place is sheltered from keen winds, while the climate is mild and calm.

Now that the Royal and the St. Andrew's Baths are connected, or on the point of being connected by covered ways with the Royal Hotel and the new boarding-house respectively, the strong objections once urged to Droitwich as a winter resort are answered. Patients will now be able to have their daily hot brine bath and to command the most luxurious accommodation without the necessity of passing into the open air or facing rain and wind, and so one may hope that the winter will no longer find the town almost deserted by invalids. Perhaps no expenditure is, in the long run, more productive than that incurred in the improvement of health resorts. Hundreds of thousands of people are possessed of fair means; but they have no ties connecting them with any place in particular. These people will go wherever they can find good homes and healthy surroundings; but they demand, and not unnaturally, the conveniences, or rather the luxuries of modern life. A few hundred persons of this class make the fortune of a small town, and as their average expenditure will hardly fall short of £5 a week per head—sometimes reaching double that sum or more, it can easily be seen what 500 would do for Droitwich or any other similar place during the winter. For many years Droitwich will not have public parks, good society, and superior amusements; but it might well have several huge boarding-houses, each one a complete community in itself, with concert hall, billiard-room, and ladies' drawing-room. The new boarding establishment is a fresh departure, one I advocated three years ago in my earliest papers on Droitwich, and I can only hope that before long others on the same lines will follow; indeed, I am of opinion, from facts that have come under my own observation, and from hints I have heard dropped, that there are good openings for the right sort of people, and that more than one such establishment might answer. At first, at any rate, good management and strict economy would be needed, and the matter must be taken in hand on sound commercial principles; but given the proper people and suitable establishments, much could be done, perhaps more than some persons would believe.

A great future lies before Droitwich as a health resort, although

it is a question whether it yet ranks as high as it ought. Hereford and Birmingham send contingents of patients, who usually return greatly benefited ; and London is finding out that it is not necessary to make a long and costly pilgrimage to Germany, with Droitwich so much nearer and so easy of access. Foreigners are more energetic in such matters than we, and they strive to make their health resorts attractive and they generally succeed, so that at present our home spas are heavily weighted in the competition with their continental rivals. The expenses of residence at Droitwich are not heavy, and those most deeply interested in the prosperity of the ancient town of Wich will surely not follow the evil example of some other health resorts and drive away visitors by exorbitant charges.

Droitwich is now generally recognised as one of the health resorts of the land : it has started on a career of prosperity which may lead to fame far greater and to a population much larger than we can at present see. Already the boarding-houses are full to overflowing, and every addition to the accommodation brings large numbers of fresh people ; indeed, there seems boundless scope for enterprise and building operations. True, the older and lower parts of the town, as I have in other papers shown, are not inviting and are subject to land subsidences, which, though they do not threaten great catastrophes and serious loss of life, do not improve the appearance of the older streets ; but near the station matters are wholly different, and there the amount of good land available for building purposes is large. The recent visit of the British Medical Association—the second that body has paid the place in eight years, its former visit was at the time of the Worcester Meeting in 1882—cannot fail to be the commencement of a new era of prosperity and fame, and before three years have sped swiftly away the cry may be for still more lodging-houses and increased bath accommodation.

No doubt all my readers are aware that salters, and colliers too, were till recently little better than slaves or serfs. Fortunately nothing recalling these evil days remains in the appearance or condition of the Droitwich salt-workers ; but though it can hardly be news to anyone taking up these articles, I must give a passage which will emphasise the difference between our fortunate age and the times immediately preceding the great French Revolution, which, in spite of all its horrors and atrocities, did much to emancipate the working classes of Europe.

It is strange that in 1775, little more than a hundred years ago, the British Parliament found it necessary to pass the following Bill :—

Whereas many colliers, coalbearers, and salters in Scotland are in a state of slavery or bondage, bound to the collieries and salt-works, where they work for life and are sold with the mines : Be it enacted that—

(1) No person shall be bound to work in them in any way different from common labourers.

(2) It shall be lawful for the owners and lessees of collieries and salt-works to take apprentices for the legal term in Scotland.

(3) All persons under a given age now employed by them to be free after a given day.

(4) Others of a given age not to be free till they have instructed an apprentice.

In conclusion, the salt-works are worth visiting and are interesting, though the manufacture is simple. 200,000 tons of salt a year are produced ; and though the recent wide-spread commercial depression affected Droitwich in common with all other manufacturing centres, the quality of its salt is too remarkable for it ever to be a drug in the market. Stoke Prior, a few miles from the town, is also famous for its wonderful salt workings, far surpassing those of Droitwich in the abundance of their supplies, and in the depth to which the shafts have been driven. Mr. Corbett, commonly known as the Salt King, is a most charming and enlightened man, and has done more to advance the best interests of the town than anyone else. While Droitwich has his support and countenance, its fame must extend ; more particularly as, while reading the proof, I have been informed on the highest possible authority that it is not the intention of those most interested to pause, but that many schemes are being discussed which will, when carried out, as they certainly will be shortly, make Droitwich equal to almost any other health resort in the world, and superior in most matters to the most favoured in the United Kingdom.

AN OLD OXONIAN.

TABLE TALK.

THE LATEST AMUSEMENT IN PARIS.

THE melancholy catalogue of evils that I foresaw as the result of the establishment of the bull-fight in France is almost full, and the new pastime of the Parisians is now scarcely distinguishable from that of the Madrileño or the Gaditano. Most of the horrors are there—the disembowelling of the horses, the massacre of men. In the latter respect, indeed, things seem to be worse in Paris than in Seville, seeing that, with the exception of the Toréador, the combatants are less expert and necessarily more subject to disaster. Once and again, accordingly, the most excitable and dangerous public in Europe, and that most in need of sobering influences, has been extasied by the sight of human beings gored by the bull or trampled by him out of recognition. The voice of protest has been raised in Paris, where there is, of course, a leaven of wisdom and mercy. In the public excitement it passes unheard. The South, always addicted to the sports of the circus, takes new heart, and the noble amphitheatre at Nismes sees spectacles that rival those exhibited in the period of Roman occupation. Beyond the Alps even the contagion has spread, and I read with dismay that the bull-fight has been established in at least one Italian city. I have no fresh argument to advance against amusements that appeal only to semi-enervate Latin races, and have long been regarded with horror by the masculine North. I can but repeat my declaration that there is in such spectacles a more serious menace to the stability of France than can elsewhere be found.

THE LATEST AMUSEMENT IN LONDON.

IS London justified, however, it may be asked, in arraignment of Paris, and is she not open to the retort that she should purge herself of her own vices before posing as the advocate of decency and humanity? Attempts to acclimatise in this country the bull-fight have been vain; I have not heard of one since the seventeenth century. During many centuries, however, such no less barbarous, though less bloodthirsty, spectacles as bear-baiting, bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and other similar sports, the very memory of some of which is dead, were the delight alike of peer and peasant. I should be sorry to wager that, even now, “a main o’ cocks” is not sometimes seen. The national conscience long ago decided that these things should no longer be tolerated. With them was relegated into darkness, and, as was hoped, into oblivion, the prize-ring—the most dete^{er}

ably cruel and obscene of English amusements. The old feudal strain is, however, evident in our higher classes, at least as regards their amusements,¹ and their constant endeavour has been to evade the merciful provisions of the law. Changing the name of the entertainment, and making some frivolous pretence of ameliorating the conditions, they have re-introduced the prize-fight into our midst. Clubs for its encouragement are established, and for the sake of seeing two hired beings pummel each other out of recognition, our gilded youth will pay sums such as are demanded for no other spectacle. That there are in London amusements as degraded as can be found in Paris I will grant, and I will also concede that those who pay twenty guineas to assist at a glove-fight would gladly pay a fortieth of that sum to see a bull-fight in Spain or France. I may point out, however, that while the bull-fight in Paris is sanctioned by the civic authorities, the amusements of our English Yahoos are no less against the spirit of our English laws than against the moral sense of our people.

UNTRODDEN WAYS.

AS a constant walker I protest against the course adopted by the authorities of our parks and roads of supplying the pedestrian with a path on which it is torture to walk. To well-shod travellers the small stones of which paths are constantly made are intolerable, to the poor the intrusion of the small stones through holes in the shoes becomes an absolute torment. No doubt the material is the cheapest obtainable, and economy within certain limits is to be commended. Is there, however, any true economy here? In the parks, beside the unused path, are two or three beaten tracks, off which the authorities strive vainly to drive the pedestrian by putting up iron hurdles or other obstructions. In the country roads near London I continually see a footpath wholly unused, and the travellers, myself included, plodding through the dust of the high road, constantly attent for the sound of wheels or the clang of the cyclist's bell. I decline to regard this as a minor evil. Paths are made to be used, and the adoption of a plan which prevents them from being used is a fraud upon those who are taxed for their construction and a wrong to those for whom they are supposed to be made.

¹ I copy from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of October 16 of this year, a passage curiously confirmatory of this statement. "The Hon. George Dundas, youngest son of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, who is only eight years of age, rode to his first 'kill' this week with the Zetland hounds, and, in addition to receiving the brush, had his face washed in the blood of the fox!" This would arrest attention in a description of life on the Congo.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1890.

HUNTED.

BY ELLA EDERSHEIM.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH THE HUNT IS ENDED.

SINCE rebellion was useless and complaint was unmanly, Radley concluded that the only course of behaviour open to him was to make all preparations for his picnic party in the most complete fashion, but with the firm resolve to show Miss Le Marchant clearly enough, during the entertainment, that he was neither honoured by, nor pleased with, her selection of himself as host. At one time he had indeed thought of devolving his duties on Canning, and of finding some pressing previous engagement elsewhere. But after much consideration he persuaded himself that this plan was repugnant to his sense of truth. Besides, he told himself that his resolution was well able to stand in this its first real test; that it would be cowardly for him to turn his back on danger; while at the same time it would be singularly wholesome for the enchantress to encounter a decided protest. Indeed, he argued on these lines for a length of time quite out of proportion to the significance of the subject.

The day rose cloudless and serene. Each separate leaf of young and tender green, oak, willow, and elm, stood clear against a calm blue sky. The season was late, and the grass was even yet not nearly ready to be cut; but it bore along the edges of the fields gay fringes of ox-eyed daisy and scarlet poppy, of waving plantains, sorrel and cuckoo flowers; and underneath lay round and fragrant masses of the pink clover, of thyme and ground ivy, lady's slipper and money-in-your-pocket.

The picnic party was in the highest spirits. One large boat and a Canadian canoe were to serve them as means of transit, and there was much good-humoured wrangling and casting of lots before the company could be divided and arranged. At last all were settled, Mrs. Hawthorn having manœuvred Kitty and Sybil into the canoe with Canning, while she and Professor Wheatley occupied the stern of the dingey. Radley rowed stroke and Graeme bow; Latimer and Bankes taking consecutively 2 and 3. Juanita lay on some cushions which had been arranged in the bows of the boat.

Up they swept against the stream, with slow, strong, rhythmical movement: past the scared and hurrying water-rats, past the yellow button water-lilies, through tangle of weeds and long cutting reeds, round abrupt corners of mud-bank and over treacherous shallows, where the unwary run aground, till at last they moored their boat not far from a deserted manor-house. Mrs. Hawthorn's watchful eye had noticed that at first Charles Graeme paid far more attention to his neighbour in the bows than he did to his oar. Subsequently, however, his gentle face became overcast, and he relapsed into silence and steady work; whilst that Juanita, twisting herself round face downwards in the boat, effectually concealed her countenance from observation, while seeming lost in contemplation of the wonders and beauties of the river.

Cushions and rugs were soon spread on the grass, and the ladies busied themselves in unpacking and arranging the good things. Juanita offered to superintend the boiling of the kettle, and volunteers to search for firing were not backward. Soon the leaping flames roared high and strong. Juanita crouched on the grass fanning the fire with an extended Japanese parasol. She wore a scarlet shirt that opened low on her throat. She had thrown off her hat, and her heavy dark hair, in which she had fantastically entwined bold daisies and poppy-buds torn open, was loosened and lay about her neck. The fire cast a ruddy copper glow on her beautiful face: she looked like some idealised gipsy-queen.

Mrs. Hawthorn was herself fascinated by the picture thus made. Looking round she saw that Radley also seemed to share her interest; while beside her stood motionless Frederick Canning, his arms full with a bundle of wraps, his gaze fixed in the same direction.

Then an inspiration, the birth of a gnawing despair, came to the Warden's wife.

"I wish that Juanita were not so fond of theatrical effects," she said, addressing the young men in a low voice: "I suppose she must have inherited it: but it is an unfortunate as well as a dangerous tendency."

No change was visible on Radley's face, but Canning immediately started and looked down at the speaker. There was a perplexed expression on his fine features.

"Inherited? What do you mean, Mrs. Hawthorn?" he inquired. "I thought that Miss Le Marchant was the daughter of a highly respectable Professor, of good old Jersey family."

Mrs. Hawthorn laughed a little, the laugh concealing the boisterous palpitation of her heart as she played her last, her trump card.

"About the good old Jersey family I am not capable of speaking," she said, "though I dare say her father's people were respectable enough. But did you not know that he had made a *mésalliance*—a most disastrous marriage? Some strolling singer or itinerant minstrel who took his fancy—a very doubtful person, I believe. It must be from her mother that Juanita inherits her tricks of manner and costume, her guitar and mode of singing, and her love of effect. I hope she may have inherited nothing worse. It is a thousand pities, poor girl!"

Observing Canning closely, Mrs. Hawthorn saw his eyes once more seek the kneeling, picturesque figure busy with the fire. Harry Latimer was handing Juanita selected fragments of wood with which she fed the flames. Geoffrey Banks stood by holding forth on a more rational mode of kindling wood out of doors. Professor Wheatley, a little further off, was dangling grotesquely from a bough, to which he had lent his weight in the hope of detaching it. The sun glinted through the sparse shade of the young leaves overhead; the trees stood straight and close; there was a fragrance of lingering blue bells in the air. But all rapture in the beauty of the scene had died out of Canning's face. He was no longer one of the group, but an outsider, keenly conscious of its weak points, keenly critical too. Presently his eyes fell back and turned on Kitty—pretty English Kitty—sitting on a hamper at the other end of the white table-cloth, cutting and spreading with butter thick slices of soft new bread. Canning went round and dropped on to the grass beside Kitty, his back to the wood and the kettle scene. He took up a spoon and laughed as he began to dab largesse of jam on to the slices cut by her deft fingers.

Mrs. Hawthorn drew a long sigh of relief. Never had potion worked so efficaciously, so instantaneously. Her reason applauded her, and her conscience had long been in its regular service. Should she not consider her own child? Had she not besides but fulfilled the duty which she owed to Canning himself and to his family. She felt hungrier, happier, less careworn than she had been since Juanita first darkened her horizon.

But in Radley's mind arose a storm of indignant protest against

the by-play he had just witnessed. Mrs. Hawthorn's words, saying so little, implying so much, seemed to him as sharp and poisoned arrows, and instinctively he placed himself on the side of the girl who had been thus slighted. For the first time, too, he felt that there was a bond of union between himself and Juanita. For how might not the Warden's wife, with perhaps just the same warrant of information, have referred to his own parentage had he not been present? What, in very truth, would have been her feelings if she could have seen the humble, God-fearing, hard-working mother whom he could just remember, and the pious, talkative preacher, whose memory served Radley, it is to be feared, more as a warning than as an example in those paths of culture and refinement where, by the force of sheer intellect, he now walked unchallenged? Radley's whole soul rose in revolt against this unjust, petty tyranny of caste and fate.

In spite of these fierce undercurrents the tea was a merry meal. Kitty, aware that by some miraculous dispensation her lover had suddenly been returned to her, was softly frisky and happy. Sybil was too careless to grieve that Harry Latimer should no more plot to sit beside her, so long as she was allowed to poke fun at the rest of the party. Radley, according to his prearranged plan, but with some conscious weariness, kept strictly by Mrs. Hawthorn's side, attending solely to her wants and his own.

When tea was finished the young men called for music, and all joined in madrigals and part songs. Then Juanita was asked to sing. For long she refused: she had left her guitar behind her, she pleaded. But at last, when they had ceased to hope for acquiescence, she sprang to her feet, her dancing eyes directed on Mrs. Hawthorn, her whole form seemingly possessed with the relish of some secret merriment. Hastily she demanded and collected the penknives of the company, including even that of the unwilling Radley, and fashioning from them a species of castanettes, to the delight of all she abruptly burst out into the wildest, most rollicking *patois* song; bobbing, curtsying, shaking back her hair, tossing her head, quivering the improvised instruments, her pretty feet twinkling in and out—all in rhythm, all in unison with the gay fan-far-an of her singing. Then, as suddenly as she had sprung up, she dropped down again in a little heap on the grass, her eyes still on the impenetrable countenance of Mrs. Hawthorn, while the young people shouted applause and clamoured for an *encore*. Even Radley found himself enthusiastically desiring a repetition of the song: its barbaric grace and the exquisitely bizarre effect of the beautiful, fantastic

figure had completely carried him out of himself. Involuntarily he joined his voice in the shout for more, and then immediately turned away, ashamed of his momentary weakness. But Canning only clapped his hands, nodding a gracious approval, while his eyes sought those of Mrs. Hawthorn in a comprehensive glance.

Juanita, however, refused to sing again. Quietly she restored the penknives to their respective owners, and obstinately she busied herself in helping to pack up the tea-things. The party began to scatter, some wandering off through the copse and others towards the hay-fields. With infinite satisfaction Mrs. Hawthorn marked Kitty and Canning through a gap in the hedge standing together in what, without undue sanguineness, might be considered as certainly a suggestive attitude.

Juanita had drawn the flowers from her hair, and was preparing to replace her hat, when Geoffrey Banks approached her. He, more than any other perhaps, had been enraptured by the wild, natural grace of her song. Its effect was still on him as he looked down on her now in a manner peculiarly his own : a combination of protection and condescension.

"Why do you do that?" he asked. "*I* infinitely prefer you as you are—the child of Nature."

Juanita glanced up at him, pausing a moment, her wide straw hat in her hand. It was one of the more immediate consequences of her glances that the person on whom they were directed should instantly become, as it were, bewitched. Though Juanita did not speak now, nor fall in with his request, Geoffrey felt his usually temperate blood racing and chasing like the horsemen of the poem, and his cool, clear head in a most unwonted whirl and maze. He had left to himself only just sufficient presence of mind to cast a look around him. There was no one within ear-shot, and he bent lower over the girl.

"Juanita!" he whispered. "Beloved ! Adored ! Do you know that you are the most beautiful woman in creation, and that you have moved me, even me, to worship?"

The girl stood leaning up against a young ash tree, slender and graceful as herself. She kept her great dark eyes fixed on Geoffrey Banks's face, as was her wont when she was puzzled—one of those "tricks" to which Mrs. Hawthorn took such exception, but which probably arose from the difficulty she still had in following a strange language when rapidly spoken. She was surprised at hearing herself addressed by her Christian name ; otherwise she did not at all grasp the meaning of the words addressed to her, and she therefore made no response.

"Say that you too love me!" continued the infatuated young man, emboldened by her silence. "Sometimes I have felt and known that your eyes were on me, and I have striven to show myself worthy of your regard. If you, my sweet Juanita, will but confide to me your heart, I shall be the happiest, the proudest of men."

Here he took possession of Juanita's slim little hand and sank on one knee, with infinite self-satisfaction at his own felicity of expression.

His attitude revealed to Juanita a great deal more than did his words. She was dismayed, alarmed, insulted. Charles Graeme, too, had told her but that same afternoon that he loved her. But he had worded his love so meekly, so despondently, that the girl had been neither startled nor offended. What had she done now that this bold Englishman should come thus and solicit her, face to face, for the gift of herself—for what, according to her code, she had neither right nor inclination to dispose of? If, in very truth, he desired her in marriage, why had he not made the preliminary advances which she believed to be customary? Why had he not given her some former hint of his intentions; have instructed Mrs. Hawthorn to warn her; or spoken to the Warden, for the time being her natural protector? But thus suddenly, without any previous courting or even special attention, to fall on one knee and to ask her to bestow her hand on him, was, in Juanita's eyes, an outrage on propriety, almost amounting to an outrage on decency. Since she had never before found herself in a similar predicament she lacked words in which to convey meetly her vexation and annoyance. She withdrew her hand, indeed, sharply enough from Geoffrey's grasp, and her face flushed painfully.

"Pray rise up, Mr. Bankes," she said. "Your attitude is altogether very unbecoming."

He recognised that she had difficulty in giving proper expression to her thoughts, but he mistook her displeasure for a modest bashfulness. Accordingly, though he stood up, fearful lest his attitude should, after all, have been lacking in proper dignity, he continued his suit with unabated confidence.

"Sweet one!" he said, "do not be alarmed. I would not hurt a hair of your head! It shall be my dearest joy always to protect and guard you."

He put out his arm to enwrap her slender figure, but she shrank away from him with eyes of dumb terror.

"Frightened bird!" he expostulated, "do you think I would

curtail your freedom? You shall be your own gaoler, and bring yourself captive to me."

He stood holding both his arms straight out towards her, an intreating invitation on his confident, handsome young face.

Juanita was still steadfastly regarding him, but the fear in her eyes was gone; and if Geoffrey had not been blinded by the delusion of his own vanity, he might have seen that instead there played there a peculiar and dangerous light. She came a step nearer to him. His arms trembled and his face glowed. Then she lifted her small lithe hand and struck him two stinging blows, one on each of his smooth well-shaven cheeks. Each blow she accompanied by a resolute stamp of her little foot.

"Impertinent!" she cried in a voice half-suffocated with anger. "Impudent! Atrocious!" Then while he was still dumb from astonishment and the tingling of the blood in his face, she drew her shoulders together, sinking her head back between them, and contracting her features into a grimace indicative of so much loathing and scorn that she was for the moment transformed from a woodland nymph into a perfect imp of hatred. Then she turned her indignance back on her suitor and fled.

Geoffrey gathered himself together with a considerable effort.

"What a little she-devil!" he remarked, and sank on the sward.

Juanita, boiling with rage and ignorant of the direction she took fled swiftly back towards the spot where the boats lay moored. Emerging suddenly from the wood on the bank she had the chagrin to discover Harry Latimer, lying asleep full length among the cushions of the canoe, his straw hat drawn flat down over his face. She would have retired again immediately had not the rustle of her dress already aroused his attention. He sat up rubbing his eyes and staring about him. Juanita was little more than a child, and she was very easily distracted. Forgetting her recent wrath, she laughed now at his bewildered air.

"Oh! Miss Le Marchant, is it you?" cried Harry at length, flushing a healthy scarlet as he recognised the girl. "I was just dreaming about you."

"Were you?" said Juanita, sitting contentedly down on the grass, and beginning to pluck and chew sweet stalks. "And what did you dream of me? Something pleasant, I hope?"

"Oh, all sorts of things! But I don't think you'd care to hear them," the young fellow answered, regarding her wistfully. "I'm afraid my dreams would only bore you."

"No, no. You are so nice, you never bore me," Juanita replied very graciously. "Indeed, just now you serve to distract me. Pray go on and tell me your dream."

Thus encouraged, Harry drew himself well up in the canoe, grasping one side with a strong brown hand, and twisting the other for closer anchorage into the forget-me-nots and reeds of the muddy bank. It was a good brave face that he turned on the girl, his blue eyes somewhat graver and steadier than usual.

"I dreamed," he said, "that one I knew had the courage to tell you how he loved you." He drew a strong breath, and then added in a lower tone: "And you were not unkind."

He stopped, his young blood swirling about his face and neck, his bashful eyes downcast.

"Oh!" said Juanita quickly, "do not tell me any more of your dream." She panted a little as she dropped one hand on to the arm buried in the grasses just below her; her voice was very soft and sweet. "Tell your friend," she said, "that he has mistaken his own heart; that it is not Juanita whom he loves. Tell him"—for the boyish face had sunk lower and the broad chest sent forth a quivering sigh—"that life and love and all the future are still before him. He is good and brave; I do not think he will despair."

There was a long silence. Through the quiet air there came only the rustle of an occasional wagtail skimming the shining water, the soft monotonous cooing of wood-pigeons in the copse behind. Juanita sat gazing out over the boat, over the river, over the waving hayfields; and who can tell what were Latimer's thoughts?

The beautiful distance was at last broken for both by the approach of a somewhat heavy figure, now to be perceived hastening towards them. The new-comer was soon recognised to be Professor Wheatley. The Professor was nearing stoutness with middle age; he wore rusty black, and a great-coat which floated out on each side behind him as he rapidly approached them. He looked like some cumbrous, respectable, middle-aged crow. On closer inspection he was seen to be trailing after him the long slimy roots of a magnificent white water-lily.

"There! Miss Le Marchant," he cried triumphantly, laying his trophy at Juanita's feet. "You said you had never seen one. I have been searching for the last half-hour, and at last I was rewarded."

His kind face beamed with good-nature, while a soaking gingham umbrella, which had evidently assisted in the capture of his booty, dripped placidly and steadily on the girl's shoulder.

"There are several more like it where I found this one, but they were beyond my reach," continued the delighted Professor, as Juanita, wriggling out of the shower of his umbrella, fingered the great white flower in a rapture of delight. "If you—you—I forget your name," pointing the gingham at Latimer, "will take your canoe round the corner yonder you will find a little cut, hardly more than a ditch. About fifty yards up it, on the right-hand side . . ." Latimer was already in motion and down the stream, but the Professor continued to shout directions after him till he was well out of sight.

"Now I do call this nice," he said, sitting down by Juanita's side and chuckling joyously. "Those young fellows so monopolise you that I never get a chance of a word with you alone! And yet, you know, my eldest brother, poor Constantine, was your good father's closest friend."

"Oh yes, I know, dear Professor Wheatley!" said the girl, bringing to bear on him all the glowing interest of her lovely face and softened lustrous eyes. "Do tell me now something about papa when he was young and at college, and that which he did, and how he looked, and all, and all about him."

And the Professor thus adjured entered on a long rambling account of days past by, of adventure and hardship overcome, of hard-won triumphs and steady friendship, supplementing memory with happy invention, and always with the encouragement of the girl's rapt eyes and ready sympathetic gesture of head and hand.

"Ah!" she said, and took a deep breath, when at last not from want of will, but from sheer lack of material, the Professor had ceased to discourse; "I cannot thank you enough. It is the first time since I have been here that anyone has spoken to me of my dear father. I feel that you are my very friend."

There was no mistaking the mournfulness of the young girl's voice. The Professor took up one of her small chilly hands, laying it on his knee, smoothing it out and patting it.

"My poor little girl," he said tenderly, "I have seen you every day, I believe, since you came over, and yet I have never once thought of talking to you of your home. I thought the women always did that kind of thing."

At his kindness her eye-lids quivered, and the lines about her mouth trembled a little.

He went on: "Are you not happy, my dear? Are you lonely, my dear? Tell me."

"Not unhappy—but so alone," she answered, a world of pathos in her dark eyes. "For Mrs. Hawthorn does not care for me—she

never has, that is certain. I am afraid that I offend her, and yet often I do not know how it is done. Kitty also does not like me : she avoids me always. There remains Sybil. She means to be kind, but she is very young, and she follows the others. Now, too, I cannot any more speak even with the young men, their friends."

"And why not?" interrupted the Professor quickly.

Juanita coloured and made an expressive little motion of eyebrow and shoulder.

"You need not care for the whole batch of them!" cried the Professor hotly. "They are not worth a brass farthing! I'll look after you! I'll stand up for you! I'd like to see any one of them dare to attack you when I am by!"

"Ah! you do not understand. How shall I make myself understood?" Juanita remonstrated. "They do not attack me—nor do they neglect me. They only . . ."

The Professor had laid his other big, warm hand over the chilly fingers he still held captive on his knee.

"I tell you what it is, my child," he said, speaking very slowly and distinctly. "If you could make up your mind not to look on me as such an old, old fellow—I'm only forty-three after all—and I could persuade your good father to give you over into my care, I would try my very utmost, God helping me, to give you a happy home and to be a good husband to you."

It seemed to Juanita, clearly following each word of his kind, gentle voice, that this proposition was the last drop needed to fill her cup of humiliation and misery. She bent her head till it fell upon their joined hands, and her whole form shook in an agony of tears.

"There!" exclaimed the Professor, much discomposed, "I have only made things worse. Lord help us! How am I to stop her? Tut-tut, my dear; never mind. Stop crying, there's a good girl. Come, come, come! We won't say anything more about it. I ought to have spoken to Le Marchant first. Dry your eyes, dry your eyes! Good Lord! If there isn't Mrs. Hawthorn coming!"

His last exclamation had the effect of immediately quelling the flood of Juanita's tears. In much alarm she raised her flushed cheeks, on which the drops stood checked. Were they about to return home, and had the time indeed come when for two good hours and more she should have to sit face to face with Graeme in his gentle grief, with the irate Bankes, with Harry Latimer's tell-tale face of misery, and with this good blundering Professor? Her blood curdled at the mere thought. She brushed the tears from her face, and the Professor noticed that they left no stain behind them.

Mrs. Hawthorn drew nearer, walking with the attentive Radley.

Now when Radley, in the far distance, had seen the Professor and Juanita sitting together, apparently hand in hand, he had experienced a strange shock, which, seeming to enter at the crown of his straw hat and passing down his spine as down a lightning-conductor, had not left him till it had swept his whole body, emerging at his canvas shoes. For some time his self-imposed position as sole companion to Mrs. Hawthorn had wearied him. To begin with, the well-intentioned lady had displeased him on the subject of Juanita's descent, and further, he had besides exhausted all possible topics of conversation, and had fallen to wondering what the others, what Juanita in especial, might be doing. Now as he stood beside this strangely-assorted and strangely-moved couple he experienced again, only more strongly, that curious sensation of repulsion and attraction working simultaneously within him, with which Juanita's presence had from the first inspired him.

"How flushed you look, my dear," said Mrs. Hawthorn, regarding the girl curiously. "I am afraid you have been exciting yourself too much."

"Oh, not at all!" cried Juanita, springing to her feet, and throwing off with instinctive defiance all traces of emotion. "Professor Wheatley has been telling me the most delightful stories of my dear father, in the time when he was young. That is all."

"Where is the boat?—and the canoe?" inquired Mrs. Hawthorn, still searchingly regarding Juanita, almost as though she suspected her of concealing these means of transit for motives of her own.

"The canoe is down stream getting water-lilies. I saw her as we passed," said Radley, with a renewed and vehement resentment of Mrs. Hawthorn's tone. And then he turned to Juanita. "May I take you home in her, Miss Le Marchant?" he said.

How or why the words escaped him he could not tell. Certainly he had had no intention of making such a request when he had first approached her. But there was something in Mrs. Hawthorn's civilly insolent stare, in the Professor's dumb attitude of protection, that confusedly irritated him, and urged him to articulate protest. Or was it that he too longed for some share in the life and young beauty of the day?

Juanita for the moment was greatly surprised. His offer came as a godsend, yet she could not allow her full relief to appear. She turned away, stooping to pick a long spray of forget-me-not, and an unusual flush crept over her cheek.

"Thank you," she said indifferently, her face hidden from view

"That will be very pleasant." She turned again, and for a moment her eyes rested on Radley. For the first time he fully returned her gaze. It was a moment of subtlest intoxication.

"But where are the others? Wherever can they be?" cried Mrs. Hawthorn, on whom this momentary episode was lost. "We ought to have started at least an hour ago." She ran hither and thither searching fresh points of view. "Has no one seen them?" she asked. "Does no one know where they are?"

"Young Graeme walked home by the fields before tea," said the Professor officiously. "I believe he felt poorly. He looked miserably ill."

Juanita looked faintly guilty.

"Ah?" But the girl bore unflinchingly the elder woman's skewer-like gaze.

"And I think Miss Hawthorn and Canning did the same after tea," supplemented Radley meaningly, and flinging himself once more into the breach. "At least I have not seen them since."

At this piece of information Mrs. Hawthorn smiled and nodded contentedly. "Very likely, very likely," she said. "Come, Professor Wheatley, you and I will get into the boat and pick up Sybil and Geoffrey and Mr. Latimer, since Juanita will, I suppose, prefer to go alone with Mr. Radley in the canoe."

With this parting thrust Mrs. Hawthorn was assisted to dispose of her comely person in the swinging boat. It was found, however, necessary that after all Radley should accompany her and the Professor as their boatman, till they could find and pick up the rest of their crew.

"If you will wait here, Miss Le Marchant," Radley called to Juanita as he pushed off the boat, "I will bring the canoe, when I have found her, up to this willow for you."

The girl nodded assent, and followed the boat out of sight with her eyes. Then, however, she wandered aimlessly off, back towards the darkening copse, where the wood-pigeons were already sleeping, and the young leaves looked no longer green in the deepening twilight. She was wearied and exhausted with the long day in the open air, following on the revels of the night before, and with the varied and trying emotions which she had experienced. Her brain felt dull and heavy, her eyelids burned, her limbs ached. In a slight hollow, under the shelter of some crooked, straggling May trees, she found a cosy spot. Here she curled herself wearily up. The events of the day crossed her brain at first slowly, and then faster and more fast, like the slides of a distracted magic-lantern. Her tired eyes closed; her head fell back on the curve of her arm; she slept deeply.

How long she slept she did not know. She was awakened by hearing her own name pronounced in accents of the deepest and coldest displeasure. Again the unwonted blood rushed to her cheek. She sat up, immediately wide-awake. It was so dark under the May trees that she could distinguish nothing but the outline of a dark and massive form.

"Who is it?" she asked feebly, "and where am I?"

"It is I, James Radley," replied a stern voice. "I have been searching for you high and low. Why have you hidden yourself like this?"

"I did not hide myself; I fell asleep," Juanita expostulated.

"I don't care how it happened—I could not find you," Radley replied angrily, but assisting her to rise. "You did not remain where I told you, and that has made mischief enough. I cannot find the canoe—some of the others must have taken her. We shall be obliged to walk home."

"Alas!" cried Juanita. "It is impossible! So many miles; so very many miles! Oh! Mr. Radley, we *must* find the canoe. I will assist you."

She sprang forward eagerly, and soon they were out of the copse. On the river bank there was cold gray light, and thick clouds of rolling mist marked the course of the stream. Juanita peered anxiously forward, and ran a little way, stumbling amongst the long grass and mole-heaps, and crying out for Radley to follow her.

"It is not of the slightest use, Miss Le Marchant," he answered stiffly from behind. "I have already made the most careful search. I am afraid there is no alternative but for you to walk home. We are only losing time."

"But I cannot," said Juanita. "I am so quite exhausted. Consider only my fatigues of last night. Let us try some other plan. Could we not go up to that village whose tower we saw above the trees? I have not recollected its name, but it is surely quite near by. We could there get some kind of carriage, or a cart."

"We can try that plan if you choose," Radley made answer. "But you must consider that it is already very late, and that if we fail we shall only have delayed ourselves still longer. If I could have found you directly that I saw the canoe was missing, this trouble would never have arisen. Then we could easily have overtaken the big boat and have gone home with them. As it is, I had to search for you for more than half an hour."

To this reproach Juanita answered nothing, feeling its justice but resenting its insistence. In truth Radley, never gallantly inclined,

was now deeply annoyed. His own rashness in offering to escort this beautiful, wayward girl had led him into unknown quagmires and difficulties. Her presence moved and excited him; he could not wholly trust himself nor be answerable for what he might be led into saying when with her, and he resented on her his own loss of self-control. One part of his nature led him on in leaps and bounds, urging him to make the most of his time with the enchantress; the other and sterner part repelled what it condemned as the impulse of the senses.

"We will go to the village, if you please," Juanita decided briefly and with some dignity.

They moved on quickly together. The roiling ground-mist caught about their feet and leaped up from thence like the smoke of flames to wrap them round, chasing them and lingering behind them in trailing clouds of vapour, now dense, now thin. Once or twice Juanita stumbled and would have fallen but for Radley's ready hand. It was not so dark but that they could discern the surrounding fields and high hedges, though no glimpse of human abode was visible. Radley was totally ignorant of the surrounding and apparently pathless country; but his plan was to push on with the river as a guide, until they should reach some bridge or ferry from whence they should strike into a road leading to the village. The thick damps which lay heavily on the grass had soaked his shoes, and he knew that Juanita's skirts were likewise drenched. But he offered her no word of encouragement. A fire seemed to glow within him, and the way to him was neither wet nor long. His mind was wholly possessed with the idea of his companion. Nevertheless he choked down his surging feelings by a reiterated blame.

Once they approached too near the river bank, and Radley's foot sank down with an ominous swish into its ooze and mire. Juanita caught his arm and uttered a little cry of relief at his safety. "My God!" she exclaimed, "I thought that you were drowned—here in the cruel dark—in this dreadful creeping mist!"

"It would not have mattered to you," Radley answered, not so much from crass ungraciousness, perhaps, as from a secret desire for a confirmatory iteration of such sweet solicitousness. But Juanita answered never a word.

Still they pressed on. He knew by the girl's breathing, by her frequent spurts and halts, how exhausted she must be. He would have liked to offer to carry her. Her light weight would have been as nothing to his strength; but here again he desisted, judging the prompting as nothing else but a fresh temptation of the evil one. It

must have been through bygone generations of Puritan ancestors, as well as more directly from the principles of his father, the Methodist preacher, that Radley inherited so strong a belief in the actual existence of evil and the deadly sin of self-gratification. He did not speak, and it was Juanita who again broke the oppressive silence.

"Do you not think that we must be very soon there, Mr. Radley?" she asked timidly, as if she feared and deprecated his harshness.

"Probably," he answered, and had reopened his lips to add some grudging, tardy comfort, when their way was suddenly barred by a fresh obstacle. A broad stream, unseen till they were close on it, at this point sharply crossed their path on its way to join the river. The discovery came so abruptly on them that Radley stretched out his hand and laid it on Juanita's shoulder to stop her progress, fearing that she might walk on into its waters. His hand once on her shoulder rested there lingeringly. The poor girl gave what sounded like a little sob. A vehement desire to gather her into his arms, and to comfort her with caresses and with soothing words, almost overwhelmed Radley. For a few moments a fierce battle raged within him. Then what he took to be his nobler self, the self of habit, the self of heredity, the self of principle, conquered, and he dropped the hand that trembled on her. His voice sounded the sterner for his inward struggle, though his words were kind enough.

"Don't despair, Miss Le Marchant!" he said. "We will go up this stream a little way. I dare say we shall find a plank-bridge or something further on that will take us safely across it."

He led the way and Juanita followed him submissively, trembling and shivering, but making brave endeavour to keep up. They wandered on thus for about a couple of hundred yards, and then found that their way was once more blocked, this time by a towering quick-set hedge, on the other side of which twinkled the stagnant water of a broad, deep ditch. Radley himself, something dismayed, turned to Juanita. The girl said nothing, but simply sank down in the meadow, a heap of draggled clothes and misery.

"It is not of any use, Mr. Radley," she said in a hoarse, unnatural voice; "I cannot go one step further."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Radley. He did not in the least comprehend the utter exhaustion of his companion. He judged her powers of endurance by those of himself and his friends. "Sit still for a few minutes," he went on, "and you will feel better. It is, as I thought, no good trying to get up to the village. When once we leave the river we should only hopelessly lose our way in the fields. When you are more rested we must just turn round again, and walk back to the city."

Juanita said nothing.

Radley struck a match with some difficulty and consulted his watch.

"Good heavens !" he cried, "it is already eleven o'clock. We shall not be back till past midnight. Can't you manage to come on now, Miss Le Marchant? We have a very long and difficult walk before us."

The helpless figure before him, crouching on the wet cold grass, bowed its head and answered nothing at first. Then a faint dreary voice came up to him :

"I cannot walk one step further. I must stop here all the night."

A flood of mingled feelings swept Radley, carrying before it all hardly-acquired gentleness of breeding, all compassion, all but the notion of his own affronted respectability. It was of himself that he thought, and not of Juanita. How would this story, when it should get abroad, as it surely would, affect him, making him the subject of whispered comment, of joke or innuendo? He bent down and shook the girl by the shoulder.

"Juanita," he said, and knew not what he said, "Juanita, get up! You cannot stay here! You don't know what you want. Get up and come back with me. Juanita! Get up!"

He did not mean to be rough, but his touch hurt her. The tears came into her eyes, and she answered, looking up and sobbing : "I cannot, I cannot, I cannot !"

Then the fury of the stream of Radley's mingled passions tore down the flood-gates of reserve, and the torrent rushed through unchecked.

"Juanita !" he said, sinking on the grass beside her, and laying his two hands on her shoulders, so as to bring her beautiful, piteous face on a level with his own ; "Juanita ! Is it not enough for you that you have torn from me, against my will, my heart, and my mind and my whole soul? Must you hunt me to the death? Will you not even leave to me the respect of other men? I am your victim. . . . I own it with shame. . . . God knows I have made fight against the temptation. . . . But you have conquered. . . . You hold me, body and soul. . . . There is no need for you to compromise us both like this. . . . I am vanquished. . . . I will own your victory before all men. . . . I will do anything and everything that you may dictate. Only, I beseech you, get up now, and if you will not walk, let me at least carry you back home—for come you must."

His arm was already round her to lift her, but she repulsed him with a weak shaking hand.

"Go away," she said, her voice broken almost past control. "Go back alone. Leave me! I will not go with you."

For one moment he caught her to him and struggled to his feet with his burden. But with surprising agility she freed herself from his hold.

"How dare you touch me with but one finger!" she cried, steadying her voice at last, and starting far back from him. "I hate you entirely. . . . I abhor you more than I do Satan. Infamous one! Leave me this instant moment! Dare not to look on me . . . to look towards me! In the inmost of my heart lies my undying hate of you. Were you to crawl on your knees all the way from here to Rome, I would never, *never*, NEVER pardon you. I will not look on you again. Go! Go!"

Radley hesitated and would have spoken. How could he go and leave this girl solitary and unprotected in the lonely fields? And yet how could he venture to remain with so infuriated a creature? Even in the dark he could catch the glitter of her eyes, the contorted rage of her face. Why was she so offended? His mind, fixed on the present difficulty, refused to recall what he had said. He recognised indeed that he had deeply insulted her; but in fact, even at the moment of utterance, his passion had prevented his being alive to the full meaning of the words that had burst from him.

Juanita, however, did not give him much time for hesitation.

"I command you to go," she repeated, with a haughty dignity that Radley had never before suspected in her. "Return to your own home. I am no concern of yours."

She turned her back on him; and Radley, with wild notions of a rescue-party and public reparation, plunged back into the darkness alone.

But he had not proceeded far on his way towards the city when his heart began to smite him so sorely, and the passion to which after so long a silence he had at last given words struck him with so sharp a spur, that he had perforce to turn round again once more and find his way back to the spot where he had quitted Juanita. To his utter dismay and astonishment she was no longer there. He called to her, and he sought her, wandering up and down, and searching fruitlessly in the darkness of the hedge. But he could not find her. Then an awful fear seized on him. She had fallen into the river and was drowned—perhaps, more awful still, stung to madness by his own insane words she had flung herself into the cold black waters of the river. Goaded by this terrible dread he wildly renewed his search. He groped along the banks for some vestige of her clothing, but he

could find neither trace nor clue. Passionately he fell on the spot where the crushed grasses showed that she had rested when they parted, and repeatedly kissed the ground. He cried her name, at first softly, but then louder and still more loudly. But no answer came. He ran again along the hedge ; he renewed his search beside the river-bank, but still without success. At last, having wandered up and down the meadow, hither and thither, in a repeated but more and more hopeless quest, he crept towards home, weary and broken-spirited, despair and gnawing reproach in his heart.

It was two o'clock in the morning when the young don reached St. Bede's. The sleepy porter wonderingly admitted him, and he groped his way up his staircase. There was a light under Canning's door, and without waiting to knock, Radley half-stumbled, half-fell into the room.

Canning lay back in an arm-chair ; he was wrapped in a luxurious dressing-gown, a cigarette was between his lips, and a photograph, which he hastily placed face downwards, in his hand. A lamp burned beside him on the table, and near him stood a glass of diluted water. He was the very picture of comfort. He leaped up in amazement, however, as Radley stood before him, his face haggard, aged and drawn, his hair and clothes damp and sodden, his eyes wild and gloomy.

"Great heavens, man ! What's up ?" he cried, dragging Radley down into a chair. "Drink some of that. Where have you been ? Have you been chasing a ghost ? Speak, man ! Don't sit there like a dumb thing !"

Radley drank as he was bidden, and drew a long deep sigh. Then at last he spoke. "She's dead, Canning," he said, slowly and mournfully. "Drowned . . . drowned and dead. I did it."

"Good God ! What do you mean ?"

But Radley did not answer. His head sank on his breast and he groaned deeply. Canning grasped and shook him by the shoulder, but he took no notice. At last he lifted his eyes again. Sitting opposite to his friend he told him the story of his night's adventure, not indeed as a connected whole, but in incidents and broken sentences, separated by bitter curses and self-reproaches. Canning did not interrupt him, but followed the strange and fragmentary narrative with grave attention. Only at the beginning he said : "It was I who took the canoe. I found it empty, and I brought Kitty home in it, thinking you others would understand."

When Radley had at last finished his disjointed tale he fixed his miserable hollow eyes on his friend.

"Do you think that she is dead, Canning ?" he inquired hoarsely : "that I have killed her ?"

"No, I don't," Canning answered decisively, although in truth he was very far from feeling the complete confidence that he expressed. "I think that Miss Le Marchant must have found some means to get home safely. She is cleverer than you. After all, there is nothing for you to do at the moment. Go and take off your wet things and get to bed. As soon as anyone is stirring in the Warden's Lodgings I will go over and make inquiries and come back and report to you."

Radley seized his hand while the moisture stood in his eyes.

"God bless you!" he said fervently.

At last, his friend reflected with wonder and some joy, was the impregnable Northerner thoroughly overcome. But at what cost?

In truth, however, Juanita had justified Canning's prognostications concerning her wisdom. When first Radley's indistinct figure had faded from her view she had for some brief moments allowed herself the full luxury of a secret, wordless grief. All traces of anger, defiance, and pride immediately forsook her. She flung herself once more on the grass, wringing her hands together and making a low moaning noise. Her buried face lay in her palms, and she bowed herself slowly backwards and forwards, shedding no tear, shaken by a grief too bitter for tears. But she did not permit this agony long to dominate her. Slowly she straightened herself and then stood up, pushing back the damp masses of hair that lay on her forehead, and gazing around her. Nor was she long inactive, though at first the course which she must pursue seemed more than doubtful. Quick of resource, however, she did not hesitate long. Approaching the hedge she broke from it a long switch, and plunged it into the stream which but lately had thwarted her own and her companion's progress. Drawing it forth she learnt from it that the water, though rapid in current and considerable in width, was but some two or three feet in depth. In another instant she had gathered her skirts about her and plunged into the stream. Always thrusting the stick in front of her, she waded safely across, and stood at last triumphant in the field at the other side. In the distance the white bars of a painted gate had already caught her quick eye, and joyfully she made towards it. The gate proved to lead into a cart-rut, and the cart-rut into a lane. In another quarter of an hour Juanita found herself under the lee of a commodious farm-house. With noise of knocker and bell she had soon aroused the sleeping family, and after but short delay and parley was wrapped in dry clothes, safely tucked into the farmer's market-gig, and rolling swiftly along the high-road towards the city. At intervals she held out to the semi-somnolent farm-boy

who drove her golden promise should she arrive at St. Bede's before the clock struck half-past twelve. These visions so worked on the imaginations of both horse and driver that the road was covered in the shortest time on record, and the plough-boy won his half-sovereign. But even more remarkable was the fact that the ingenuity of the young foreigner should have contrived a story so plausible as even to satisfy the Warden's wife, without inculpation or mention of the missing James Radley.

A severe rheumatic attack, accompanied by complete mental prostration, confined James Radley to his rooms during the next few days. It was in this interval that Juanita packed up her possessions, and quietly and sedately performed the duties of leave-taking. If she were somewhat paler, more silent, and indifferent now than on her first arrival at St. Bede's, there was no one of the inhabitants of the Warden's Lodgings found to notice the change. To Mrs. Hawthorn Juanita had always seemed listless and affected, and she saw no reason to alter her opinion. Kitty's engagement to Frederick Canning may have made that young lady more charitably inclined towards others: certain it is that she embraced Juanita with something like affection when they parted, while Sybil wept tears of genuine sorrow. The good old Warden was profuse in his reissue of invitation. But to all these protestations and professions Juanita made no response. Gravely and gently she thanked them for their hospitality, and gravely and gently she quitted the college. Only once did she glance back upon the impressive buildings; but her eyes sought not the Warden's Lodgings. The hot flush mounted to her cheek, for one moment her deep eyes glowed, and then her countenance was once more still and impassive.

"She has no heart," said Mrs. Hawthorn, turning back into the comfortable square hall. "Come, girls! Let us go over the trousseau list."

But Canning's opinion was different, and his influence with Radley increased so rapidly that the latter was persuaded to spend his Long Vacation in Italy.

(The End.)

A BERKSHIRE TOWN AND ITS REMINISCENCES.

MIDWAY between London and Bristol, nestling in the Kennet Valley, lies the picturesque town of Newbury. Very proud are its inhabitants of the historical associations interwoven with the records of their ancient borough. The long roll of mayors—whose names are carefully preserved in one of the chambers of the municipal buildings—dates back to the time of “Gloriana.” At the period of the Norman survey, it was known as “Uluritone,” or Ulwardstown, from Ulward, its possessor, in the reign of Edward the Confessor. It was then held by Ernulf de Hesdin. We next find it in the possession of the Norman Earls of Perche, after which it passed to William of Pembroke, the Earl Marshal, and subsequently to the Crown, and was frequently assigned as a jointure to the Queens of England. Henry VIII. conferred it on Lady Jane Seymour, and James I. on his Queen, Anne of Denmark. In the reign of Charles I. the manor of Newbury was granted to the Corporation, in which body it remains to this day. In the sixteenth century Newbury was one of the most flourishing centres of the cloth trade, and produced the celebrated clothworker, John Winchcombe, *alias* Smallwoode, more popularly known as “Jack of Newbury.” He lived during the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. An old pamphlet, published in the sixteenth century, gives the following sketch of his character: “In the dayes of King Henry the Eighth, the most noble and victorious Prince, in the beginning of his reigne, John Winchcombe, a broadcloth weaver, dwelt in Newberie, a towne in Barkshire: who, for that he was a man of merrie disposition, and honest conversation, was wondrous well beloved of rich and poore, especially because in every place where hee came, he would spend his money with the best, and was not any time found a churl of his purse. Wherefore being so good a companion he was called of old and young Jacke of Newberie: a man so generally well knowne in all his countrye for his good fellowship, that he could goe in no place but he found acquaintance; by means

whereof Jack could no sooner get a crowne, but straight hee found meanes to spend it ; yet had he ever this care, that hee would always keepe himselfe in comely and decent apparel, neither at any time would hee be overcome in drinke, but so discreetly behave himselfe with honest mirth, and pleasant conceits, that he was every gentleman's companion." Such is the quaint word-portrait of the renowned Jack of Newbury. Little wonder that such qualities gained the heart of his deceased master's wife. It seems, however, that "Jack" did not jump at the rich widow's offer, but even recommended her to seek another suitor. She being rich, she had several offers of marriage, amongst whom were a "tanner," a "taylor," and a parson ; but her affections were set on the worthy "Jack," and she ultimately married him. Their married life does not appear to have been altogether serene, for, according to the above-mentioned work, Jack's wife was given to staying out late at night—bad enough in the male order, but still worse in the opposite sex. On one occasion his wife returned to her spouse at the chilly hour of midnight ; but he had retired for the night, and bolted the door against her. She begged and prayed to be let in, but Jack was inexorable, telling her that as she had "stayed out all day for her own delight," she might "lie forth" all night for his pleasure. However, he was at last moved with pity at his wife's entreaties, and slipping on his shoes, came down in his shirt. The door being opened, in she went, quaking, and as he was about to lock it again, in a very sorrowful manner she said : "Alack, husband, what hap have I? My wedding-ring was even now in my hand, and I have let it fall about the door ; good, sweet John, come forth with the candle and help me to seek it." The man did so, and, while he sought for that which was not there to be found, she locked her husband out, and treated him in the same manner in which she had herself been served." Jack, however, soon lost his wife, and was left once more a free man. Being "wondrous wealthie," he might have chosen a second helpmate from amongst the opulent ; but his choice fell on a poor damsel, who lived at Aylesbury. A right glorious wedding it appears to have been, judging from the old chronicler. We read that the bride was "attyred in a gowne of sheepe's russet, and a kirtle of fine woosted, her head attyred with a billiment of gold, and her hair, as yellow as gold, hanging downe behind her, which was curiously combed and pleated, according to the manner in those days." Amongst the guests were "divers merchants" from London, and the festivities lasted for ten days ; Rhenish wine ran like water, for the merchants had sent a copious supply from the "stilyard," London. The humble parents

of the bride were presented with useful gifts on their departure, including £20, and broadcloth enough to make a coat for the father-in-law, and sufficient stuff to make a gown for the mother-in-law. Such were the customs and large-heartedness of the good old days of merrie England. "Jack of Newbury" had a hand in building the magnificent old parish church of St. Nicholas, and a stained-glass window in the south aisle is erected to the memory of its munificent benefactor. His monogram, J. S., occurs frequently on the ancient bosses of the roof of the nave. A brass on the north wall of the tower bears the following inscription: "Off yo charite pray for the soule of John Smalwode als Wynchcom & Alys hys Wyfe, which John dyed the XV day of February, A^odm M^oCCCC^o XIX." In his will, dated January, 1519—the year of his death—he styles himself as "John Smalwoode, the elder, als John Wynchcombe, of the parisshe of Seynt Nicholas, in Newbery." He bequeaths "to the said parisshe church of Newbery, towards the buylding and edifying of the same," £40. He also gives donations to the "High Aulter, to "Our Lady Awter," and "to Saynt Thomas Aulter, and to every "aulter besides in the said parisshe church." He also directs in his will that he should be buried "in our Lady Chauncell, win the parisshe church of Newbery aforesaide, by Alice, my wif, and a stone to be leyde upon us boothe." His first wife Alice, as we have seen above, predeceased him, and his second wife, Joan, the daughter of the "poor man of Aylesbury," survived him. About 1518 "Jack of Newbury" had the honour of entertaining the "Bluff Monarch" and his Queen, Catherine of Arragon. We are told that Henry was right royally and hospitably entertained at the wealthy clothweaver's house in Northbrook Street. The floor was covered with expensive broadcloth, instead of rushes. It is said he was offered knighthood by the King, but the worthy clothier preferred to remain in his present position, than to be dubbed "in all the vaine titles of gentilitie." He was, however, a loyal subject, and gave proof of his devotion to his king and country, by fully equipping one hundred of his dependents, and sending them to aid Henry in the memorable battle of Flodden Field. An old ballad alludes as follows to the active part taken in the fight by the men of Newbury:

The Bonnie Laddes of Westmorelande,
And Chesshyre Laddes were there,
With glee theye took theyre bows in hande,
And wythe shoutes disturb'd the ayre.
Awaye they sent the grey goose wynges,
Eche kyll'd his two or three,
Yet none soe loude wythe fame dyd rynge
As the Laddes of Newberrie.

The descendants of this wealthy cloth merchant were equally successful and prosperous. Henry Winchcombe died possessed of the manor and castle of Donnington, in 1642. He married the Lady Frances Howard, eldest daughter of Thomas, Earl of Berkshire, leaving an only son, who was created a baronet by Charles II. The student of history will not fail to remember the battles of Newbury. The first contest took place, on a spot called "Wash Common," which is situated on an eminence to the south of the town. Here a fierce encounter took place between Charles I. and the Earl of Essex. The latter was on his way from Cirencester to London. His troops had marched in a drenching rain, and were weary and without food ; when they found themselves intercepted by the Royalists, they determined to fight their way through, or die in the attempt. In spite of their late fatiguing march, they were on the *qui vive* at early dawn, after having spent the night without shelter or food. Charles had posted his army in well chosen positions ; but Essex saw a spot unoccupied which would be advantageous to him. Accordingly under cover of the darkness, he crept up to this little "rounded spur," above Cope Hall, and placed a portion of his left wing there, with two pieces of cannon. The battle seems to have been begun by the Royalists in endeavouring to displace this portion of the Puritan troops from their vantage ground. The battle, says Clarendon, "was disputed on all points with great fierceness and courage. The king's horse, with a kind of contempt of the enemy, charged with wonderful boldness on all grounds of inequality, and were so far too hard for the troops on the other side, that they routed them in most places till they had left the greatest part of their foot without any guard at all of horse. But then the foot behaved admirably on the enemy's part, and gave the scattered horse time to rally. The London trained bands behaved themselves to wonder, and were in truth the preservation of the army on that day." The whole day long the battle raged, and when evening came it found the two armies still fighting. As the night wore on, and darkness enveloped them, it was found difficult to distinguish friend from foe ; nature, too, demanded rest, and so the slaughter ceased, and the Royalists withdrew their forces, and retired into the town. Essex bivouacked with his army on the battle field. What a sad scene must that field of carnage have presented on that eventful night ! When morning arrived Essex found the place deserted by the Royalists, who withdrew all their troops the previous evening, and so pushed on towards Reading, *en route* for London. There is one brave and good man, whose memory is worth recording, and whose character stands out

prominently during that stormy and memorable period. On that fatal September 20, 1643, Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, Secretary of State, a man of refined and liberal views, fell fighting for his king. His life and aspirations were meant for brighter and happier days ; but the cruel nemesis of warfare snatched him in the zenith of his manhood, and deprived his country of one of its most promising and learned statesmen. His eulogy is well expressed by Pope when he says :

See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just.

He saw the evil of the civil war, and seems to have had a presentiment of his death, for on the morning of the battle he gave expression to these words : " I am weary of the times, and foresee much misery to my country ; but I believe that I shall be out of it ere night." An obelisk, near the spot where this brave and valiant nobleman fell, commemorates his death. To the north of the town, approached by a splendid avenue of elms, stands the historic Elizabethan mansion, Shaw House, considered one of the finest structures of its kind in Berkshire. It was built by Thomas Dolman, another great clothworker, and the first, it is said, to introduce broadcloth. He appears to have had the foresight to know that his great house would be much and severely criticised by some of his less fortunate neighbours, and being of a classical turn of mind, he had inscribed over the principal door the following significant motto, *φθονερός μηδὲς εἰσίτω*, which being interpreted means, " Let no envious man enter here ;" and above that, this Latin couplet :

Edentulus vescentium dentibus invidet,
Et oculos caprearum talpa contemnit.

The translation of which is, " The toothless man envies the teeth of those who eat, and the mole despises the eyes of the roe." In spite of the above pointed mottoes, he did not escape the sarcasm of his envious neighbours, as these satirical and quaint verses indicate :

Lord have mercy upon us, miserable sinners,
Thomas Dolman has built a new house, and turn'd away all his spinners.

This wealthy and classical cloth merchant did not live to finish his much envied mansion, but it was completed by his son, Thomas Dolman. Sir Thomas Dolman, his descendant, Clerk of the Privy Council and M.P. for Reading, garrisoned Shaw House for the king during the civil war, and fought by his side in his own garden at the second battle of Newbury, which event, we are told, gave rise to the family motto :

King and law,
Shouts Dolman of Shaw.

The halls of this historical old dwelling are hung with relics of the civil wars ; and one of the rooms contains portraits of the Royalist and Parliamentary leaders. In the oak wainscot of the east bow-window in the drawing-room is a hole, which tradition says was made by a cannon ball, aimed at the King (Charles I.) while standing near the window. Over the hole is a brass plate thus inscribed : "Hanc juxta fenestram Rex Carolus primus, instante obsidione scloppo petrae ictu tantum non trajectus fuit. Die Octob. xxvii. MDCXLIV." As one gazes admiringly at this grand house, with its mullioned windows and gabled roofs, its deeply projecting wings, partly ivy-covered, and with its altogether old-world aspect, we should scarce feel surprised to see some gay cavalier, booted and spurred, issue from beneath its portals, or a lank-visaged, brown-clad Roundhead, start up from behind one of the old yew trees. It is difficult to imagine, that on the now fair green lawns and terraces many fell in the agony of death, amidst the tumult and clash of arms, or that the smiling meadows in its vicinity were blood-stained during those unfortunate wars, which in the end led to the beheading of a king. To the north-west of Newbury, the ruins of Donnington Castle crown the summit of a green-covered hill. Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English poetry, is said to have resided here, and, mayhap, under the shade of its then sylvan groves, composed some of those quaint lines which, after a lapse of five centuries, still delight the English reader.

Looking down from the heights of Donnington, on a fine spring day, with the sloping meadows sun-lit and clothed in their soft green garments of spring ; the perfume of the budding trees, now beginning to unfold their fan-like leaves ; the melodious songs from a thousand feathered throats, chanted beneath the aisles of umbrageous elms and wide-spreading oaks, whose new-born foliage glistens like diamonds, after the frequent showers of sunny April ; the murmur of some distant brooklet, mingling its low monotonous song with the rest of nature's music—one cannot help recalling the immortal prologue to the "Canterbury Tales," which breathes all the freshness and beauty of the surrounding arcadian scene.¹ Donnington Castle was attacked by General Middleton during the civil wars, who summoned its governor, Colonel John Boys, to surrender on honourable terms. The answer of the sturdy commandant read as follows :—

¹ That Geoffrey Chaucer owned the estate is an error. It is a fact, however, that his reputed son, Thomas Chaucer, chief butler to Richard II., purchased the manor and castle of Donnington, *circa* 1414.

SIR,—I am instructed by His Majesty's express commands, and have not yet learned to obey any other than my sovereign. To spare blood do as you please ; but myself, and those who are with me, are fully resolved to venture ours in maintaining what we are entrusted with, which is the answer of John Boys, Donnington Castle, July 31, 1644.

At this spirited reply an attack was made upon the castle but failed, with the loss of an officer and six prisoners, with some slain. The castle underwent a second siege with a larger body of troops, reinforced from Abingdon, Windsor, and Reading. The intrepid and loyal Colonel Boys was once more ordered to surrender by his Cromwellian antagonist, but with his characteristic firmness replied as follows : "Neither your new addition of forces, nor your high threatening language shall deter me, or the rest of these honest men with me, from our loyalty to our sovereign ; but we do resolve to maintain this place to the uttermost of our power ; and for the matter of quarter you may expect the like on Wednesday, or sooner if you please. This is the answer of, sir, your servant, Jno. Boys."

The gallant governor withstood the Parliamentary army in such a determined manner that it was found impossible to oust him from his stronghold. Later on he received another order to surrender, and being accustomed—as we have seen above—to these missives, he replied that they might "carry away the castle walls themselves if they can, but with God's help, I am resolved to keep the ground they stand on, till I have orders from the King, my master, to quit it, or will die upon the spot." Thus did the brave Colonel hold out against the enemy on behalf of his King, who knighted him for his prowess and bravery ; and never was soldier more worthy of knighthood than the galian and invincible Sir John Boys. From "Wash Common," or rather from the sloping ground near it, a charming view may be obtained of Newbury and the neighbouring country. Beneath us, verdant meadows—dotted here and there with clusters of trees—slope down almost to the verge of the town, which reposes peacefully in the plain below. The massive tower of the old parish church stands out boldly and prominently against the rising background of undulating hills, ever changing its aspect as the various shadows flit across the sky : sometimes it appears dark and grey as a black cloud passes between it and the brilliant sunshine : but when lit up with the "westering sun" at eventide, its turrets gleam with hues of gold and purple, and it looks as if it had but yesterday left the hands of the masons. Beyond, to the left of the town is the village of Speen,—the *Spinæ* of the Romans—with its church-spire peeping out from amidst the sheltering foliage. Further on, on the right side of the

Kennet, is Benham House, once the favourite residence of the Margravine of Anspach, and now in the possession of Sir Richard Sutton. On the opposite side of the river is Hampstead Park, one of the seats of the Earls of Craven, and noted for its double avenue of limes, which meet high over the head like the vaulting roof of some mighty cathedral, and in whose branches "the feather'd choirs" chant matins and vespers as regularly as the cloistered monk. Turning our back on Newbury, a pleasant walk across the fir-clad common brings us to the brow of the hill, from whence a splendid panorama opens out before us. The densely-wooded vale of Woodhay lies at our feet, and away in the distance, the clear outlines of the Hampshire hills. From this point one catches a glimpse of Highclere Castle, the seat of the Earl of Carnarvon, encircled with its extensive and beautiful park ; and towering above all is Beacon Hill, an ancient British encampment. Highclere Castle is a handsome building, designed by Barry, and erected by the third Earl of Carnarvon. Highclere was in Saxon times the property of the Bishops of Winchester. Situated in a well-wooded domain, about a mile south of Newbury, is Sandleford Priory. It was founded about the year 1200 by Geoffrey, the fourth Count of Perche, and Matilda his wife, being dedicated to SS. Mary and John the Baptist, and inhabited by Canons regular of the order of St. Augustine. Ashmole gives the following particulars of the church :—"Upon the first ascent of steps, towards the high altar, lyes a free-stone tombe of a Knight in mail, cross-legged, with a deep shield on his left arm, and seeming to draw his sword, his feet resting on a dragon." This effigy was supposed to be that of the Earl of Perche, the founder of the Priory. During the ecclesiastical troubles in England, it passed like many others into the hands of lay owners. On the walls of Sandleford church was this beautiful inscription :—

Lancea, crux, clavi, spinæ, mors quam toleravi,
 Demonstrant qua vi miserorum crimina lavi,
 In cruce sum pro te ; qui peccas, desine pro me,
 Desine, do veniam, dic culpam, corrige vitam.

The church was converted into a dining-room by its new proprietors ! Here lived the celebrated blue-stockings "charming Mary Montague," who gathered around her all the chief literary spirits of her age. In the dining-room—where in times of yore dark-cowled figures knelt and prayed—probably sat such *beaux esprits* as Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Reynolds, Beattie, and other celebrities of the time ; and oft did this metamorphosed chamber re-echo with laughter at the *bon mot* of one or other of these learned guests.

We read that the erudite Dr. Stillingfleet was a constant attendant at her literary parties, attired in a full suit of cloth, with blue worsted stockings, and rendered himself so entertaining that the ladies used to delay their discussions until his arrival, declaring "We can do nothing without our blue-stockings, from which circumstance, it is said, the term *bas bleu* arose. Newbury was a busy town in the old coaching days, as the number of its inns testify. A few of these relics of other days still exist, but "Ichabod" is unmistakably written over many of their portals. Their roomy inn-yards conjure up hosts of bygone memories; they vividly remind us of such quaint characters as Dickens delighted to portray. As one peers into these old hostleries, with their numerous passages, we almost expect to see the shadowy forms of the immortal Pickwick and his servant man, the irrepressible Weller, refreshing themselves, *en route* for their ever memorable journey to Bath. In Speenhamland—the highway between London and Bath—are the Pelican and Cross Keys. The renowned actor Quin refers to the former in the following facetious lines :

The famous Inn at Speenhamland
That stands below the hill,
May well be called the Pelican
From its enormous bill.

Speaking of Quin recalls the days when Newbury had its theatre, and on whose boards trod the great tragic actors John Philip Kemble and Edmund Kean. Amongst others who acted on its stage were Mrs. Kemble, Mrs. Jordan, whose charms led her into an alliance with a royal Duke, John Banister, Incledon, of vocal celebrity, William Henry West Betty, Mrs. Powell, Miss Foote, and many others famous in their day, and on whose lives the mystic curtain which divides the living from the dead has long since fallen. This old temple of Thespis yet remains, but alas ! the mutability of human affairs, it is now transformed into a stable or storehouse. O ye shades of Kean and Kemble could ye but revisit "the glimpses of the moon!" *Mais revenons à nos moutons*, as the French have it. Another old inn, the White Hart, still survives, and is situated in the spacious Market Place. This was a favourite starting-point in the old coaching days between Newbury and London, the terminus being the Saracen's Head, the rendezvous of the inimitable Squeers, head master of that notorious academy, Dotheboys Hall. The King's Arms, the Globe, and many others, well-known in their day, have been altered into dwelling-houses or shops. Mr. Money, in his "History of Newbury," gives the following account of the "Newbury Flying Stage Chaise" :—"Upon the projection of Messrs. Clark and

Co.'s fast coach, at a reduced rate of fares and increased celerity, the proprietors of the Newbury Stage Coach announced that, in their own defence, they intended running on September 19th, a week or two before their opponents, the 'Newbury Flying Stage Chaise' made with steel springs, 'and as easy as any Post Chaise,' to carry four passengers at the same fare as the opposition fast Coach. To set out from the Globe Inn, Newbury, at six o'clock in the morning every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and to be at the Belle Savage Inn, Ludgate Hill, each evening by six o'clock, changing horses at Mr. Smith's, the Golden Bear Inn, Reading, and at Mr. Englefield's, the Ostrich Inn, at Colnbrook. 'To be perform'd, if God permit, by Elizabeth Pinnell and Co.'" These flying coaches, says the same writer, were the precursors of Palmer's new mail-coaches in 1784, which lasted up to the days of Railways. *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.* The rumble of wheels, cracking of whips, and the hearty adieux of the jolly innkeeper, and his host of grooms, no longer resound in the now deserted courtyards of the old inns. The "iron horse" has superseded animal locomotion, and its shrill whistle takes the place of the cheery blast of the coach-horn, which reverberated through the air in the days of our grandfathers. It was through Speenhamland poor Thomas Chatterton passed on his way to his El Dorado—London. How full of bright hopes for a brilliant future, and how buoyant the young heart of this unfortunate genius, as he journeyed along through the sylvan scenery of the "Royal county." Alas! for human hopes; how soon were all his golden visions shattered. The story of his tragic death is too well-known to be repeated here. The great political reformer, William Cobbett, once dined at the Pelican, and delivered one of his stirring and characteristic speeches to some of the neighbouring farmers, who happened to be dining there on a market day. Numbers of gay equipages, with their equally gay occupants, must have whirled along Speenhamland in the last century, bound for that most royal and fashionable of watering-places—Bath. We cannot omit to mention that the great Chancellor and architect, William of Wykeham, often journeyed through Newbury, on his way from Winchester to superintend and watch the up-rearing of his famous College at Oxford. But what rough travelling in those days! The road between Winchester and Oxford is exceedingly wearisome, on account of its ups and downs; travellers even now find it irksome. What must it have been for an aged Bishop, when most roads were merely ruts and quagmires! There are many quaint nooks in and about Newbury for the artist's pencil. A stroll along the "swift Kennet," which passes through the

centre of the town on its way to join the Thames near Reading, will soon disclose ample material for sketch-book or canvas. Abutting on the river are curious old-world looking houses with gable roofs ; here too is the deep-roofed mill-house, wherein corn has been ground for generations of Newburians. From this point one gets a view of the bridge, and near it, an ancient looking bow-window, overhanging and casting its dark shadow on the shining waters beneath, while the background is made up of the dark foliage of a huge chestnut, the *tout ensemble* reminding one of some quaint old Flemish city. A most pleasant walk may be had along the "willow veil'd" river towards Hungerford. Waving meadows, silver and green-tinted, interspersed with beautifully wooded landscapes, meet the eye on all sides. We cannot conceive anything more charming than a voyage in a house-boat through the rivers of rural England—especially with pleasant companions. How delicious on a hot summer's day to float peacefully past luscious meadows and yellow cornfields, the air filled with the jubilant songs of happy birds, whose liquid music is such fit accompaniment to the soft rippling noise of the water, as the boat glides along. Then, when evening steals quietly on, how pleasant it must be to moor alongside some grassy bank, and watch the splendours of the sunset-glow on hill and dale ; to see the valley bathed in that peculiar rich warm light—when the very river is transformed into a golden pathway, leading to the flaming gates of the west, and one longs, like the poet, "to tread that golden path of rays,"

And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest !

There is a mingled feeling of melancholy and peace in seeing all the wondrous light and colour fade gradually away—slowly vanishing into twilight. Amidst the solemn silence of the vesper hour, there may come, wafted on the gentle breeze, the mellow music of bells from the grey tower of some distant village church—awakening sweet memories of the dead and silent past. Then comes that mysterious purple mist, creeping o'er hill and valley, enveloping the landscape in ethereal, regai-like robes : but while the pale-green light still lingers in the western sky, the fair goddess of night rises up from out the dim east, and casts her celestial light over the erstwhile golden Arcadia ; and the tall poplars fling their dark shadows across the silver-bosomed river. "When the hours of day are numbered," there is an indescribable charm in beholding "the calm majestic" presence of this night scene, when nought is heard save the leaves murmuring among the gently flowing waters : a sweet, "holy, calm delight" descends upon the soul, shutting out the strifes and sorrows

of the tumultuous world, and whispering peace and repose to the restless heart. This night-picture may call up, perchance, the old Greek and Roman mythologies, which loved to people the woods and rivers with comely nymphs, who, led by the Cytherean Venus, danced in sylvan glades beneath the silver sheen of fair Luna :

Jam Cytherea chorus ducit, Venus, imminente Lunâ,
Junctæque Nymphis Gratæ decentes
Alternò terram quatiant pede.

This surely is the hour for some one "skilled in music and in song," to awaken the echoes by some rich flowing melody, that makes "woods hearken and the winds be mute," and thus

Scatter to the railing wind,
Each gloomy phantom of the mind.

A few short weeks of this Elysian existence must assuredly act like balm on those, at least, whose destiny is to tread the weary paths of life. When skies are no longer blue : when the flowers are faded and withered, the remembrance of these halcyon days spent by sunny rivers, will float back to us on the stream of time, brightening and consoling the winter of our lives. Before closing these reminiscences, we cannot help referring to another old house, around which centres a host of literary memories. About ten miles from Newbury, on the road between Padworth and Sulhamstead, not far from Aldermaston—a station on the Great-Western Railway—midway between Reading and Newbury, stands the ancient mansion of Ufton Court. The view around this retired spot is very beautiful, disclosing charming bits of undulating woodland scenery. In this picturesque old dwelling lived the heroine of Pope's "Rape of the Lock," the fascinating Arabella Fermor, a relative of the Earl of Pomfret, and wife of Francis Perkins, whose family dwelt here for generations. This interesting structure, with its numerous gables and pinnacles, its tall clusters of twisted chimneys, its curious porch, and massive oak doors with their antique locks and hinges, its rambling passages leading "upstairs and downstairs, and in my lady's chamber"—takes one back to the days of the Tudors. The approach to the house is still imposing, but the double avenue of trees that once waved their branches over the head of the visitor is no longer visible : the woodman's axe felled them long ago. Miss Mitford, in her "Recollections of a Literary Life," has left us a graphic account of this stately old building and its charming environs. In the walls of the mansion are concealed passages leading, it is supposed, to the cellar, and from thence to the neighbouring woods. Miss Mitford tells us there are "traces of the shifts to which the unhappy intolerance of

the times subjected those who adhered firmly to the proscribed faith, as during two centuries, and until the race was extinct, was the proud distinction of the family of Perkins." We are informed that some years ago a hiding-place was discovered, being entered by a trap-door, and in this dark chamber were found two petronels and a crucifix. In close proximity to a room once used as a chapel, there is another small apartment, in which was found an opening, and in the troublous times of which Miss Mitford speaks above, used to be concealed the vestments and sacred vessels appertaining to the "Mass." These gloomy chambers forcibly recall the times when the pursuivant searched its panelled rooms for the seminary priest, who was accustomed to visit in various disguises the houses occupied by the Catholic gentry, in order to celebrate Mass or administer religious consolation to those gathered within their walls. As one wanders through the devious passages of this quaint building, wherein many a gay party congregated, clad in the gorgeous habiliments of a bygone period, one would almost imagine that Tennyson must have had such a house in his thoughts when he penned the following lines:—

Come away, for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell;
But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have bought
A mansion incorruptible,
Would they could have stayed with us!

On its splendid terrace, in the rear of the house, many a beau and belle promenaded in the days when wigs and gold-headed canes were the order of the day, and in some retired corner, beneath the whispering shade of the trees, defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams, perhaps Corydon breathed words of eternal love into the ears of a coy and blushing Phyllis. Who knows? As one stands here, indulging in dreams of days that are no more, the insignificant figure of Pope looms up before us, and we still seem to see his fair hostess—the "Belinda" of his poem—chatting and laughing with her witty and satirical companion, while

Fair nymphs and well-dressed youths around her shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone,
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore.

The distant shriek of the railway engine recalls us from our reverie, and rudely chases the phantoms we had called up, back to the dream-haunted past.

Reluctantly one leaves this old house, and its beautiful surroundings, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife;" but the world is inexorable, and, willing or unwilling, we must tear ourselves away from the peaceful by-ways of rural life, carrying with us nevertheless bright scenes of pastoral beauty, interwoven with associations that are not easily erased from the memory.

JAMES J. DOHERTY.

A WHIFF OF TOBACCO.

FOUR hundred years ago, a boat's crew, despatched by Columbus to explore the island of Guahani, saw some of the islanders "carrying small *firebrands*, the smoke of which they from time to time inhaled." Much amazed, the sailors returned to give their captain the first recorded tidings of a practice which has since overspread the world—enslaved it, says the Anti-Tobacco League, and weeps.

Note that "tobacco" is a gross misnomer. The Guahanitans dubbed the plant itself *cohiba*, reserving the word "tabacca" for the little "firebrands" which so greatly astonished Columbus's men. Thus we Europeans have transferred the name of the manufactured article to the raw material. 'Tis as if a crew of Guahanitans had sailed to England, and gone home calling wheat loaves. By-the-by, sixty editions of the "Child's Guide to Knowledge" have promulgated the error that tobacco takes its name from the island of Tobago. But the name existed before that island was discovered, though large crops of tobacco were afterwards raised there. Thus the island derived its name from the plant, not the plant from the island.

To return from this digression—nearly fifty years after Columbus's voyage to Guahani—which he rechristened San Salvador—Jacques Cartier sailed from St. Malo to explore the coast of Newfoundland. His story of his expedition, including a voyage up the River St. Lawrence, contains the following comical description of how the North American natives smoked tobacco:—"The Indians have a certain herb of which they lay up a store every summer, having first dried it in the sun. It is used only by the men." (Haven't we recently "altered all that"?) "They always carry some of it in a small bag hanging from their necks. In this bag they also keep a hollow tube of wood or stone. Before using the herb they pound it to powder, which they cram into one end of the tube, and plug it with red-hot charcoal. They then suck at the other end till they have filled themselves so full of smoke that it oozes from their mouths and noses like smoke from the flue of a chimney. They say the habit

is most wholesome. But when *we* tried to use this smoke, we found it bit our tongues like red pepper." From this account we gather that the natives on the banks of the St. Lawrence, in 1535—the date of Cartier's voyage—were not nearly such "swells" as the Guahantians half a century earlier. The former evidently smoked the humble pipe; the latter the lordly cigar. For so those little fire-brands came to be called by the Spaniards, from their own verb *cigarar*, to roll.

Cartier's narrative bears witness to another curious misnomer, which custom has stereotyped and obscured. He calls the aborigines of North America "Indians." Why? Because, when Columbus first crossed the Atlantic, his head was full of India; and he confidently expected that his quest would lead him to the *other* side of that peninsula, still virgin soil to European feet. Knowing the earth round, and that, had he steered eastwards, he would have reached India's western shore, he naturally judged that, steering westwards, he would reach the eastern. He could not foresee that the course was blocked by that undiscovered country which we—by another, and most unfair misnomer—still miscall America. Hence, when he sighted "land at last," he dubbed it India, and its natives Indians. Hence, too, the standing errors embalmed in the words of the old song about tobacco, "The *Indian* weed doth slowly burn"; in "West *Indies*"; in *Indian* Corn," the duplicate title of maize, which is undoubtedly indigenous to America; in the French word for turkey, *dinde*, which is simply a contraction of *poulet d'Inde*, that bird being a native of Central America; in *Les Indes Occidentales*; in a hundred other forms of speech which have scattered Columbus' delusions over the world that gave him birth and the world which he discovered, and the several minor worlds discovered since. Nor can there be a shadow of doubt that the "Man of Inde" who figured in the pageant at the Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth, in 1575, hailed from North America. Several years before this date we read of "salvage men," brought over for show by the Elizabethan adventurers, from that land whose civilised sons have since so often sought to "astonish the Britisher." And one may plausibly conjecture that the sight of the wonder excited by this very "Man of Inde" among the bumpkins of Warwickshire may have subsequently inspired that passage in the "Tempest" where Trinculo exclaims: "A strange fish! Were I in England now—as once I was—and had but this fish painted, not a holiday-fool there but would give a piece of silver. *There* would this monster make a man. Any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to

relieve a lame beggar they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.' For though Shakespeare was but eleven at the time of the Kenilworth revels, and not yet—as Scott, in “Kenilworth,” most unchronologically represents—the author of “The Midsummer Night’s Dream,” he might very well have strolled over from Stratford-on-Avon to witness the grand festivities given by Lord Leicester in honour of the Virgin Queen whom he aspired to wed. This is a monstrous digression, no doubt. Yet, to trace this curious misnomer to its source seemed well worth while, since many an intelligent lad has been puzzled by the problem, why races so utterly unlike in aspect and habits as the native tribes of India proper and the North American Redskins should ever have borne the same name.

After 1535, we hear little or nothing of tobacco till 1559. In that year a Spanish settler in South America, Hernandez de Toledo by name, shipped some tobacco-plants to Jean Nicot, French ambassador at the Court of Lisbon. Nicot presented some of them to Catharine of Medicis, the widowed mother of his sovereign, Francis II. The exotic took her fancy—in the shape of snuff, or *tabac en poudre*, as ’twas first termed; afterwards, and still, *tabac à priser*. Surely “snuff,” from the verb to “sniff”—pray admit this tempting etymology!—seems a less roundabout expression.

This reminds us that when the cholera paid its first visit to Paris, in 1831, a certain tobacconist decked his window with a placard bearing the punning and poetical inscription:—

Fumez et prenez une prise,
Le choléra sur vous n'aura pas de prise.
(Would you 'scape the cholera's pinch,
Smoke away, and take a pinch.)

This worthy clearly had an eye to business. So had his rival, the druggist who proclaimed his famous cure for chilblains a sovereign safeguard against cholera too.

But we have again wandered from our theme. No matter, 'tis easily recovered. Queen Catharine's passion for snuff procured its father-herb the proud title of *Herbe de la Reine*. This, however, it soon lost; thenceforth to be known as *Nicotiana* among the learned, and as tobacco, *tabac*, *tabak*, *tabacco*, *tabaco*, and *tombeki*, in the common speech of England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Turkey. Gradually, however, *tombeki* has become the special designation of a particular kind of tobacco noted for its strength, and needing a thorough soaking ere it can be smoked with impunity, even through the cooling rosewater and the multifold coils of the oriental narghilly. By which token, in the noble art of pipe-lighting

the Turks have taken a hint from Cartier's Redskins. Call for a narghilly in the cypress gardens of Constantinople or Smyrna, the *chibookji* will bring you, along with the decanter-like apparatus with its snake-like folds of morocco-tubing, gleaming with purple and gold, a charcoal ember which he deftly drops from a small pair of tongs on the tan-coloured *tombeki* that fills the pipebowl. Indeed, after dark, these favourite haunts of turbaned Turk and "Christian dog" seem swarming with fireflies. No, 'tis the pipe-lighters flitting hither and thither among the dark foliage, with their lumps of charcoal all aglow.

The courtly craft of Nicot in currying favour with the powerful Queen-Mother of France, by presenting her with the plants consigned to him by Hernandez, secured him all the honours of its nomenclature, classical and scientific. Under its Latin name, *Nicotiana*, it is—or lately was—forbidden to Oxford undergraduates by the University Statutes. And "nicotine" is the chemical appellation of one of the two active principles of the plant; the other being the essential oil, whose extreme activity is painfully familiar to the luckless wight who has ever swallowed a drop of the black juice that lurks in foul pipe-stems, and is known in smoker's slang as "jizzop." Small wonder that it should prove so poisonous, when we remember that the tobacco-plant is a near kinsman of the deadly nightshade, or belladonna, which wreaths the summer hedgerows with its purple blossoms eyed with yellow, and brightens them, in chill October, with its crimson berries—a tempting bait to childhood! But who would dream that both these members of the vegetable kingdom—the climbing nightshade, with its clinging tendrils, and the sturdy tobacco-plant, which a careless eye might readily mistake for maize—can claim kindred with the "harmless necessary" potato? Yet all these belong to the widespread *Solanum* family.

But when we interrupted this brief sketch of the early history of tobacco, it had not yet found its way to England or Turkey. In fact, we have been anticipating—a vice common with scribblers, so says a treacherous member of the tribe, from their rooted tendency to anticipate their revenues. Well, we can easily resume the broken thread. On first gaining a footing in the Old World tobacco was deemed one of the wonders of the New, credited with magic virtues, and greeted with a chorus of enthusiastic praise. We read that in 1589 the Pope's nuncio, Cardinal Santa Croce, returned from the Court of Lisbon to Rome with a packet of tobacco in his portmanteau. Now, if we may trust Tasso, a forefather of this Cardinal, and the founder of the family, had acquired distinction, and the

honourable surname which he bequeathed to his descendants, by rescuing from the hands of the Infidels the "True Cross," first found—so runs the legend—by Helena, the sainted mother of Constantine the Great, and confiscated by the Turks when they overthrew the short-lived Kingdom of Jerusalem. Still, one cannot help thinking that the Cardinal's exploit in bringing home the tobacco scarcely justified the bold parallel instituted by the bard who hailed him and his importation in the following high-flown strain :

Herb of undying fame,
Which hither first with Santa Croce came,
When he, his time of nunciature expired,
Back from the Court of Portugal retired,
E'en as his predecessor, great and good,
To Italy brought home the "Holy Rood."

Truly, the fondest fanatic among fumologists might feel slightly staggered by that comparison. We only cite it to show to what a pitch of audacity a poetaster could soar in praise of the weed that had found such favour with the rulers of the earth. But though it had risen like the rocket, it was destined soon to descend like the stick.

The scene now shifts to the British Isles. About this epoch (1589) Sir Walter Raleigh might have been seen "snatching a fearful joy" from the genuine Virginia of his own importing, in the green harbour of his home near Youghal. Nay, according to the well-known anecdote, he *was* so seen, by his housemaid, who, like a brave kind-hearted lass, darted off for a pail of water, wherewith she drenched her smoking master, "to put him out." (We wonder whether it put him out of temper.) The girl evidently had no notion of men making chimneys of their mouths. Neither had her future royal master, King James, by the light of whose subsequent proceedings that pail of water may be regarded as emblematically foreshowing the deluge of monarchical denunciation about to overwhelm the seductive weed. The storm began when, in the second year of his reign, the meddling monarch laid a prohibitory tax on the consumption of tobacco within his realms. This may perhaps serve to explain the Liliputian size of the Jacobean pipes. Anyhow, pigmies they were—witness the samples lately fished up from the mud of Father Thames—just fit to match the tiny teaspoons in vogue from the days of Queen Anne till Waterloo; when our forefathers took to tea-drinking, and the spoons had to be enlarged to suit their manly mouths. In 1619 James followed up his arbitrary check upon the liberty of the subject—to smoke—by forbidding any Virginian planter to grow more than a hundred weight of the baneful weed. Meanwhile, his celebrated

"Counterblaste" may be deemed a kind of commentary on these more practical measures. In this unsparing onslaught he complains that many of his faithful lieges were spending £500 a-year on tobacco—a sum virtually larger than £3,000 now, since the purchasing power of gold has sunk to less than a sixth of what it then was. In the sequel he proceeds to brand smoking as "a custom loathesome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, and, in the blacke stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoake of the pit that is bottomlesse." In his table talk, too, his Majesty was wont to harp upon the same string, as we learn from his "Apothegms," printed in 1671. From that storehouse of learned folly we cull the following tit-bit: "His Majesty professed that, were he to invite the devil to dinner, the bill of fare should consist of three dishes: (1) a pig, (2) a poll of ling and mustard, (3) a pipe of tobacco for digesture." Strange to say, Ben Jonson, who, like most of the wits of the period, drank like a fish, joined in the outcry against "taking tobacco"—for so the phrase then ran. Witness the burden of the old ballad, already mentioned: "Think of this as you take tobacco!" Jonson's works bristle with sarcasms against tobacco and its votaries.

Meantime, other crowned heads—some triple-crowned—were veering round to King James's views. In 1624, Pope Urban VIII. launched a Bull of Excommunication against all who took snuff in church. Ten years later the Tzar of Russia, at the dictation of his clergy, forbade his subjects to smoke, under pain of forfeiting their noses—a penalty seemingly more appropriate to snuff-takers. And about this time (1634) the Crescent joined the Cross in this crusade against tobacco: Sultan Amurath IV. raised smoking to the dignity of a capital crime. He foresaw that he or his successors might run short of "food for powder"; and he believed, rightly or wrongly, that oft-filled pipes meant empty cradles. Republican Switzerland now followed suit. In 1653, the council of the canton of Appenzel summoned and severely punished all persons found smoking within its jurisdiction; while, in 1661, the authorities of Berne published a revised edition of the Decalogue, in which they sandwiched a brand new commandment, "Thou shalt not smoke," between the seventh and eighth. This new commandment they reiterated fourteen years later, and at the same time created a special tribunal to enforce it, which, under the style and title of "The Tobacco Chamber," continued to exist, if not actually to discharge its functions, down to the middle of the eighteenth century. Meanwhile, in 1690, Pope Innocent XII., treading in the footsteps of his predecessor Urban, levelled the

thunders of the Vatican at all who should profane the sacred precincts of St. Peter's with tobacco-smoke or snuff.

Volumes might be written on the vicissitudes of tobacco—'tis a subject which naturally begets volumes ; though it seems to demand a light touch, and may obviously be handled in a few leaves of the flimsiest paper. As to its vicissitudes, one of the most striking is furnished by Tzar Peter's reversal of the tobacco-policy of his priest-ridden predecessor. Finding himself short of cash during his sojourn in London in 1698, he accepted a loan from the City merchants on the express understanding that he should remove the embargo which excluded tobacco from his dominions. He more than kept his word. He, so to speak, cut off his subjects' beards with one hand while he forced a pipe into their mouths with the other. "Smoke and shave, or die !" was the despotic order of the day.

Whatever the success of the Tzar Peter's method of creating a nation of smokers, Sultan Amurath signally failed in his endeavour to put out his people's pipes. A similar fate attended King James's "Counterblaste" and the long series of diatribes against tobacco of which his was the forerunner. They have all ended in smoke. One of the least irrational of them—and by far the most amusing—is that which Balzac tacked to the tail of his "Treatise on Modern Stimulants." But, alas ! even *his* ingenious invective shows the risk of prophesying unless you know. In the course of it, he solemnly foretells the impending downfall of the German race through excessive smoking. The "chain-smoker" Bismarck might possibly instance his own (cigar) case and the upshot of the Franco-German War as hardly bearing out Balzac's prediction, or his settled conviction that smoking infallibly stupifies the brain. Théophile Gautier, another "chain-smoker"—that is, one who begins to smoke immediately after breakfast, and keeps it up till bedtime, lighting each cigar from the butt end of its predecessor—Gautier once ventured to combat Balzac's theory touching the cretinising influence of tobacco, by adducing a formidable phalanx of authors, the brilliance of whose writings seemed to vouch for that of their brains. "But think," replied Balzac, "what they might have achieved had they given those brains fair play." This reminds me that Balzac, sire, also had his hobby, which he was wont to ride in the same ruthless fashion. But *his* bugbear was supper-eating, not smoking. Supper, according to him, was fatal to longevity. And when his daughter slyly suggested that a hardened supper-eater among their friends had contrived to struggle on to eighty-five, her father triumphantly retorted, "Ay, and had he not sapped his iron constitution by

supping, he would have lived to thrice that age instead of dying in the flower of his youth." Well, we also distrust suppers, or, which comes to much the same thing, late dinners. But, as for smoking, we are inclined to deem it as slow a poison as Voltaire's proverbial black coffee.

PHILIP KENT.

GEORGE ELIOT
AND HER NEIGHBOURHOOD.

IF a stranger were wandering down the narrow and leafy Warwickshire lanes between Bedworth and Nuneaton, and were to halt, say, in front of that well-looking house at Griff—the largest among the nine or twelve that constitute the coal-bound parish—under the roof-tree of which till lately lived, in genial fellowship with the world at large, Mr. Isaac Pearson Evans, brother to the late George Eliot; if this stranger were to stop one of those dark-skinned men he might by chance meet there, though they spend most of their waking and working hours in the sunless streets of a coal-mine, and ask him the way to “Cheveral Manor,” the man would take his pipe from his mouth—for a collier *will* smoke in spite of all the legislators in the world—look hard at the stranger, shake his woolly head, and say, with a half-smile upon his face at the humour of a person having missed his road, “Ney, you mun be cum the wrong road, I doubt. ‘Appen you ar’ missed your way, sir. I hanna ever heered on a place wi’ that name.”

But if the stranger should improve upon the mistake by saying that he meant Arbury Hall, the miner’s face would smile even through its duskiness, and he would be sure to say, “Oh! you mean Old Charley’s place. Poor old Charley Newdigate, him as died two or three years ago, as good a gaffer, sir, as ‘appen I shall ever drive a pick for, above ground or below ground either. O yes, sir, I can show you the way to Harbury Hall, an’ I shanna be long about it, I reckon. But as for ‘Chev’ral Manner,’ or what you calls it, as you just spoke on, why I hanna ever heered on that name i’ these parts; and I’ve lived i’ Griff and Beddorth boy an’ man this forty-three year.”

By the same token that a man is no hero to his valet, a mere writer of books is a “poor critter” in the eyes of Strephon, even when Strephon is covered with coal dust instead of the agricultural loam. A writer born in the midst of squalid and rural surroundings may often be “monstrously clever” in the art of making books, but

to his neighbours who know nothing of books, except the Bible, and sometimes not much of that, he is a pitiful object indeed, and fair game for the wit that is indigenous to the bucolic and the mining mind. Those whose armour has been pierced by a jagged shaft of humour shot from the broad mouth of a villager, be he miner, ploughman, cowman, or village molecatcher, will know that sometimes this wit, by its very rawness and crudeness, wounds more deeply than the satiric arrow of a polished and cultivated mind.

And so George Eliot, "a monstrously clever woman," as a friend of mine, a former Bedworth coal-master and a man who knew Mary Ann Evans in the flesh some eighteen years ago, is always fond of repeating, is no heroine to her own countrymen. Some of the more rough diamonds among them would look as confused at the name of George Eliot as at Cheveral Manor; and the stranger who had the hardihood to ask for direction to "Shepperton Church" would be met with the reply that "Theer inna a church o' that name i' these parts. Theer be Coten, Beddorth, Exhul, Astley, an' Corley, but I donna mind heerin' tell on such a place as Shep'ton. You mun mean Coten I 'spect, or 'appen Beddorth wheer Muster Evans be the parson."

Perhaps this, to the literary mind, painful lack of knowledge or remembrance of a singularly gifted writer on the part of her own immediate country people may be accounted for with two reasons; one, that many of the inhabitants of those little villages, clustered together in small loving groups, from which George Eliot drew most of her characters, have ceased to weave the warp and woof of life, being long ago laid to rest under the chestnuts in the quaint little graveyards; and, two, because the average villager is no more bookish now than in the days when "Adam Bede" found its way to Griff and clove an entrance into the hermetically-sealed intellects there, and this simply owing to the fact that so many of them knew for certain that they were "put in" the book.

Extended education makes little headway in small towns and villages. The oldest inhabitant dies, perhaps, however, not before having performed the duty of handing down to his children and grandchildren the oral traditions of the place; but, alas! his children and grandchildren "inna given to the writin' o' things down," on paper or in their memory; and so, as one by one the old inhabitants disappear, the oral traditions of the village disappear with them, until there is but one left of all that there might have been, and that so faintly remembered as to be almost a doubt.

But the cadaverous and painfully careful historian, a man from

the bricked-in square of a big city, who writes for the future at a very small price per page, makes some amends for the forgetfulness of the oldest inhabitant. He writes everything down, prints everything he has written, places his book in a library where it is never or hardly ever opened, and then dies of a broken heart, accelerated by long years of wanton neglect and biting poverty.

Arbury Hall will in the ages to come be noted for its connection with George Eliot, who has made it the "Cheveral Manor" about which the Griff miner "hanna ever heered on." In the far past, however, that lean and pale man, the writer of contemporary history, was busy there; and there is also a glamour of romance associated with a former owner of the hall, which has not even found its way into George Eliot's books or the guide-books of the day, but which is nevertheless a fact which greatly adds to the interest of this neighbourhood, in the midst of which the famous Sir Roger Newdigate raised his ecclesiastic and semi-Gothic pile.

A six-mile walk from the "city of three tall spires," along the leafy and pleasant road that leads to Nuneaton, and on to Leicester, brings the traveller to Griff and Bedworth, and close to the "Cheveral Manor" of "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story." That South Farm, too, where George Eliot was born on that dull November morning in 1819, will be within measurable distance of the traveller's survey. A very long time ago, before the Newdigates became possessors of Arbury, there was in existence, near the park, a farm known as Temple House. It was an old building, surrounded by a moat, and belonged to the principals of an ancient manor thereabouts, called the Manor of St. John of Jerusalem. Surely the South Farm, in which Mr. Robert Evans used to reside, and in which his illustrious daughter first saw the light, must have risen from the ruins of Temple House.

Before it was ecclesiastic—which it became under the hand of Sir Roger Newdigate, the Gothic-loving baronet of "Cheveral Manor"—Arbury Hall was monastic. It was called "Erebury Priory" then, and was founded in the reign of Henry II. by Ralph de Sudely as a home for the St. Augustine Order of Canons. At the dissolution of monasteries, in the twenty-seventh year of the reign of Henry VIII., Erebury Priory was suppressed, and its possessions granted by Royal Letters Patent to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. It is at this point in the history of "Cheveral Manor" that the romance comes in, which is not to be found in any of George Eliot's books, and does not figure in the topographical prints of the period.

A very rare pamphlet, of which it is supposed there are only two

copies now extant, entitled "English Adventures," was printed and published in 1667. It dealt with strange occurrences that had befallen old and noble families of the time; and no doubt, as many of the adventures related were repugnant to the descendants of the families concerned, being thus publicly promulgated, steps were taken to suppress as many of the pamphlets as possible. One of the adventures was connected with the life of Charles Brandon, one of the early owners and occupiers of Arbury Hall, or "Cheveral Manor," when in its more monastic form, and was as follows:—

"Upon the death of his lady, the father of Charles Brandon retired to an estate on the borders of Hampshire. His family consisted of two sons, and a young lady, the daughter of a friend lately deceased, whom he adopted as his own child. This lady being singularly beautiful, as well as amiable in her manners, attracted the attention of both brothers. The elder, however, was the favourite, and he privately married her; which the younger not knowing, and overhearing an appointment of the lovers the next night in her bed-chamber, he, thinking it was a mere intrigue, contrived to get his brother otherwise employed, and made the signal of admission himself. His design, unfortunately, answered only too well.

"On a discovery the lady lost her reason, and soon afterwards died. The two brothers fought, and the elder fell, cut through the heart. The father broke down, and went to his grave in a very short time. Charles Brandon, the younger brother, and unintentional author of all this misery, quitted England in despair, with a fixed determination of never returning. Being abroad for several years, his nearest relations supposed him to be dead, and began to take the necessary steps for obtaining his estates. Aroused by this intelligence, he returned privately to England, and for a time took private lodgings in the vicinity of his family mansion.

"While he was in this retreat, the young king, Henry VIII., who had just buried his father, was one day hunting on the borders of Hampshire, when he heard the cries of a female in distress issuing from an adjoining wood. His gallantry immediately summoned him to the place, though he then happened to be detached from all his courtiers, when he saw two ruffians attempting to violate the honour of a young lady. The king instantly drew his sword upon them; a scuffle ensued, which roused the reverie of Charles Brandon, who was taking his morning walk in an adjacent thicket. He immediately ranged himself on the side of the king, whom he then did not know, and, by his dexterity, soon disarmed one of the ruffians, while the other fled.

“The king, charmed with this act of gallantry, so congenial to his own mind, inquired the name and family of the stranger ; and not only repossessed him of his patrimonial estates, but took him under his own immediate protection.

“It was this same Charles Brandon who afterwards privately married King Henry’s sister, Margaret, Queen Dowager of France ; which marriage the King not only forgave, but created him Duke of Suffolk, and continued his favour towards him to the last hour of the Duke’s life. He died before Henry ; and the latter showed in his attachment to this nobleman that, notwithstanding his fits of caprice, he was capable of a cordial and steady friendship. He was sitting in Council when the news of Suffolk’s death reached him, and he publicly took that occasion, both to express his own sorrow, and to celebrate the merits of the deceased. He declared that during the whole course of their acquaintance his brother-in-law had not made a single attempt to injure an adversary, and had never whispered a word to the disadvantage of anyone ; ‘ And are there *any of you*, my lords, who can say as much ? ’ The king looked round in all their faces, and saw that confusion which the consciousness of secret guilt naturally drew upon them.”

From the fact related in the early history of Charles Brandon, who upon being created Duke of Suffolk, and having the estates of Arbury granted to him by the king, came to live there, the poet, Thomas Otway, took the plot of his tragedy, “The Orphan.” To avoid causing unnecessary pain, however, to descendants of the families affected who were living at that time, Otway transferred the scene of his tragedy from England to Bohemia. The character of Antonio, which the dramatist would appear to have elaborated with great pains into an old debauched senator, raving about plots and political intrigues, is supposed to have been intended for that eminent personage, Anthony, the first Earl of Shaftesbury.

So late ago as 1825 there was a large painting of the Brandon incident at Woburn, the seat of His Grace the Duke of Bedford, and the old Dowager Duchess, in showing this picture to a nobleman a few years before her death, is said to have related all the particulars of the story.

Associations like these serve to make the site of the “Cheveral Manor” of George Eliot doubly interesting, and the marvel is that the author of “Scenes of Clerical Life” did not make use of this pretty romance in some way—either in describing the ancient history of the place, or in a neatly woven story, such as she knew well how to weave ; but George Eliot was essentially a delineator of modern

manners, not a writer of historical scenes, and so the visitor to Arbury Hall must look elsewhere for the primeval history of the place. It is a little impressive, however, to find out that an ex-Queen of France and a noble duke used formerly to walk through the fine tree-studded park where the late Charles N. Newdigate was wont to sit and frame his measures for keeping atheists out of the House of Commons; measures which, after his demise, no one, rightly or wrongly, thought it worth while to sustain.

The heirs of Charles Brandon, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, sold Arbury Hall and the estates to Sir Edmund Anderson, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. He, possibly out of respect for the stern Protestantism of his royal mistress, and with a desire to win her favour, demolished the old monkish house, and built from the ruins what Dugdaie called, "a fair structure of quadrangular form." No sooner was this building completed, which it was in the twenty-eighth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, than the legal knight fostered a dislike to it, and passed the estate away in exchange to John Newdegate for the Manor of Harefield in Middlesex, where the Newdegate family had been located since the days of Edward III. The Newdegates thus made Arbury Hall their family seat, and began to spell their name with an *i*.

In 1734 the estates descended to Sir Roger Newdigate, who acquired the title from an ancestor. He seems to have been a gentleman of much note, attached very strongly to literature and the fine arts, and particularly devoted to the study of archæologian architecture. He, as George Eliot points out in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," had made the "grand tour" of European cities, and returned, doubtless, deeply in love with the mansions of Italy, and rather ashamed of the "fair structure of quadrangular form" at Arbury, to which he had succeeded when only sixteen years old.

Sir Roger, indeed, would seem in many respects to have been endowed with exceptional abilities. He was born in 1718, presumably at Harefield, for in the very year of his majority he was elected member of Parliament for Middlesex in the Tory interest. At Oxford, where he won the highest honours, and formed the most distinguished friendships, Sir Roger Newdigate secured enviable popularity. After being the Parliamentary representative of Middlesex for six years, he was elected member for the University, and held the position for thirty years. During that period he made the "grand tour" already spoken of, and in conjunction with Sir Horace Walpole, to whom he was much attached, worked energetically to revive the beauties of the Gothic style in architecture.

Scarcely a better building for the titled architect to try his hand upon could have been found than the Arbury Hall of that period. Some idea of the nature of the building may be gathered from a survey of the present stables, which form a considerable portion of the "fair structure" erected by Sir Edmund Anderson. From each front of the house there were piles of projecting chimneys; and these, together with the unsightly chambers and bare brick walls, could not fail to offend the fastidiously cultivated eye of Sir Roger Newdigate, Italianised as it was by many years of foreign travel. So the baronet set about converting the old and uncouth Arbury Hall into the "Cheveral Manor" of to-day. He laboriously drew up his own designs—which for an amateur architect were considered to be extremely clever, in spite of the mixture of ecclesiastic and richly ornate styles—and entered into a contract with a well-known builder to carry out the scheme.

At that time, which would be about the year 1770, there was a young man employed on the ground, evidently a sort of right-hand man to Sir Roger, for in the renovation and remodelling of the Hall he was eminently useful and constantly in request. This young man's name was Robert Evans, the subsequent father of George Eliot; and it was well for Sir Roger Newdigate, in more ways than one, that he had so trusty a servant upon whom he could rely in his hour of need. Before the unsightly chambers were hidden by turrets, the beautiful mullioned windows put in, the outer walls cased with stone, the vast courtyard environed with a cloister—in short, some time before Arbury Hall was metamorphosed into its present attractive shape, the man who had contracted to build the place became a bankrupt, and brought a sudden cessation to the active work then in progress. Sir Roger, for the moment, was in a state of great perturbation, but the remarkable tact and ability of Robert Evans stood him in good stead, and the "Cheveral Manor" as it appears to-day was finished under the watchful eyes of the titled architect and his excellent steward.

Arbury Hall was probably finished in or about 1773, as in that year Sir John Astley, of the adjoining Astley Castle, made Sir Roger Newdigate a present of the famous painting depicting the celebrated exploits of Sir John de Astley, who flourished in the early part of the fifteenth century. The outside of the mansion with its castellated grey-tinted front and mullioned windows is easily recognised by all readers of "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story"; it is in the inside, however, that the descriptions of George Eliot force themselves upon the mind, as the visitor looks with a curious eye upon the ecclesiastical and other

adornments, placed in their respective positions by the lavish hand of Sir Roger. The saloon ornaments are copied from the fan tracery in Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster. In a similar manner the ceiling of the drawing-room is elaborately carved with tracery, in which are inserted different armorial bearings on small shields. The room next to the saloon contains the picture before alluded to. It commemorates the exploits of Sir John de Astley, a famous knight who vanquished in a duel at Paris one Peter de Maise, and in the thirtieth year of Henry VI.'s reign fought with, and defeated, at Smithfield an Aragonian knight, named Sir Philip Boyle, who seems to have been a kind of Don Quixote, anxious to cross lances with some great fighter. A replica of this painting is preserved at Patshull, the seat of the Earl of Dartmouth, a descendant of the Astleys of Arbury.

Here and there, in the adjacent rooms, are many evidences of Sir Roger Newdigate's classical tastes. There are niches filled with casts from the antique, all breathing of the days when the Gothic-loving baronet was drinking in the architectural inspirations of Florence. You can see the Venus de' Medici under an elaborate Gothic canopy ; and the top of a sarcophagus, brought from Rome by Sir Roger, upon which is finely sculptured the marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne.

George Eliot has herself well described the dining-room. In her day it was so bare of furniture that it impressed one with its architectural beauty like a cathedral. "The slight matting and a side-board in a recess did not detain the eye for a moment from the lofty groined ceiling, with its richly carved pendants, all of creamy white, relieved here and there by touches of gold. On one side this lofty ceiling was supported by pillars and arches, beyond which a lower ceiling, a miniature copy of the higher one, covered the square projection which with its three pointed windows formed the central feature of this building. The room looked less like a place to dine in than a piece of space inclosed simply for the sake of beautiful outline ; and the small dining table seemed a small and insignificant accident, rather than anything connected with the original purpose of the apartment." During the long lifetime of the late Charles N. Newdigate, this room had an air of conservatism about it as rigid as that possessed by its owner. It was, with the smallest variations, the same room as that so carefully described in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story."

Sir Roger Newdigate, the man of cultivated mind and exquisite taste, died in 1806 at the age of eighty-eight. With his death the

title became extinct. In his will Sir Roger bequeathed Arbury Hall and the estates to Mr. Francis Parker, on condition that he adopted the name of Newdigate ; and with a reversion to the father of the late C. N. Newdigate, who had then come into possession again of the estates at Harefield, and who was enjoined to add the old spelling of the name of "Newdegate" to that of the Charles Newdigate received at the baptismal font. The name of the late owner of Arbury Hall therefore was Charles Newdegate Newdigate.

The little village of Griff, in the vicinity of which George Eliot was born, and in which, as already written, lived her brother, Isaac Pearson Evans, late agent to Mr. Newdigate, to Lord Aylesford, and to the Governors of Chamberlain's Charity at Bedworth, and afterwards agent to the Dowager Countess of Aylesford, was at the Conquest survey involved with Chilvers Coten. In the third year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Griff was purchased by John Giffard, whose grandson, in Dugdale's time, passed it on to Sir John Newdigate, father of Sir Roger ; it thus became the property of the Newdigates, and the little parish has continued in their family to the present time.

Mining has been the chief industry carried on at Griff. For more than two centuries coal-mines have been known and worked in this neighbourhood ; Bedworth being spoken of by Dugdale as "a place very well known with regard to the coal-mines there." When the father of the late Charles N. Newdigate settled at Arbury he went energetically into the mining work, and appointed John Evans, uncle to George Eliot, as his colliery agent. That was a golden time for the Warwickshire coalowners. Railways had not then stretched their feelers into "the Heart of England," as Michael Drayton calls Warwickshire ; indeed the only railway near Griff or in the shire was one known as the "Stratford and Moreton Railway," which extended from Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire to Moreton-in-the-Marsh in Gloucestershire. Even this one was not for passengers ; so that our good ancestors, as can be seen in George Eliot's "Silas Marner," only a little more than half a century ago, were obliged to travel chiefly by stage coach and packhorse. The Stratford and Moreton Railway Company was incorporated in 1821. The length of the main line was about sixteen miles, and the branch lines two and a half miles. The capital embarked in this enterprise was £50,000. The principal use made of this railway was the supplying with coal, brought from the Griff and Bedworth pits, of Moreton, Stow-on-the-Wold, and other parts of the country through which it passed, and for conveying back to Stratford-on-Avon stone and agricultural produce.

This was the only enterprise, in the shape of a railway, then in use in Warwickshire. It is still to be seen, but it is now disused and overgrown with grass and weeds ; a striking instance of a work that soon served its purpose and became obsolete.

Though taking a great interest in the work of railways as a means of carrying the coal from his Griff collieries into the world in and beyond the shire, Mr. Newdigate, father of the late member for North Warwickshire, was also keenly alive to the importance of canals, which at that time were being introduced. The miles upon miles of navigable watercourses that flow so placidly through this beautiful and classic shire tell of the foresight, knowledge, and skilful engineering abilities of our forefathers. Something may be said of a canal that passes near George Eliot's neighbourhood, which was constructed in 1830, and in which the old Mr. Newdigate took a large share of interest. During the Parliamentary session of 1829 the Oxford Canal Company obtained powers to improve that part of their canal which lies between Braunston in Warwickshire and Longford in Northamptonshire, and which communicated with the Grand Junction and Coventry canals. The construction of the works in this canal was upon the most approved methods in the practice of civil engineering. The bridges and tunnels were made sufficiently capacious to admit of a towing-path on either side, and two boats to pass. The canal passed through the highlands at Brinklow—the nearest point to Bedworth and Griff—and Newbold, by means of tunnels twenty-four feet inside diameter, and over the turnpike road from Rugby to historic Lutterworth upon an aqueduct of cast iron. A considerable portion of these works was completed and navigable in 1831.

Mr. Newdigate was so strongly impressed with the idea that canals were to be the future travelling courses of the world that he had a communication with the Grand Junction cut right up to his Hall at Arbury ; and it is said that upon more than one occasion he has travelled to and from London by boat. This was a piece of good humour about which the late Charles N. Newdigate chose to be silent as much as possible, and when he did speak of it he sought to convey the impression that in cutting it his father had the drainage of his coal-mines in view ; but among those old Griff miners the story is still current of how “ Old Charley's feyther went to Lunnon up the cut.” Perhaps Mr. Newdigate may only have been a few decades in advance of his time, though the incident at that period was certainly one worthy to be noted down by the hand of George Eliot ; but having already described the foibles of one member of the family,

the gifted novelist probably deemed it prudent to stay her hand. To the commercial interests of Warwickshire, however, canals are of the greatest value, and one cannot think of the many advantages which have been gained to mankind by the use of these well-planned water-courses that glide through our fields and streets without thanking their constructors, and wondering why the canals are not more generally used.

If the Griff miner, or the Bedworth ribbon weaver, or the Astley worker in bead and jet embroidery were at all bookish, and would read George Eliot's "Scenes of Clerical Life," they would be disposed to say, when next visiting Chilvers Coten Church, "Eh ! inna it like" ; for during the tenure of the Rev. Mr. Chadwick, the present vicar, the church is being "restored" back to something like the old condition of Shepperton Church.

The little village of Chilvers Coten, in the parish of which George Eliot was born, is about one mile from Griff. In the Conquest survey it was rated at eight hides ; the woods were one mile and a half in length, and one mile in breadth ; the whole parish being valued at fifty shillings. At the Dissolution Chilvers Coten came to the Crown, and was sold to John Fisher and Thomas Dalbridgecourt in the fourth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign. These gentlemen, in 1630, obtained a grant of Court Leet to be held there, so that in those days it must have been a somewhat important parish. In course of time Chilvers Coten, along with the village of Griff, came into the hands of the Newdigates. The Rev. Henry Hake, who died at Leamington a few years ago, at a very advanced age, became vicar of Chilvers Coten in 1844, when George Eliot was in her twenty-fifth year, and he may have, in some particulars, suggested Mr. Gilfil. At that time the population of Chilvers Coten was 2,612, the patron of the living being the Lord Chancellor. Mr. Hake buried his first wife in the little graveyard there, and resigned the living in the spring of 1859.

That Bedworth coal-master who calls George Eliot "a monstrously clever woman" one day met Mr. John Evans, first cousin to Mary Ann, the novelist, and spoke to him to the following effect. Mr. Evans, who was then foreman at the Griff collieries, the date being some time in 1858, when returning from the pits one evening met Mrs. Newdigate, mother of the late "Old Charley," as the miners always called him, driving along in her carriage. She called to the coachman to stop, and beckoned John Evans to her side. "Evans," she said, "I have got a book here—it is called 'Adam Bede'—and I want you to take it home and read it to your father." John Evans

replied that his father "dinna tek much account o' books 'cept the Bible," but if it was the lady's wish that he should read it to his father, he would do so. He did take the book home and began to read it, and so clearly had George Eliot drawn her characters that the old man, even as his son read, perfectly identified the people in his own neighbourhood, and every now and then called them out by name. It was this book which the Griff, Bedworth, and Chilvers Coten people made so much of at that time, and there is not the shadow of a doubt but that all the characters in "Adam Bede" lived, moved, and had their being in this little circle.

At Corley, a pretty little village upon an elevation, close to Packington Magna, the ancient seat of the Aylesford family, is to be found the "Hall Farm," in which Martin Poyser took such pride, and at which Adam Bede was always a welcome guest. Indeed every village within a six-mile ring of Griff is instinct with the life to be found in the works of George Eliot. Which village is "Raveloe" it would be difficult to say, as any one of the pretty cluster to be met with there might pass for it ; and although linen weaving in cottages is almost at an end, the ribbon weaver is still busy with his tireless loom. But the stranger amid those interesting scenes, should he by any chance be at fault concerning his next move, must not make the mistake of inquiring for "Cheveral Manor" or "Shepperton," or he will be met with the truly George Eliot reply of "You mun be cum wrong ; I hanna heered o' them places."

GEORGE MORLEY.

THE DEPRAVATION OF WORDS.

THERE are few more interesting and absorbing subjects of study than the growth and evolution of language. A language still spoken and written is a living organism, and its vital processes resemble those which are constantly presented to the observation of the student of natural phenomena. A language grows by accretion, by development in some special direction, like a tree putting forth a fresh branch, and by absorption or adoption from the vocabulary of other tongues. Simultaneously with the process of growth or development, there is continually going on decay and removal. Here a word or phrase is sloughed off, so to speak ; there are shed a whole group of words or terms rendered obsolete by the advance of science, by alterations in personal and in national habits and customs, and by a variety of other causes.

But apart from the words that have become obsolete, and those that are still live and active elements of the language, there is a considerable number in which the process of decay has been carried to a certain extent, and has then been arrested, or, to abandon metaphor, words which having once been standard or literary English, have slipped from one cause or another out of literary use, but still retain a certain vogue either as provincialisms or as members of the great body of slang and colloquial expressions. These are the words that have completely undergone the process of what may be termed depravation. Another section consists of those terms which have developed a downward tendency, but whose fate is not yet fixed. These are the words and phrases which are so often used colloquially and loosely in a non-natural sense, in a depraved extension and widening of their proper significations.

Changes of this kind have always been taking place in the spoken language, but it is only in comparatively recent times that, owing chiefly to the hasty writing of journalists and slovenly book-makers, such depravation has proceeded at an accelerated pace, and has largely affected our written English. The loose construction, the twisted or inverted meaning, the slangy word or phrase crops up in

current talk no one knows how ; it soon appears in print in hasty article, smart leader, or in slipshod fiction, and forthwith it is transferred to the columns of the latest thing in the way of big dictionaries. If after this it is challenged, reference is made to the latest dictionary ; its authority shelters the new coinage or new attribution, and the vicious circle is complete. •

A few months ago an able and popular journalist, writing in the pages of a new *Review* on the undress of the soul, as exhibited in Marie Bashkirtseff's *Journal*, remarked, with figurative meaning, of the author of that remarkable book, that "above all, she never really leaves go of her dressing-gown." To "leave go" of a dressing-gown, or of anything else, is an expression that haste may explain, but which cannot in any way be justified. The same writer, in an earlier number of his periodical, declared that "the papistical power is messing everything in Canada." It is quite within the bounds of possibility that both to "leave go," and "to mess," in this slangy sense, may appear in the pages of some too comprehensive dictionary with these sentences of the *Review* given as authorities. There are many other degraded uses of words which, although not unfamiliar to the ear, have hardly yet appeared in print without the guarding inverted commas. The commas, however, are but a frail defence, and the transition to ordinary print without any such marks of protest is easy and very often rapid. The depraved applications of such words as "awful" and "awfully" are really almost elbowing the legitimate significations out of countenance and out of use. To use "awful" in its proper sense is to lay oneself open, if not to misapprehension, at least to bad puns and foolish jests. What, for instance, would modern slangy talkers and degraders of words make of Keats's line in "Isabel" :

His heart beat awfully against his side,

or Keble's :

Towards the East our awful greetings
Are wafted.

There are some poor words that have become so familiar to newspaper readers in their depraved significations, that they are now hardly noticed. The verb "transpire" is the best known of these. "Ovation" is another word daily degraded from its proper place in the language ; and although the verb "to ovate" is not yet naturalised among us, its introduction is only too probably, alas, a mere question of time. In sensational descriptions of great disasters we too often read of a "holocaust" of victims in cases where the devouring element has had no share whatever in the catastrophe described.

It is in the manufacture of new and unnecessary verbs, by the mangling or twisting of innocent substantives that some writers do most offend. A contributor to "Bentley's Miscellany," nearly thirty years ago, wrote of someone whom, "as men said, the Nonconformists ambitioned to send into Parliament." This ugly verb, although it also occurs earlier in a letter of Horace Walpole's, has happily not become popularised. A journalist wishing to state that an important personage was waited on by a deputation, has been known to write that the said personage was "deputed" by his visitors. In the favourite newspaper of a certain religious body, local leaders of the organisation are constantly said to be "farewelling," when they are transferred from one sphere of work to another. But the list need hardly be prolonged. This form of the depravation of words is too common to have escaped the notice of any reader who preserves some respect for his native tongue—

The tongue

That Shakespeare spake.

More interesting are those words that have fallen from their former high estate, and which, while no longer heard from mouths polite, yet enjoy a vigorous existence either in dialect or among the humbler ranks of society. The young lady in Dickens who "couldn't abear the men, they were such deceivers," Tennyson's Northern Farmer, who "couldn't abear to see it," and the old lady who "can't abide these newfangled ways," might all be said to speak vulgarly, as fashion of speech now goes. But "abear" and "abide," although not now generally used by educated people, are words that have seen better days. It is only in comparatively recent years that they have been condemned as vulgar. "Abear," in the sense of to endure or to suffer, was good English in the days of King Alfred, and for centuries after. Like many other good old English words, exiled by culture from London, it has found a home in the dialects; and there are few provincial forms of English speech in which "abear" is not a familiar element. To "abide," in its now vulgar sense, is not quite so old as "abear," but is still of respectable antiquity. A character in "Faire Em," one of the plays of doubtful authorship sometimes attributed to Shakespeare, says "I cannot abide physick." Drayton makes a curious past tense of it: "He would not have abroad it." The word can hardly yet be said to have entirely dropped out of literary use, for Sir Arthur Helps, in the first chapter of his book on "Animals and their Masters," remarks that "People can't abide pamphlets in these days."

"To ax," for ask, is undoubtedly nowadays degraded to the rank of a vulgarism, but it really represents the earliest form of the word, and was in regular literary use for centuries, until it was supplanted by "ask," which had formerly been simply a current form in the northern dialect. To "ax" still survives in the dialects of midland and southern England. So that when a lady of the Sairey Gamp school "axes yer pardon for makin' so bold," she is using a verb that was literary English from the days of Chaucer and earlier to nearly the end of the sixteenth century. Coverdale's translation of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, published in 1535, has "Axe and it shal be given you." Wiclif, earlier, has the same spelling. By Shakespeare's time "ask" had become the recognised form, and "axe" does not appear in any of the earlier editions of his plays.

Another example of the survival in dialect of a word or phrase once in literary use is to be found in the expression to be "shut of," meaning to be rid of. This is still very commonly heard in the northern parts of England, but could hardly now be used in either prose or verse having any pretension to literary form. It is to be found in a variety of our older writers; in the pamphlets of Nashe and in the "Holy War" of Bunyan. An example may be given from Massinger's "Unnatural Combat":

We are shut of him,
He will be seen no more here.

Yet another word that has undergone depravation is to "square" in the sense of to quarrel. In the newspaper reports of police-court cases one may read how some offender "squared up" at a companion or at the police, but the phrase is pretty certain to be marked off as slangy by the use of inverted commas. But "to square" in a quarrelsome sense is very old and respectable English. An excellent example of its literary use is to be found in the exquisite poetry of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." In the second act of that delightful play, Puck, describing the quarrel between Oberon and Titania, says:

And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

"On the square" is a phrase now seldom heard save amongst those who, in their own language, live or work "on the cross." They know and use the phrase, but take care not to put it into practice, for, as Freeman says in the old play of the "Plain Dealer": "Telling truth is a quality as prejudicial to a man that would thrive in the world

as square play to a cheat." The cheat likes to have the "square play" on the side of his pigeons, for the process of plucking is greatly facilitated by conduct like that of Ingoldsby's "Black Mousquetaire," who

When gambling his worst, always played on the square.

This modern limitation of the phrase is simply a depravation of an older and wider meaning which was long current in literature. Udall's sixteenth century translation of the "Apophthegms" of Erasmus has "out of square." The sense of a certain passage, says the translator, will not be out of square if one particular signification of a Greek vocable be preferred to another. In Chapman's version of the *Odyssey* are the lines :

I see, the gods to all men give not all
Manly addiction ; wisdom ; words that fall
(Like dice) upon the square still.

Here the words seem to have a slight flavour of the later restricted meaning. But the earlier and better signification is more plainly seen in Udall's use of the phrase. The reference was obviously to proportion and a sense of what was fitting and appropriate, derived by analogy from the operations of a builder or designer.

In the course of its downhill career a word often undergoes some slight change of form as well as of meaning. Occasionally it casts a syllable. A curious instance of this is the word "peach." This is an aphetised form of the verb "appeach." The latter word was in use from the fifteenth till about the middle of the seventeenth century ; and side by side with it there existed the now familiar form "peach." Both meant to accuse or charge :—

Now, by mine honour, by my life, by my troth,
I will appeach the villain,

cries York in the last act of "*Richard II.*" As "appeach" went out of use "peach" began to undergo depravation.

A curious example of the word in its transition state is to be found in "*Hudibras*," a great repertory of seventeenth century vulgarisms. In the lines :—

Make *Mercury* confesse and peach
Those thieves which he himself did teach,

although its primary signification is evidently to accuse, yet the word seems to have a half reference to its modern colloquial sense. In another fifty years "peach" had almost descended to its present level, and was used much as it is to-day. Arbuthnot, in the appendix to his satire of "*John Bull*," 1712, a work which contains a great many

colloquialisms, says that a certain euphoniously named Ptschirnsooker "came off, as rogues usually do upon such occasions, by peaching his partner; and being extremely forward to bring him to the gallows, Jack was accused as the contriver of all the roguery." Another remarkable feature in the history of this word is that with "appeach" and "peach" a third form was simultaneously in use. Caxton, in his translations, introduced the word "empeche," a much better representative than "appeach" of the old French original *empechier*, although Caxton took his word not from this but from the contemporary French verb *empescher*. In the altered form of "impeach" the word is still retained in use. It is a case of the survival of the fittest. Of the three rival forms, one died out altogether, another underwent depravation and is now a familiar item in the slang of the criminal classes, while the third still flourishes and retains its original meaning.

Many other instances of the decline and fall of words might be given. Such expressions as to "make bones of," to "fadge," to "knock off," to "cut," in the sense of "to run off," and "along of," meaning "on account of," were all formerly in constant literary use. The process is a natural one, and depravation of this kind will always be going on. It is not possible to prevent it, but it is possible, unfortunately, to hasten it; and this is constantly being done by the slangy tone, the loose habit of colloquially twisting and misapplying words, that pervade so much of modern speech. It is a case of "giving a dog a bad name." If once a slang meaning or application be tacked on to an innocent word, the tendency is for the looser and more depraved meaning to oust the original and correct signification out of colloquial use, and finally out of both spoken and written language.

It is, of course, possible to go too far in the opposite direction, and by too great a conservatism to impede the natural progress of the language, to restrict its growth and stunt its development. This was the tendency during the greater part of the eighteenth century. But there is little fear nowadays, and indeed but little possibility, of thus hindering the free play of the language. The danger lies, as has been pointed out, in the opposite direction. Englishmen are justly proud of their noble literature, a literature second to none that the world has seen, and it is surely not unreasonable to protest against wanton and unnecessary depravation of the vehicle by which that literary heritage has been handed down to us, and through which many and glorious additions are being and will be made thereto, for the instruction and delight of future ages.

GEORGE L. APPERSON,

NOSTRADAMUS.

Τὸν θάνατον ἑτέρον βίου κρείττονος ἀρχὴν νομίζοντες. — *Epicurus.*

Death is a better way to live, . . .

For that it slays all prejudice of earth. — *Anon.*

WHEREVER man has congregated upon the earth's surface a religion of some sort has prevailed. Indeed, so universal is this fact as almost to present a basis for the definition of man as "the religious animal." An appreciation of the supernatural seems to be as cognate with human nature as any appreciation of the physical universe can be, with which man becomes acquainted through the medium of his five senses. If this be so, and it is not easy to maintain the contrary, the immortality of the soul is as much an inherent part of it as its present life can be. We have no proof of the reality of present existence beyond what the soul *feels*. What it thinks of the future and of the non-physical, though far less definite, is no less real on that account, so far as it extends, and as it is prompted by this *feeling* of the soul, than is the other. The blue mountain in the distance is no less a part of the prospect than the garden hedge at hand; both are the result of physical sight equally. Feeling and thought are the mind's eye. With these limitations, the feeling of the future and of the present are one; what sees the one, sees the other also.

In this sense every man of awakened powers is a kind of prophet and has to do with that future which has been called "eternity." What is commonly designated a prophet, however, is a man who can prefigure events that are to happen, not in eternity but in coming time. In both cases the soul deals with the supernatural. But, as regards time to come, all forecasting of its events is, in our day, reckoned to be imposture, and as lying quite out of human power. It forms no part of our present purpose to establish this view or the contrary of it, though it is desirable to point out that such a thorough-going and almost universal scepticism is quite modern. Ancient nations,

barbarous and civilised, seem all to have admitted that exceptional individuals could forecast events. Amongst the Hebrews especially and early Christians it was regarded as divine inspiration. Among the Druids both men and women were supposed to possess the gift. In Greece there were the oracles, augurs, soothsayers, and astrologers. Revelations from all these sources the Christians attributed to the operation of devils. But the Christians in their turn took up with astrology in the middle ages, and John Varley, the painter, at the beginning of this century made numerous and very strange forecasts by astrologic processes in the old forms. He shot so near that he frightened his friends, and gave up shooting.

It is no matter how groundless scientific thinkers may pronounce all these superstitions to have been ; it is enough for us to state the prevalence of the feeling. What the soul of men has widely felt, and almost universally acted upon, constitutes a part of human nature, and that is enough to admit for our present purpose. We esteem a prologue such as this somewhat necessary before we enter on the forecasts of Nostradamus, just to secure for the facts a momentary attention, and to forestall the prejudices, which are innumerable. We intend to construct no theory and to offer no explanation. The facts are most curious when arrived at, but it is difficult to get at them, so as to form a solid judgment, for two reasons, the Quatrains are written in very old French, sometimes even in the *langue d'oc*, and, besides that, the author distinctly aims, by borrowing words from many languages, by introducing anagrams, analogies, and mythological and classic allusions, to further darken his meaning and protect himself from the persecution of the Church and times in which his lot was cast. Our business will be merely to translate these obsolete expressions, to interpret a few of the anagrams and strange allusions, as far as may be, and to apply the sense so sifted out to some of the many historic events foreshadowed. The correspondence between some of the Quatrains and the events realising them, two or three centuries later on, is very extraordinary, but we shall not try to elucidate the cause. The reader will choose his own method of procedure. He will test the translation, he will try the interpretation, perhaps refute the coincidence of the words with the facts. But, as he will not be able to dispute the authority of the copy or its date of issue, unless he can confute our version of the meaning he must accept it, and either explain it his own way or admit that it is too wonderful for that, and that it lies quite beyond his processes of elucidation.

Without further preamble, it will be well now to set forth a few of the Quatrains of Michael Nostradamus, applying them to the events

of which they were anticipatory, and so leave them to make their own impression upon the reader's mind, whilst, if space can be spared, a few words may be devoted to the remarkable man who wrote them. Even in his lifetime Nostradamus enjoyed a European celebrity, and the name is still universally known, but it survives only as representative of a higher order of impostor than Cagliostro—a name for occultists, perhaps, to conjure with on occasion, though its mention has, in England at least, long ceased to awaken in the mind any definite idea as to fact, action, or thought. It is a name, and little else. One may call it a disembodied reputation. Syllabically it is famous, but all solidity belonging to it lies bobbing with oblivion “at Lethe's wharf.” That of Ronsard is a kindred name—echoing still, but dead; yet Ronsard was a great poet. Surely of all the vanities this is the greatest vanity: a deathless name, whose owner in the slide of the universe has himself become dead to fame. He is a pyramid builder with no pyramid to show for it. He has fame without an idea attached to it.

There is a round thousand of quatrains to pick and choose from: all thrown together purposely in hopeless disorder, and in utter disregard of the chronological sequence of the events. Had the chronological order been preserved to us, doubtless many more of the Quatrains could be rendered intelligible; that clue, however, has for the writer's security been purposely, though silently, withdrawn. Out of so large a number only a very few examples can be selected. We will open with one which is not especially striking: when first read it even seems to be mere jargon, but yet when explained it takes a form and coherency that point clearly to *Henri Quatre* as the subject of it. It would task an ingenious mind to adapt it with equal force to any other historical character existing. It runs:

Mandosus tost viendra à son haut règne,
Mettant arrière un peu les Norlaris :
Le rouge blesme, le masle à l'interrègne,
Le jeune crainte, et frayeur Barbaris.

(*Century ix., quatrain 50.*)

Translation.—Mendosus shall soon attain to his high dominion, setting back those of Lorraine a little; the pale old Cardinal, the male of the interregnum, the timid youth, and the alarmed barbarian.

This at a first glance resembles unmitigated *blague*. But when you take *mendosus*, full of faults, reading *u* for *v* in the old fashion, it converts into the anagram of Vendosme, or Vendôme. Again *Norlaris* is the anagrammatic transposition of Lorrains, the patronymic of the Guise family. Michel de Nostredame was a Romanist, and heretics are heavily disparaged by him throughout the whole course of his

work. To him, therefore, Henri IV., the heretic Vendôme, furnishing the anagram *mendosus*, or full of faults, would seem to be providentially so named—a man who changed his religion thrice. His mother, Jeanne d'Albert, brought him up as a Protestant. To escape St. Bartholomew's massacre, Aug. 24, 1572, he professed Catholicism. In 1576, that he might head the Calvinist party, he relapsed to Protestantism. But in order to ascend the throne of France it became necessary to proclaim himself Catholic. By this change, and by the Salic law, he excluded the Lorraine princes from the throne of France. He no less shut out the old Cardinal de Bourbon—*le rouge blesme*, the red pale one, or white with age; the Duc de Mayenne, also, who was Lieutenant-General of the kingdom during the interregnum. *Le jeune crainte* stands for the young Duc de Guise; whilst the *Barbaris* seems to be the savage Philip II. of Spain, whose pretension to the crown was derived to him through Elizabeth his wife, the daughter of Henri II. Philip allied himself with the Guises in support of the Catholic League. This explanatory elaboration, referring to merely four lines of the original text, may convey some idea to the reader of the difficulty attending the interpretation of a writer such as Nostradamus. There are stanzas by the hundred like this, so that a busy and sceptical world may be very well excused for dropping the whole volume into oblivion, for ridiculing it as jargon, or if, going farther still, it should condemn it as imposture. Ridicule, abuse and slander have their uses, but they are not arguments. The above should suffice to prove that such lines contain a good deal more than at a first glance meets the eye.

Quatrain 18, century x., will be found to amplify on the same theme, a little less obscurely perhaps. We have not room to enlarge upon Presage 76, but *Henri le Grande* is there called *Le Grande Cape*, or Capet, and his abjuring of Protestantism and assent to the Papal conditions (July 21, 1593,) amid the silence of his enemies, is very intelligibly forecast.

Sixtain vi. relates to the treason of Biron under the anagram of Robin, and is a phenomenal piece of work. It even mentions the name of *Lafin*, who betrays him to the king. But we have no room to indulge curiosity on this point. In century vi., quatrain 70, there occurs a perfectly distinct prophecy touching Henry the Great, as *Le Grand Chyren* (Chyren being the anagram of Henri). It says that he will be chief of the world, and may be rendered thus :

Chief of the world Henri le Grand shall be,
More loved in death than life, more honoured he;
His name and praise shall rise above the skies,
And men shall call him victor when he dies.

Voltaire says of him in the "Henriade" :

Il fut de ses sujets le vainqueur et le père.

That Henri IV. had the Quatrains of Nostradamus presented to him we know as a matter of history. We also know that he aspired to a European monarchy. It might form an interesting subject of inquiry for some historical essayist to handle, how much that line of Nostradamus had to do with suggesting the germ-thought to the king :

Au chef du monde le grand Chyren sera.

But we must pass on, for this is no time to pursue the theme ; though it be one surely not unworthy of study to watch prophecy, not only forecasting events, but converting from a vision into a fact of history, from a forecast to a cause.

One more passage we propose to examine of historical detail, but of minor importance, before we open up two or three that relate to epoch-making events. It is desirable to furnish specimens of both kinds, for the minuter details will best illustrate the personal idiosyncrasy of the prophet, whilst the greater topics, which refer to known events, will most interest the world at large as to the possibility, authenticity, and value of prophecy itself.

The punishment of the great Montmorency (October 30, 1632, in the reign of Louis XIII.), shall be the next taken, because it sheds a sudden and as it were accidental light upon a private individual, and discloses a name that history seems only to have inscribed once upon her page, and that once by an off-chance, as one may say.

Le lys Dauffois portera dans Nanci
Jusques en Flandres électeur de l'empire ;
Neufve obturée au grand Montmorency
Hors lieux prouvés, délivré à Clerepayne.

The Dauphin shall carry his lily standard into Nancy, just as in Flanders the elector of Trèves shall be carried prisoner of the Spaniards into Brussels. A new prison will be given to the great Montmorency ; who will be delivered for execution into the hands of Clerepayne. This man will behead him in a place not devoted to executions.

Obturée is from the Latin *obturare*, to shut up closely. *Prouvés* is to be taken as *approuvés*. Louis XIII., it may be remarked, was the first who bore the title of Dauphin of France—and since the publication, be it observed, in 1566, of Nostradamus's work—he entered Nancy on September 25, 1633, one day later than the entry of his army. In 1635 he crossed into Flanders in aid of the Elector, who had been carried a prisoner into Brussels by the Spaniards on March 26 of that year. Our prophet then reverts to October 30 1632, when the execution of Montmorency, for rebellion, occurred.

He was first *confined (obturée)* in the Hôtel de Ville at Toulouse, then just newly built (*neufve*). In the courtyard of this building he was executed by a common soldier of the name of Clerepayne, and not, as was customary, at the spot appointed for public executions, such as was La Grève at Paris, or Tower Hill in London.

It so chances that in two contemporary records the name of Clerepayne is attested : Etienne Joubert is one, and the Chevalier de Jant another. By the researches of M. Motret it has been shown further that the family, by solicitation, obtained two formal concessions from the king in deviation from the official order, which would have named the *place publique* or *marché* for the ceremony. The first concession was that it should be with closed doors, and the other that a soldier should be substituted for the common headsman.

When the reader has familiarised himself with the obsolete language and verbal contortions of this oracular Frenchman, and has quietly realised in his mind the all-but-forgotten historical details above repieced, the solemn scene of great local importance, and of intense though but temporary interest, will come to life before his eyes again, and the vivid historical picture will startle him when compared with the prophetic distich which the event interprets for him. He will become aware strangely that the picture of that event, that has just reshaped itself in his mind two hundred years after its occurrence, must, one hundred years before it occurred, have similarly visited the mental retina of him who could pen the lines. We cannot call it poetry, but it is brimful of imagination, and Tacitus himself grows wordy when set against the brevity of its utterance. It seems from this that to anticipate is, though less common, as human as to look back. It is incredible, yet how can you disbelieve it? There it stood in type in the Royal Library the very day the thing was enacting ; it had stood there for eighty long years before, and the same volume stands upon the shelves of the same library to-day. It is not to be understood, but it must be accepted ; you may refuse the prophecy, but incredulity incarnate can never change the facts. Adequate explanation will be acceptable, and we invite ingenuity to attempt it. There were more things in the earth and heaven than entered, we know, into Horatio's philosophy ; there may also be more things, perhaps, than were ever dreamt of in philosophy itself. We believe nothing either way ourselves, but we cannot deny seeing a strange apparition before our eyes, and we shall not deny it because our ignorance prevents an explanation that is adequate. In the presence of some things the Seven Sages are no wiser than the lobster that the plough breaks out of a furrow. Man is but a worm

of more device ; the earth is for one, and humility (or earthiness) is for the other. Darwin did well to write upon worms. Science should go back to mother earth sometimes.

All this wants a book ; we feel we cannot do justice to our theme in the space allotted to us. But we will now pass on to a very remarkable quatrain, No. 40 of century x., though we should have liked to place before the reader quatrain 49 of century ix., which contains perhaps the only prophecy of our author that has attained any real publicity in England, viz. :

Sénat de Londres mettront à mort leur Roy.

The number of the quatrain, 49, gives, curiously enough, the year of the occurrence in the 17th century. This may be merely accidental, and is sure to be called so, but if intended where so much is strange it would be nothing specially remarkable. We are not aware that the coincidence has ever attracted comment before, even in France. Every line of this quatrain admits of a fairly clear interpretation in our opinion, and in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxvi., the above-quoted line is allowed to be a startling announcement of Charles I.'s death ; but the writer, F. Cohen (afterwards Sir F. Palgrave), says that "Ædipus himself could not give the sense of the whole verse." Of course not, if Ædipus be in so great a hurry that he will not give himself time enough to read the riddle that has been clothed under a form more or less obscure, for solid reasons aforethought.

Let us now revert to our specimen, No. 40 of century x. :

Le jeune nay au règne Britannique,
Qu'aura le père mourant recommandé,
Jceluy mort Lonole donra topique,
Et à son fils le règne demandé.

The new-born Prince of the kingdom of Britain, whose dying father will have recommended him, this one being dead, Lonole will perorate and snatch the kingdom from his very son.

James the First of England and Sixth of Scotland was born June 19, 1566—the year of the publication of the Quatrains—the son of Mary Stuart and Henry, Lord Darnley, who had commended the child to the Scottish lords before his assassination by Boswell. In 1603 he mounted the throne of England, and it was under him that England and Scotland were first denominated Great Britain. This conveys a great propriety to the words selected by Nostradamus. When this king dies *Lonole* is to seduce England with artificial rhetoric, and to demand the kingdom, together with the life of his son, Charles I.

For *Lonole* Garencières reads *Londres*, but the *texte type* has

Lonole. It is rather curious that *Lonole* should yield the anagram *Olleon* or 'Ολλύων, as Napoleon does that of Ναπολλύων and Apollyon. Cromwell and he show numerous points of contact, whether we seek them in history, character, or prophecy. But a further anagram, still more startling, has hitherto we believe escaped all the commentators: Ole Noll in the form of *Old Noll*, has always been the nick-name of the Protector, and *Ole Nol* is letter for letter *Lonole*. It may stand for Apollyon also, and as such for "Old Nick" too.

James I. was born June 19, 1566, and thirteen days later, July 2, 1566, Nostradamus breathed his last. This quatrain, once understood, is one of the clearest and most extraordinary of the forecasts of Nostradamus. Quatrain 80, of century iii., contains a remarkable announcement of the overthrow of Charles I., the sacrifice of Strafford, and the bastard kingship of Cromwell. Century viii., quatrain 76, points very clearly to Cromwell, and is interesting; but we must pass it by, together with much more that appears to have relation to English affairs, including the very clear prophecy that England is to command the sea for 300 years (century x., 100), a period that ran out two years since, if we date the commencement of English supremacy from the defeat of the Spanish Armada, 1588.

We can only treat of three more quatrains, two of which marvellously point to Louis XVI., and the third to Napoleon as unmistakably. We may here and there glance at some striking line in passing, if only to indicate the rich mine that might be worked, did time and space permit. Pregnant hints abound, such as this (century iii., quatrain 59):

Barbare empire par le tiers usurpé.

What could better foreshadow the assault made upon government and good order in 1789, when the third estate swallowed up the other two by usurpation? Here is another graphic distich (century i., quatrain 57):

Bouche sanglante dans le sang nagera,
Au sol la face ointe de lait et miel.

The bleeding mouth swims in a tide of blood,
The face anoint drops to the crimson'd turf.

The milk and honey, wine and oil, is clearly allusive to the oil of *la sainte ampoule*, with which the kings of France were consecrated and anointed at Reims. But we will confine ourselves to one difficult quatrain (century ix., quatrain 20), and endeavour by means of a close examination to establish its intelligibility.

De nuit viendra par la forest de Reines
Deux pars, vaultorte, Herne la pierre blanche,
Le moyne noir en gris dedans Varennes,
Esleu Cap. cause tempeste, feu, sang, tranche.

By night shall come through the forest of Reines
 Two parts, face about, the Queen a white stone,
 The black monk in gray within Varennes.
 Chosen Cap. causes tempest, fire, blood, slice.

The bewildered reader may perhaps exclaim, "Surely gibberish can no further go." Well, now, let us see. The Forest of Reines is on the way to Varennes; we place in italics the two latter syllables, for they appear to constitute a variant of the same word. *Herne* is the anagram of *Reine* by metaplasm of *h* for *i*. The reader will see by referring to the "Dict. de Trévoux," article "Anagramme," that this is permissible by the structural rules of the anagram. *Vaultorte* is an obsolete word for face-about, as we have translated it. *Deux parts* stands for husband and wife. The queen is Marie Antoinette. *Le moyne noir en gris* is Louis XVI.; and the subject of the stanza is obviously the famous flight of the king and queen from Paris on June 20, 1791, which terminated in their arrest at Varennes, and their re-entry as captives into Paris. There are fourteen pages octavo, in small print, giving details of this tragical journey, in the Marquis de Bouillé's *Mémoires*, full of interesting particulars admirably narrated by that grand and gallant soldier. Had Bouillé found a Turgot to co-operate with him, instead of the egotistic and irresolute Lafayette, the whole of the affairs of Europe might have taken a very different channel. His memoirs disclose him to have been a great patriot, but scarcely ever is his name now breathed. It is a book to read if you desire to know the period and to study the fate of the French king. Prudhomme ("Révol. de Paris," No. 102, p. 542), if referred to, will establish the singular propriety of the expression *vaultorte* to describe the king's irresolution at the divergence of the cross roads—taking, contrary to previous arrangement, the way to Varennes. Prudhomme further relates at the above passage that the king was on this occasion attired in gray; he had on an iron-gray coat (*gris de fer*), and wore a round slouch-hat that hid the face, so that he would appear a good deal like a Franciscan (*Le moyne noir en gris*). The queen was dressed in white, and Madame Campan, in her "Mémoires de Marie Antoinette" (ii. 150), relates that after the arrest the queen's hair grew white in a single night, and that she had a lock of this white hair mounted in a ring for the Princesse de Lamballe, inscribed "*blanchis par le malheur*." She was, like Niobe, turned to white stone—*la pierre blanche* indeed. *Esleu Cap.* involves a propriety most peculiar, which demands a slight insistence, lest it be overlooked. The title of King of the French, instead of King of France, had been established since October 16, 1789. But it was not until Sept. 1,

following the above arrest, that the decree was passed forcing the king to surrender to the will of the people and become a constitutional monarch. This he submitted to and signed on Sept. 14, and thus he became *Esleu Cap.* Finally, the word *tranche* is most expressive for the slice, or what is now called the *couperet* of the guillotine. Thus painfully disentangled by us, the gibberish has grown quite fearfully intelligible, and one or two of the words become so singularly select, and so pregnant with meaning, as to suggest pages of history in the condensation of a syllable. Here again we find a dark record flashing upon us with all the certainty of an eye-witness, and we find it to have been unmistakably in type more than 200 years before the realisation took place.

The next we cite is even still more astonishing. After troublesome investigation, it enables us to lift the veil and clear away the multi-form obscurities that the indolent have heretofore presumed to be but the empty jargon of a fortune-teller.

Le part soluz, mary sera mitré
 Retour : conflict passera sur le thuille,
 Par cinq cents : un trahyr sera tiltré
 Narbon : et Saulce par couteaux avons d'huile.

(Century ix., quatrain 34.)

The husband, alone, afflicted, will be mitred on his return ; a conflict will take place at the Tuileries by five hundred men. One traitor will be titled, Narbonne, and (the other) Saulce, grandfather, oilman, will (hand him over) to the soldiery.

This has to be filled in as follows : Louis XVI., now alone, that is to say, without his wife, will suffer the indignity of being crowned with the red cap of Liberty. A revival this was of the Phrygian bonnet or head-gear of the priests of Mithras, hence the word *mitré*. The 500 Marseillais brought from the southern city attack the Tuileries. The titled traitor is the Count de Narbonne, the minister of war. The other name, glimmering suddenly out of the obscurity, as a star through the storm-wrack of a dark night, is that of Saulce (father, son and grandson) the elder, tradesman of Varennes, Chandler, grocer, oilman. The elder was *procureur-syndic* of his commune. This man betrayed the king to the populace, so that he was arrested *par couteaux* by the guards. Some read this, *per custodes* ; or it may mean *coustiller*, armed with a *coustille*, a short straight cutlass. *Avons* is the old French for grandfather, *avus*.

Madame Campan (ii., 155) gives an account of their majesties alighting at this grocery-shop of the Mayor of Varennes, *Saulce*, who could, had he wished it, have saved the king. But this false-weight

parody of classic heroism, in reply to the tears of the queen, striking an attitude, ejaculated, "J'aime mon roi, mais je resterai fidèle à ma patrie." For this the assembly voted him, some two months later, 20,000 livres, and, with these two scintillations illuminating him, Saulce quits distinction and the public eye for ever. *Un Brute Français, qui aime César bien, mais plus encore le sang.*

Thiers, in his account of the attack on the Tuileries, June 20, 1792 ("Révol. France," ii. 152), draws a pathetic picture of the afflicted king (*mary mitré*) in his sad day-dream and red night-cap. The palace, of which he was no longer master, was evacuated about seven in the evening by the populace peaceably and in good order. Then the king, the queen, his sister, and the children, all met together, shedding a torrent of tears. The king seemed stunned by what had occurred, and now for the first time noticed that the red cap was still upon his head: he seized it and flung it aside with indignation.

Carlyle, in his "French Revolution" (ii. 373, 1837), speaks of Barbaroux's "six hundred Marselese who know how to die," and a few lines lower down he calls them "517 able men." Now Thiers says ("Révol. France," ii. 235), they arrived on June 30, 1792, and were five hundred men ("*Ils étaient cinq cent.*") We indicate this for the benefit of such as desire to find Nostradamus wrong, and we care nothing for Nostradamus, we only wish to find out what is right. Those who like to examine the conduct of the Count de Narbonne, we refer to Bertrand de Molleville's "Hist. de la Révolution."

We think this quatrain might lie dormant for centuries after realisation—in fact, it practically has done so, since 1792 is little short now of its centenary. It necessarily slept for more than 200 years before the event; for, who could tell anything about the chance rocket *Saulce* before it had risen parabolically and fallen back again? Or who could impart meaning to the *part soluz*, to the mysterious 500, or the titled Narbonne? Six miraculous historical details lay *perdus* till time in two centuries should localise them, and, a hundred years after that, ingenuity should bring them to light. That is a patient way of prophesying, if you think about it. If a knave were at work, his short wisdom would seek a nimbler return than 300 years would give him. "Now or never" is his maxim; a knave knows he is quite a fool at long wisdom.

The thing is so crowded with compressed interest that we have even now omitted a marvellous item: *conflict passera sur le thuille*. When Nostradamus wrote this in 1555, or earlier, the Tuileries site was occupied by extensive tile-kilns, whence the renowned name sprang. Catherine de Médicis began the palace there in 1564. Ten

years before the mason had laid the first stone our prophet is writing about it as a place to be stormed by a Marseilles mob two centuries later.

Multiplying pages warn us that we must soon have done, not for want of matter, for that might fill volumes with ample interest, though possibly less intense than what we now pick out ; but space will fail us, for a review can only shadow forth a work, not convey one.

Napoleon said he would have a page of history all to himself, and it is true, like a great deal else that he said, though it proceed from the mouth of the greatest falsifier that ever existed. Should anybody think this too plain spoken, let him suspend condemnation until he has read Kléber's letter, Napoleon's counter statement, and Lanfrey's comments on them both. The two first are given in full in the nine-volume edition of the *Mémoires* of Napoleon dictated by himself. Well, he has a page of history all to himself, and a precious figure he cuts in it ; yet in historical proportion, as it is meet and right it should be, he has a good many quatrains in Nostradamus "all to himself ;" for the reason above named we propose to give but one :

De soldat simple parviendra en empire,
De robe courte parviendra à la longue :
Vaillant aux armes, en église où plus pire,
Vexer les prestres comme l'eau fait l'esponge.

(*Cent. viii., quatrain 57.*)

From a simple soldier he will rise to empire,
From a short robe he will attain the long ;
Able in war, he shows to less advantage in Church government,
He vexes the priesthood like water in a sponge.

The French universally explain this of Napoleon, and it fits him very well. But so analogous are the lives and career of Napoleon and Cromwell that it might be applied to Cromwell, and Garencières does so apply it. Napoleon was plain lieutenant in 1785, consul for life in 1799, emperor from 1804 to 1814. The short robe and long are by Le Pelletier understood to be the consular robe and the imperial. The broader interpretation is perhaps the better : the girt-up military garb of action as contrasted with the long imperial robe, typical of order, leisure and direction. We should observe here that Nostradamus does not say *parviendra à régner, ascendra sur le trône*, but with felicity chooses the very word that will convey the hint required ; kingship is over, but an *empire* is begun. He is valiant in arms, but something out of his depth in theology and church government : witness his ridiculous catechism, where school-boys were taught to love, respect, and obey the emperor—that to serve the emperor was to honour and serve God himself ("il est

devenu l'oint du Seigneur"). Lanfrey remarks here (iii. 456) that he makes God useful as gendarme. This is as ridiculous as his ideas were upon literature. He once wrote to Cretel, "de faire faire à Paris des chansons" to rouse enthusiasm, as the *claque* at a theatre would. *Risum teneatis?* When he said to Goëthe, "Vous êtes un homme," how truly might not the poet have rejoined "Vraiment ! c'est ce que vous n'êtes pas, Sire." Fancy Burns receiving an order from the Home Office to write "Bannockburn," and send it back by return on a halfpenny post-card. It would not have resulted in "Do or die"—the sole alternative being to die, and not to do it.

But, though far from successful in ecclesiastical direction, he thoroughly vexes the priesthood, penetrating into every hole and corner, as water does into a sponge.

In century i., quatrain 88, we get a wonderful passage. Nostradamus says, *Le divin mal surprendra le grand Prince* a little before his marriage. We take this to mean the Austrian marriage, which was preceded by the divorce of Josephine. His prop and credit, it runs on, shall fall into a sudden weakness and then comes this tremendous sentence :

Conseil mourra pour la teste rasée.

Counsel shall perish from this shaven poll.

Garencières (who was a doctor, and admitted of our College of Physicians, then in Warwick Lane, or in the original stone house of Knight-riding Street before that) could have, of course, no conception of the historical fulfilment, but he renders *le divin mal* as "the falling sickness, called by the Greeks *epilepsia*, and by the Latins *morbus sacer*." Nobody else, perhaps, has rendered it "epilepsy," but, thus put, the forecast becomes miraculous. It is a point to rewrite history upon, for history has failed to see this great fact. Herod was smitten; rejoicing to be called a god. Napoleon the same in his concocted catechism.

Napoleon, Cromwell, Mahomet, Cæsar, and probably Alexander, were all epileptic. The moral crime, and the blasphemous egotism of this idolator *de mon étoile*, have now convulsed the mighty Leyden jar, or electric battery, of this brain and demon-force that has so mercilessly dealt torpedo shocks to Europe. The Corsican cerebral pap is a weakened centre now ; the inner prop is gone ; phantasms huger than ever visit the big brain, which itself is readier than ever to entertain them, but with a terribly diminished power of bringing them to any practical evolution. The demigod is turning fast to Byron's "little Pagod." Be these predestinations or not, in the theo-

logical sense of the word, here was the sentence of *le divin mal* quietly jotted down in Salon de Craux, and recorded two hundred and fifty years before against the name of the epileptic bandit of Corsica Apollyon—or Napoleon, for those who like the recent form better.

This brings us to the end, not of what has to be said, but of the space to say it in, and there is no room left to give the life of our seer, nor to vindicate him from the baseless charges of imposture that, from the issue of his first almanac till now, have from time to time been hurled at him. Whether a vindication be now needed or not, after the little we have here exhibited, is a question. Probably it is, for folly dies hard, but that will be seen later on. We have no theory about this man, we leave it to better hands to supply one. What we do say is: here are facts so far as we can, after no stint of drudgery, either see or arrive at them, and there are thousands more producible as startling as these—very many more, less so, but still inexplicable. These very facts, first of all, we hope to see disputed, or better interpreted, for we feel sure, from the trouble we have taken already, that wider research will only end in establishing our oracle the more by giving data that may help to open up the Quatrains whose sense is latent still.

We have now a word to say that may at first sight appear irrelevant, but we intend to wind up with it. The Rev. Richard Warner ("Lit. Recol." i. 212) asked Warren Hastings, touching the jugglers in India, whether he had ever witnessed any of their feats which he could not account for on the principles usually employed to explain them. Warner referred to their extraordinary performances, sleights of hand, and general deceptive skill. Mr. Hastings replied by telling one very remarkable story of a conjurer who brought in a large empty wicker basket, which he showed to be perfectly empty; he inverted it with the opening to the ground; after incantations "and jabberings" he raised it: a little black woman was seen sitting. She rose, danced, rushed out of the tent and was seen no more. He added that he would not relate such matters in general society, lest he should be suspected of *credulity*. This is a brave man for the Governor-General of India! What credulity? we ask. Believing his own eyes? Then seeing is not believing—and there we leave it all. Had the Apostles gone upon the principle of testifying only to what mankind were willing to accept as credible, we suppose—why, that St. Peter's and St. Paul's would never have been built.

THE GROACH: A LEGEND OF BRITTANY.

GEOLOGISTS tell us that, when the rigour of the Glacial age first began to give way beneath the influence of a more genial temperature, and the Fauna and Flora of the earlier period were driven ever more and more northward by the advancing flood of warmth and light, some tribes retreated, like the conquered clans of a savage race, to the mountain tops and lofty plateaux and rugged places of the earth, where their descendants yet remain, in spots separated from one another by hundreds or even thousands of miles, but testifying, by their common form and structure, to the days when their ancestors bore undisputed sway over the vast tracts now occupied by the more successful invaders. So, too, in the intellectual world, while the beliefs and superstitions of early man have ever been gradually retreating before the rising tide of progress and civilisation, many of the primæval faiths and traditions of the human race have found a refuge in spots lying out of the *Sturm und Drang* of modern life, and there survive, even to the present day, bearing witness, by the remarkable resemblance which they bear alike to one another and to the beliefs and thought of the more backward peoples, to the essential unity which pervades the constituent elements of human thought throughout the world.

In yet another respect does the parallel hold good, which we have attempted to draw between the physical and intellectual kingdoms. As, in the former, relics of the bygone order of things are found, ever and anon, imbedded in the later drift, or protected by the superincumbent strata of more recent formations, akin to some of the species yet existing in the isolated corners of the earth, so, too, in the realm of thought, we find, in the very heart of civilised society, rites and customs and superstitions which can evidently claim a common origin both with the present day mythologies of the savage races and with the Pagan systems of antiquity, as preserved in ancient literature and in the traditions which yet survive in the less sophisticated districts of the more advanced nations.

We have compared the march of progress and enlightenment to that of a genial warmth ; such, in the main, it has indisputably been. No good, however, is altogether unmixed ; the sun himself parches as well as nourishes, and draws up, not only fertilising moisture, but also noxious vapours. And so, while it is to the sun of culture that we owe the stately forests, resonant with song, the brilliant flowers, and the luxuriant vegetation of religion, philosophy, literature and the arts, this same sun has likewise given birth to the poisonous weeds which flourish so rankly in our great cities, and has scorched up vast tracts of our daily life into an arid desert of mechanism and conventionality, and has, at the same time, killed off many of the fresh growths which flourished in the shade of calmer and more restful, if colder and poorer, times. And when we come across the abodes of old-world myth and legend which yet exist in some out-of-the-way nooks of Europe, it is with something of the feelings of exhilaration and refreshment which the traveller experiences who ascends out of a dry and sandy waste, or rank and stifling swamp, into the bracing air of the ancient hills, whose sides are clothed with fresh green mosses and fragrant heather.

None of these patches of old-world vegetation are brighter and greener than those which are yet to be found, though rapidly becoming more circumscribed in extent, in the lands peopled by the Celtic race. The mountains and islands of western Ireland, the Scottish Highlands, and the rocky sea-board of Brittany, have not yet wholly succumbed to the prosaic influence of the steam engine and Elementary Education Acts, but still preserve a considerable wealth of picturesque fable and tradition. These popular literatures differ among themselves, according to the genius of the various peoples inhabiting the localities in which they flourish. Thus, the Irish legends are sometimes characterised by a bright and playful humour, sometimes animated by a deep and touching pathos, but nearly always possess a refined and truly artistic beauty of their own ; the Highland superstitions are generally of a wild and weird, sometimes of a gloomy and savage, cast. Welsh literature is marked by boldness and vividness of conception, and a luxuriant and even extravagant wealth of fancy and invention ; while the gruesome element frequently predominates in Breton folk-lore, which is also deeply tinged by the superstitious, though sincere, devotion of the people. Still, among all these various groups a strong family likeness is discernible ; and not only so, but the ancient Celtic traditions as a whole are full of striking, even startling, resemblances to the myths of other nations of the East and of the West, civilised and savage, ancient

and modern. To trace and classify these resemblances and affinities even in the most superficial manner would require, not an article, but a volume, and that a bulky one ; nevertheless, a single specimen will enable us to form some idea of the manner in which the myths and *Märchen* of the world touch and overlap each other. Accordingly, we propose first to relate in its entirety the *naïve* and graceful Breton legend of the "Groac'h of the Île du Lok," following the version of M. Emile Souvestre, and then to attempt to trace its pedigree through the various lines, so to speak, and to prove its kinship with sundry legendary families of world-wide diffusion.

In the first place, however, it may not be superfluous to state what manner of being a Groac'h is, as possibly she is not familiar to all our readers. The word *Groac'h*, or *Grac'h*, signifies, according to M. Souvestre, an old woman, and was applied originally to the druidesses who had a college in an island off the Breton coast, and then came to designate any fairy dwelling amid the waters. In the following story, as will be seen, the Groac'h appears as a young and beautiful water-sprite, of malignant disposition—a siren without the feathers, or a mermaid without the scaly appendage. This much being premised, to our story.

Once upon a time, when miracles were of every-day occurrence, there dwelt in the parish of Lanillis—where have ever flourished, besides hay and corn, orchards which bear apples sweeter than the honey of Sizun, and plum-trees, all of whose blossoms come to fruit, while all the marriageable girls are virtuous, and good housekeepers, if we may believe what their parents say—in this favoured parish of Lanillis, we repeat, dwelt a young man called Houarn Pogamm, and a young girl called Bellah Postik. In their earliest infancy their mothers had brought them up in the same cradle, as is the custom of the country to do with such children as are intended some day to become, with God's permission, man and wife, and, as they grew up, they loved one another with all their hearts. But their parents came to die, leaving the two orphans destitute ; so these, to earn their bread, entered into the service of the same master, where they might have been happy, but that the hearts of lovers are like the sea, which makes perpetual moan.

"If only we had the money to buy a little cow, and a lean pig to fatten," said Houarn, "I would rent a bit of land of the master, and the priest should marry us, and we would go and live together."

"Ah," said Bellah, with a deep sigh, "but the times are so hard ! Pigs and cows went up at the last fair of Ploudalmazeau ! For certain, God no longer troubles himself how the world wags !"

"I'm afraid we shall have to wait a long time," the young fellow went on; "it's never my luck to finish the bottles, when I'm drinking with my friends at the inn."

"A very long time," replied Bellah, "for I have not once been able to hear the cuckoo sing."

Now, he whose turn it is to finish a bottle will be married before the year is out, and the maiden who hears the cuckoo will be married before the next winter.

This state of things went on, until at length Houarn lost all patience, and, going to Bellah, who was winnowing corn on the threshing floor, announced his intention of setting out in the world to seek his fortune. Bellah was sorely grieved by these tidings, and did her best to dissuade him, but Houarn had a will of his own and would not listen to her.

"The birds," he said, "fly straight before them until they reach a corn-field, and the bees until they come to a flower-bed, and shall a man have less reason than these winged creatures? I, too, will go on until I come across the money to buy a little cow and a lean pig. If you love me, Bellah, do not oppose a plan which must hasten our marriage."

Bellah comprehended that a wilful man must go his own way, so she submitted, although her heart failed her, and she said—

"Go, then, in God's keeping, since go you must, but I will first share with you the best part of my inheritance."

So she took the young man to an old chest that belonged to her, and took out a bell which had belonged to St. Kolédok,¹ and sounded of its own accord whenever its possessor was in peril, so as to give his friends warning thereof; and a knife once worn by St. Corentin,² which possessed the property of releasing all persons and things from the spells of evil spirits; and a staff which St. Vouga³ used

¹ It is also stated of the bell of St. Kolédok, or St. Ké, that it rang of its own accord at the spot where the saint was to establish his hermitage.

² St. Corentin was another hermit, near whose abode was a fountain, wherein lived a fish endowed with the marvellous property of becoming whole again, however much the magic knife of the saint might cut away from him. This story seems akin to the Irish legends attached to the Holy Wells, many of which are inhabited by a trout which is under the special protection of the patron saint of the well. I am not aware that any of these trout served as food to their respective saints, as did St. Corentin's fish, but several of them appear to have shared the latter's tenacity of life; for when caught and wounded, and even half-grilled, they have succeeded in effecting their escape and getting back to their well.

³ St. Vouga appears to have been addicted to rather eccentric modes of locomotion. He crossed the sea upon a rock, as St. Brandon did upon an iceberg, in Matthew Arnold's beautiful poem. So, too, the Algonquin culture-deity, Glooskap, crossed the ocean on a floating island, or in a stone canoe. The stone canoe is of frequent occurrence in North-American Indian myth.

to carry, and which would bear its owner whithersoever he would. Bellah gave her over the knife for his protection, and the bell to give her warning of any evil that might befall, but herself kept the staff, that she might have the means of coming to him in time of need.

Houarn thanked her for her gifts, and the two wept together for a while, after the manner of parting lovers, but neither exhorted each other to constancy, for each had faith in the other's truth. Houarn then set out for the mountains, but, in every village through which he passed, he was assailed by a crowd of beggars, who took him for a lord, because he boasted a sound pair of breeches.

"Faith!" said he to himself, "in this country I'll sooner be spending than making a fortune; I must go farther afield."

At length he reached the coast, and came to Pontaven, a pretty town, standing upon a river, whose banks are planted with poplars. There, as he was sitting at the inn-door, he heard two salt-makers conversing, as they loaded their mules. They were speaking of the "*Groac'h* of the *Île du Lok*," and in reply to Houarn's question, they told him that she was a fairy, who dwelt in a lake in the largest of the *Glénans*, and was said to be as rich as all the kings in the world put together; but, though many people had repaired to her abode in search of her treasures, none had ever returned.

Houarn straightway resolved to go thither himself, and try his luck. The muleteers did all they could to dissuade him, but in vain; they then raised the neighbourhood upon him, calling upon all good Christians to restrain the hot-headed young man, who was bent upon running to his ruin. Houarn thanked the good people for the interest they took in his safety, and readily consented to abandon his enterprise if only they would find him the wherewithal to buy a little cow and a lean pig. This immediately cooled the ardour of the worthy people, who suffered him to proceed, muttering that a wilful man must have his own way.

Houarn went down to the shore and got a boatman to ferry him over to the *Île du Lok*, in the middle of which he found a pool, surrounded by marish plants covered with rosy blooms. At the end of this little lake he espied, beneath a clump of broom, a little sea-green skiff in the form of a sleeping swan, with its head under its wing, floating upon the placid waters.

Houarn wondered at this sight, the like of which he had never beheld; he stepped on board the skiff, the better to examine it, when lo! the swan suddenly awoke, raised its head, began to beat the water vigorously with its broad feet, and darted from the shore. Houarn

uttered a cry of terror, and was about to jump off and swim for his life, when the swan plunged his beak into the water and dived, dragging the young man with him. Houarn, unable to open his mouth, for fear of letting in the stagnant water of the pool, suffered himself to be borne along in silence, until he reached the dwelling of the Groac'h:

This was a palace, built of pearly shells, fairer than the mind can fancy. In front of it was a flight of crystal stairs, made in such wondrous fashion that each one, as the foot touched it, sang like a wood-lark. All round stretched vast gardens, where grew forests of ocean plants, and lawns of green sea-weed, pied with diamonds and rubies instead of flowers. In the first apartment the Groac'h lay, reclined upon a golden couch. She was clad in a robe of sea-green silk, floating and undulating like a wave; her black hair, entwined with sprays of coral, fell to her feet; her eyes were like two dark rock-pools, wherein the moon is mirrored, and in her face the delicate white and rose were mingled as in the inside of a sea-shell.

Houarn stopped short, dazzled by so much beauty, but the Groac'h rose and advanced towards him with a smile, and her step was as light and graceful as a white-topped billow coursing towards the land.

"Welcome!" said she, making a sign to the young peasant to enter; "there is always room for strangers, especially for such handsome youths as you. What is your name, whence come you, and what do you want?" resumed the Groac'h, as the young man entered somewhat reassured.

"My name is Houarn; I come from Tanillis, and I am seeking the wherewithal to buy a little cow and a lean pig."

"Very well, Houarn," replied the fairy, "come in and trouble yourself no more, for you shall have all your heart can desire."

She then led him into a second hall, wainscoted with pearls, where he was served with eight kinds of wine, in eight goblets of embossed silver. Houarn tasted the eight kinds of wine, and found them so good that he drank eight goblets of each kind, and at every draught the Groac'h appeared lovelier than at the preceding. She encouraged him to drink, telling him that he need not be afraid of ruining her, for the pool communicated with the sea, and all the shipwrecked treasures were borne to her palace by a magic current.

"By my soul!" said Houarn, who was getting elated by the wine, "I don't wonder the folk speaking ill of you; such great riches always excite jealousy. For my part, I should be satisfied with half your wealth."

"It is yours, if you choose," said the fairy; "my husband, the

korandon,¹ has left me a widow, and, if I am to your liking, I am ready to marry you."

Houarn was dumbfounded. He, a peasant, whose life had hitherto been spent in tending the pigs and following the plough, whose diet had been black bread and sour cider, and whose bed was on the straw, to wed this lovely spirit, who dwelt in so magnificent a palace, and was so rich that she could treat her guests to eight kinds of wine, without limit as to quantity! His troth, no doubt, was plighted to Bellah; but then men so easily forget details of this kind, wherein they strongly resemble women, so he politely replied that it was impossible to refuse the fairy anything, and that he would be proud and happy to become her husband.

The Groac'h then said that she would get supper ready, and straightway spread a table with all manner of viands that Houarn had ever heard of, and many more beside. She then went to a fish-pond at the bottom of the garden, and there began to call out, "Ho, there! notary! miller! tailor! chorister!" and at each summons a fish swam up, which she caught in a net of steel, until the net was full, and then she went into an adjoining room and cast all the fish into a golden frying-pan.

Now Houarn bethought him that, amid the crackling of the fry, he could hear little voices whispering. "Who's that whispering under the golden frying-pan?" he asked.

"It's only the wood cracking," replied the fairy, poking the fire.

But a moment afterwards, the murmuring of little voices again arose. "What's that murmuring?" he asked.

"Only the fry caught," she said, turning the fish. But next instant, the little voices cried out louder than ever.

"Who is it that keeps on crying out?" he demanded.

"The cricket on the hearth," replied the fairy, and began to sing so loud, that nothing more could be heard.

But all that he had heard caused the young man to reflect; he felt a thrill of fear, and fear gave rise to remorse. "Holy Mary!" he thought, "can I already have forgotten Bellah for a Groac'h, who must be a child of the devil! With her, I shall never dare to say my prayers, and I am bound for hell, as sure as a pig-wormer."²

While these melancholy reflections were passing through his mind the fairy had set the fry on the table and pressed him to eat, while

¹ The *Korandon* is a little dwarfish sprite, like the German *Kobold*, or the Irish *Leprichawn* or *Fear Darrig*.

² The Breton legends are singularly unanimous in assigning this unpleasant fate to the unfortunate members of this profession; wherefore, I know not.

she went for a dozen fresh kinds of wine. Houarn drew out his knife with a sigh, and addressed himself to the meal, for it is only in novels and romances that people in love or in sorrow can do without eating, and ours is a plain unvarnished statement of facts. No sooner, however, had he touched the fish with the knife that dissolved all enchantments, than they all stood upright, and assumed the form of little men, each in the costume of his condition. There was a notary in his bands, a tailor in violet stockings, a miller all over flour, and a chorister in his surplice, and they all cried out at once, as they swam about in the grease, "Save us, Houarn, if you would be saved yourself."

"Holy Virgin !" exclaimed the astounded peasant, "who are these little men floundering in the melted butter ?"

"We are Christians, like yourself," they replied ; "we, too, came to the isle to seek our fortunes ; we, too, married the Groac'h, and, on the morrow of our nuptials, she treated us as she had treated our predecessors, who are in the great fish-pond."

"What !" cried Houarn, "can a woman who looks so young already be the widow of so many fishes ?"

"Yes, and you will soon be in the same plight, ready to be cooked and eaten by the next comers."

Houarn gave a bound, as though he already felt himself in the golden frying-pan, and rushed towards the door, only bent on effecting his escape before the Groac'h returned. But she had come in, meanwhile, and heard all. She cast her steel net over the young man's head, and straightway he became a frog. The fairy then took him to the fish pond, where were assembled all her former husbands.

At this moment, St. Kolédok's bell, which Houarn wore about his neck, rang of its own accord. Bellah heard it as she was skimming the evening's milk ; her heart stopped its beating for a moment, but she soon regained courage. Without stopping to ask aid or advice of anyone, she hastily put on her Sunday clothes, her new shoes and silver cross, took the magic staff of St. Vouga and sallied forth. Arrived at the cross-roads, she planted the staff in the earth, and said :

Now bethink thee of St. Vouga ;
Guide me, crabstick, guide me onward,
O'er earth, through air, across the waters,
Till I come to where my love is.

Straightway the staff was changed into a red mule, curry-combed, saddled and bridled, with a bow of ribbon over each ear, and a blue plume in his frontlet. Bellah mounted without hesitation. The

mule started off, first at a walk, then at a trot, then at a gallop, until hedges and ditches, rocks and trees, houses and steeples, flew past the young girl swift as a weaver's reel. Yet she kept on repeating to the mule : "The swallow outstrips the horse, the wind outstrips the swallow, the lightning outstrips the wind ; but thou, my mule, must outstrip them all, for 'tis a part of my heart that is in pain, the best part of my heart is in danger."

The mule understood and flew on, like a straw borne by the hurricane, until he reached the foot of a rock in Arhès, known as the Stag's Leap, and there he stopped, for never horse or man had mounted this rock. But Bellah again said :

Now bethink thee of St. Vouga ;
Guide me, crabstick, guide me onward,
O'er earth, through air, across the waters,
Till I come to where my love is.

Whereupon two wings issued from the sides of her steed, who became a great bird and carried her to the top of the rock. Here she found a nest built of potter's clay and covered with moss, wherein crouched a little black wrinkled korandon, who cried on seeing her, "Here's the pretty girl that must save me."

"Save you !" said Bellah ; "and who are you, my little man ?"

"I am Jeannik, the husband of the Groac'h of the Île du Lok, who has banished me to this spot, whence I cannot escape until I have hatched six stone eggs upon which I am sitting."

Bellah could not help laughing. "Poor dear little cock," she said, "how can I deliver you ?"

"By delivering Houarn from the power of the Groac'h."

"Oh ! tell me how I can do that," she cried, "and though I had to go a pilgrimage on my knees through the four bishoprics, I would begin at once."

"Well," said the korandon, "you must do two things ; first appear before the Groac'h disguised as a young man ; then take away the steel net which hangs at her girdle, and shut her up in it until the day of judgment."

"But where can I get a suit of man's clothes to fit me, korandon, dear ?"

"You shall soon know, my pretty maid."

So saying, the elf plucked off four of his red hairs and blew them into the air, when they became four tailors ; the first bore a cabbage, the second a pair of scissors, the third a needle, and the fourth a goose. They all sat them down with their legs crossed, about the nest, and set to work. Of one cabbage leaf they made a fine

coat, quilted upon all the seams ; a second furnished a waistcoat, but it took two to make a pair of wide Breton breeches. Finally, of the heart of the cabbage they made a hat, and of the stem a pair of shoes.

Bellah donned her new clothes—in which you would have taken her for a nobleman, clad in a suit of green velvet, lined with white satin—thanked the korandon, received his final instructions and mounted her great bird, who carried her straight to the enchanted island, and there resumed his original form of a crabstick. There she found the magic bark, which bore her to the palace of the Groac'h.

The latter was enraptured at the sight of her gaily-dressed visitor, and exclaimed, “By Satan, my cousin, here is the handsomest fellow that ever visited me, and I think I shall love him for thrice three days.” She then lavished a thousand caresses on Bellah, calling her darling, and sweetheart, and offered her refreshments.

The girl found St. Corentin's knife upon the table, where Houarn had dropped it, and, picking it up for time of need, she followed the Groac'h into the garden. Her hostess showed her the lawns studded with the jewelled flowers, the fountains of lavender-water, and, above all, the fishpond, wherein were swimming fishes of a thousand hues.

Bellah pretended to be so delighted with the latter, that she sat down on the edge of the pond, the better to observe them. The Groac'h seized this opportunity of asking whether Bellah was willing to abide with her for evermore. “Indeed,” said Bellah, “I ask nothing better, if only I may fish for one of these pretty fish, with that net you carry.”

The Groac'h, who suspected nothing, handed her the net with a smile, saying, “There, my handsome fisherman, let's see what you will catch.”

“I will catch the devil,” cried Bellah, throwing the net over the fairy's head ; “in the name of the Saviour of men, accursed sorceress ; become in body even that which you are in soul ;” and the Groac'h, unable to resist this puissant conjuration, was transformed from the fairest of water-spirits into the most hideous queen of the toadstools.¹ Bellah speedily disposed of her, by throwing her, net and all, into a well, which she closed with a great stone, whereon she made the sign of the cross, that the wicked witch might be unable to get out until the day of judgment.

She then hastened back towards the fish-pond, but all the fish

¹ The Bretons call toadstools, *trônes des crapauds*.

came to meet her walking in procession like a company of speckled monks, crying in their little hoarse voices, "Hail to our lord and master, who has rescued us from the steel net and golden frying-pan!"

"And who will restore you to the form of Christians," said Bellah; and she drew forth the knife of St. Corentin, when she espied a green frog, with the magic bell about his neck, who knelt before her, sobbing bitterly and clasping his little hands over his little heart.

"Is it thou, my poor Houarn, king of my joy and of my grief?" she cried, and touched him with the magic knife. Houarn immediately resumed his proper form, and the two embraced, weeping with one eye for past sorrows and laughing with the other for the present joy.

Bellah then restored all the other fishes to their own shape, which was no sooner done than the little korandon of the Stag's Rock appeared, seated in his nest as in a chariot, and drawn by six cockchafers, which he had hatched from the six stone eggs. When he saw Bellah, he cried, "Thanks to you, my pretty maid, the spell is broken; a man again, and a cock no longer, I am come to prove my gratitude to you."

He then led the lovers into the treasure rooms of the Groac'h, which were filled with precious stones, and bade them help themselves. They did not need to be told twice, but filled their pockets, their girdles, their hats, and even their wide Breton breeches. At length, when they could stow away no more, Bellah ordered her staff to become a winged car, large enough to take them back to Lanillis, with all those whom she had rescued.

Arrived there, their banns were published, and in due time they were married, and all went according to their original plans, except that, instead of buying a little cow and a lean pig, they bought up all the lands of the parish, and settled there, as farmers, the people whom they had brought from the Île du Lok.

The foregoing legend may be compared to a triple rope, whose three strands are represented by three of those world-myths, which recur with such persistence in the traditions of every age and race; with each of these strands, again, other threads, of diverse colour and texture, twine and mingle.

First of all comes the Circe myth, the story of an enchantress who inveigles men into her power by her irresistible beauty, and then, by her magic arts, changes them into some bestial form. A pendant to the Grecian Circe is found in the Eastern Queen Labè, in the Arabian Nights story of "King Beder and the Princess Giauharè." She, it will be remembered, was in the habit of taking for her lover

every handsome stranger who visited her realm, until she grew tired of him, when she transformed him into some animal. Similiar metamorphoses play, as all are aware, a large part in every popular mythology. The power of the deities, sprites or sorcerers, to transform themselves or others into whatever shape they will, still obtains implicit credence among all uncivilised peoples, nor is it wholly extinct even in Europe. The terrestrial, or rather aqueous, paradise wherein the Groac'h dwelt, resembles the seducing abodes which similar fascinating, but malignant, beings, both in the East and West, are generally represented as inhabiting, and which have so many times passed out of the *Volksmärchen* to find a place in the *Kunstgedichte*; such as the garden of Ariosto's Alcina, the bower of bliss of Spenser's Acrasia, the palace of Milton's Comus, and the like. Very similar, too, is the manner in which the spells of the Groac'h are broken, to the corresponding *dénouement* in the other stories to which we have referred, and to others of the same class. Bellah destroys the fairy's power by securing her net, as the brothers in "Comus" were directed to seize the magician's cup and wand. The sudden transformation of the lovely Groac'h into a hideous toad recalls the metamorphosis of Alcina, in the "Orlando Furioso," from a beauteous lady to a loathsome hag, under the effect of the magic ring given to Ruggiero by Melissa. Bellah achieved her success under supernatural advice, like most of the heroes and heroines in a similar position, though, certainly, the little korandon is rather a grotesque version of the stately Hermes, who warned Odysseus against Circe's magic wiles, or the Fata Melissa, or the spirit in Milton's "Comus."

The episode of the fish talking in the frying-pan reminds us of a similar incident in the "Story of the Young King of the Black Isles," in the Arabian Nights, where the inhabitants of a whole city had been transformed into fishes by a malignant enchantress. Four of these fish, being caught, were sold to the Sultan, and, being put into a frying-pan, demeaned themselves in somewhat similar wise to those of the Île du Lok.

The second strand of our rope consists of what we may term the Parizade myth, after the heroine of another Arabian Nights story, that, namely, of "The Two Sisters who were jealous of their Younger Sister." In it, two brothers set out, one after the other, in quest of the talking bird, the singing tree, and the golden water. Owing to their neglect of the instructions they had received, they failed, and were turned into stones. Their sister, the Princess Parizade, then set out, achieved the object of the quest, and released her brothers,

together with many other adventurers who had likewise fallen victims to the enchantment.

There are many variants of this story. Sometimes, as in the Parizade story, it is a sister who goes to the assistance of her brother; sometimes, as in "The Groac'h," and the German story of "Jorinda and Joringel" (Grimm), one lover rescues the other; sometimes, as in the German stories of "The Two Brothers" and "The Gold Children," it is a brother who succours his brother. It will be noticed that the hero of this class of *Märchen* is often, if we may so speak, a heroine, the sterner sex frequently, though by no means invariably, preferring to fulfil their mission *vi et armis*.

The Parizade myth resembles the Circe myth in its *dénouement*, which is brought about by the last, and successful, adventurer vanquishing the powers of evil, and setting free his, or her, less fortunate predecessors.

The heroine of our story, as is usual with mythical adventurers, was aided by the possession of various objects endowed with supernatural virtue. In like manner similar magic properties were bestowed by the gods upon several of the ancient Greek heroes, such as Perseus and Jason. Indeed, the hero of myth, legend, or romance, is seldom without some such token of the favour of a friendly deity, mage, or fairy. This, no doubt, is a special development of the ubiquitous belief in the efficacy of talismans and fetishes, which ascribes to any object connected in some way or other with the higher powers, a miraculous faculty of protecting its owner from malignant influences, spiritual and temporal. Such beliefs are still flourishing in the very heart of civilised society. Few of us, probably, are unacquainted with someone who regards a stolen potato, a cork, or the cramp-bone of a sheep as a prophylactic against rheumatism, or attaches some mysterious importance to a rusty horse-shoe, a scrap of iron which he, or, more probably, she, has picked up, or the like. The innumerable, and, apparently, capricious superstitions of gamblers are notorious. In our story, the ecclesiastical proclivities of the Bretons are characteristically shown, by the fact of the magical articles of which Bellah was possessed being the relics of three different saints.

The bell of St. Kolédok, which gave warning to one lover of any danger happening to the other, resembles the turquoises, rubies, opals, &c. of innumerable stories, which turn pale when their owner is in jeopardy. In the Parizade story, one brother gave his sister a knife which showed spots of blood, the other a string of pearls which stuck together, in the like case. The safety of an absent dear one is

indicated by a ring, or a knife, in the *Märchen* of many countries ; a flower, or a tree, answers the same purpose in German, Indian, Persian, Italian, and Central American stories. Professor Max Müller ("Chips from a German Workshop") gives instances of a similar belief existing at the present day. "When a Maori war party" he says, "is about to start, the priests set up sticks in the ground to represent the warriors, and he whose stick is blown down is to fall in the battle. In British Guiana, when young children are betrothed, trees are planted by the respective parties in witness of the contract, and if either tree should happen to wither, the child it belongs to is sure to die." In one aspect, however, the bell of St. Kolédok differs from articles endowed with a similar virtue in any story I have ever met with. In all other cases, the departing one leaves the object with his friend, to testify to his safety during his absence ; in our story, however, Houarn took the bell with him, and it was by a certain telegraphic process that it conveyed to Bellah the fact of her lover's danger.

The knife of St. Corentin, which possessed the power of dissolving all enchantments, resembles the ring given by Melissa to Ruggiero in Ariosto, to which allusion has already been made.

The staff of St. Vouga, which changed into a mule, may, possibly, be connected with the wooden horse in the Arabian Nights story of the "Enchanted Horse." Moreover, in its successive transformations into a mule and a bird, in the service of the heroine, it reminds us of the friendly animals who so often assist the heroes of fairy tales.

The last of the three world-myths which furnish the main subject of our story is that of the descent into Hades, to bring up thence a lover or a friend ; a class of which the stories of Orpheus and Eurydice, Psyche and Eros, Heracles and Theseus, are the best known examples. Now there seems, at first sight, little to differentiate the present story from the innumerable others, both in popular tradition and chivalric romance, which hinge upon the deliverance of the victims to some malignant spirit or enchanter, while the parallel between the dive through the lagoon to the subaqueous palace of the Groac'h, and the descents of Orpheus, Psyche, and Heracles to the shades, may appear somewhat forced. I think, however, that it will not be impossible to find certain connecting links, which will go far towards establishing the relationship between these very dissimilar traditions. In the first place, there are very strong reasons for supposing that the belief in the fairy folk is based upon a survival of ancestor-worship ; Celtic legend, in particular, teems with instances which tend to identify the fairies with the spirits of the dead, or with the powers of the underworld, while a descent into the subterranean abodes of the

fairies by a husband or a lover, to recover the bride whom they had stolen from him, is not of unfrequent occurrence.¹

Passing now to a series of stories which bear more directly upon our hypothesis, we read, in the Irish tale of "The Soul Cages," of a fisherman, who, being invited to the submarine abode of a "merrow," or merman, saw there a number of lobster-pots, wherein were imprisoned the souls of shipwrecked mariners. Struck with compassion for these unfortunate spirits, the fisherman gave his entertainer a return invitation, made him drunk with *potheen*, and then repaired to his abode and released the imprisoned souls, who escaped, whistling and squeaking like the ghosts of Penelope's suitors in the Odyssey. Indeed, whistling seems to be the universal language among the ghosts; it is thus that the medicine-men of many savage nations discourse with the spirits raised by their incantations.²

Returning to our subject, we find, it is true, nothing in the Irish story to clearly identify the abodes of these water-spirits with the infernal regions. A Magdeburg story supplies the missing link. The hero, one of the typical dreadnought class, goes to hell and enters into the service of the devil, who sets him to work in the kitchen, where he sees many pans in which souls are stewing. He, too, lets out the captive souls, thereby incurring dismissal from the devil's service.

The connection of the German and Irish stories with one another, and of both with the Breton legend of the Groac'h, is obvious. They belong, moreover, to a large class of stories, which, in various forms, were highly popular in the Middle Ages. A German story from Münster tells how the Lord and St. Peter once visited a man named Hans Lustig, who had once been rich, but had gambled away all his fortune. In return for his hospitality, he was allowed the usual three wishes, one of which was for a pack of cards which would enable

¹ One feature in the Theseus myth possesses a curious parallel in Irish legend. Once the Fenian knights, with the exception of Finn and his son Oscar, were entrapped by a magician, who by virtue of his arts, fixed them to their seats. They were rescued from this predicament by Oscar, who, however, in the case of one of the knights, neglected the proper form of disenchantment, so that the unfortunate knight had to be dragged away by main force, leaving the skin of his thighs, &c., behind him, as did Theseus when Heracles dragged him from the stone in Hades, to which he had been fastened in punishment of his attempted rape of Persephone.

² As is well known, one of the chief functions of the savage sorcerer is "rain-making," or otherwise exerting an influence over the weather. Possibly, then, the nautical superstition of whistling for a wind took its rise from a practice of conversing in this manner with the spirits of the elements. It is, however, more probable that the custom originated in the common notion of like being magically produced by like.

him always to win. After many adventures which belong to a different class of *Märchen* from that which we are now considering, he died. He first went to heaven, where he was refused admittance. He then went to hell, where he challenged the devil to play with him for souls. His lucky cards stood him in good stead ; he won a hundred souls, with whom he returned to the gate of heaven, but was still refused admittance. He then went back to hell, where he won yet another hundred souls, and yet again tried his luck at heaven's gate. He met with no better success than before, but, in compliance with his entreaties, St. Peter opened the door, that Hans might catch a glimpse of the glory within, whereupon Hans immediately threw in his pack of cards. He then asked leave of St. Peter to go in and fetch them, but no sooner was he inside, than he sat down upon his cards, whence, being upon his own property, he could not rightfully be removed, so that he was perforce allowed to remain.

There is an old French *fabliau* of a very similiar description. The hero of it, a *trouveur*, died and went to hell. One day all the devils were away from home, except one who was left in charge. To him the *trouveur* proposed a game at dice, to while away the time, the stakes being the souls of the damned. Of course the *trouveur* won, and escaped to heaven with his *cortège* of rescued souls. Unless I am mistaken, another *fabliau* tells of a *trouveur* who carried off the souls by fraud, a variation which draws still closer the connection between these stories and the Breton, Irish, and Magdeburg tales before mentioned.

This third class of stories has points in common with the other two, inasmuch as they all turn upon the deliverance of a brother, lover, or friend from the wiles of some sort of ghostly enemy.

Thus we have seen how, in a simple Breton story, there are to be found elements which it shares in common with the folk-tales of the ancient Greeks, Hindus, and Persians, the French of the Middle Ages, and the Irish and German peasantry, as also with the contemporary superstitions of the savages of America and New Zealand. Nor is it only in the more general and widely diffused beliefs in beings and powers of a superhuman, but subdivine nature ; nor yet, again, in the broader ethical features of the story—the punishment of intemperance and inconstancy, and the reward of courage and enterprise, fidelity and devotion—that these marvellous resemblances manifest themselves, but even in the subordinate and, apparently, capricious play of fancy and invention, we find innumerable traces of the workings of that common mind which bears so strong a testimony to the essential unity of the human race, at all times and in all places.

OUR LAST BOOK-FIRES.

THE eighteenth century, which saw the abolition, or the beginning of the abolition, of so many bad customs of the most respectable lineage and antiquity, saw also the hangman employed for the last time for the punishment of books. The custom of book-burning, never formally abolished, died out at last from a gradual decline of public belief in its efficacy, just as tortures died out, and judicial ordeals died out, and, as we may hope, even war will die out, before the silent disintegrating forces of increasing intelligence. As our history goes on, one becomes more struck by the many books which escape burning than by the few which incur it. The tale of some of those which were publicly burnt during the eighteenth century has already been told ; so that it only remains to bring together, under their various heads, the different literary productions which complete the record of British works thus associated with the memory of the hangman.

After the beginning of the Long Parliament the House of Commons constituted itself the chief book-burning authority ; but the House of Lords also, of its own motion, occasionally ordered the burning of offensive literary productions. Thus, on March 29, 1642, they sentenced John Bond, for forging a letter purporting to be addressed to Charles I. at York from the Queen in Holland, to stand on the pillory at Westminster Hall door and in Cheapside with a paper on his head inscribed with "A contriver of false and scandalous libels," the said letter to be called in and burnt near him as he stood there.

On December 18, 1667, they sentenced William Carr, for dispersing scandalous papers against Lord Gerrard, of Brandon, to a fine of £1,000 to the King, and imprisonment in the Fleet, and ordered the said papers to be burnt.

On March 17, 1697, a sentence of burning was voted by them against a libel called "Mr. Bertie's Case, with some Remarks on the Judgment Given Therein."

Sometimes they thought in this way to safeguard not merely truth

in general, or the honour of their House, but also the interests of religion ; as when, on December 8, 1693, they ordered to be burnt by the hangman the very next day a pamphlet that had been sent to several of them, entitled "A Brief but Clear Confutation of the Trinity," a copy of which possibly still lies hid in some private libraries, but about which, not having seen it, I can offer no judgment. At that time Lords and Commons alike disquieted themselves much over religious heresy, for in 1698 the Commons petitioned William III. to suppress pernicious books and pamphlets directed against the Trinity and other articles of the Faith, and gave ready assent to a Bill from the Lords "for the more effectual suppressing of atheism, blasphemy, and profaneness." But it would seem that these efforts had but a qualified success, for on February 12, 1720, the Lords condemned a work which, "in a daring, impious manner, ridiculed the doctrine of the Trinity and all revealed religion," and was called "A Sober Reply to Mr. Higgs' Merry Arguments from the Light of Nature for the Tritheistic Doctrine of the Trinity, with a Postscript relating to the Rev. Dr. Waterland." This work, which was the last to be burnt as an offence against religion, was the work of one Joseph Hall, who was a gentleman and a serjeant-in-arms to the King, and in this way won his small title to fame.

By the beginning of the eighteenth century the House of Lords had come to assume a more active jurisdiction over the Press. Thus in 1702 within a few days we find them severely censuring the notorious Dr. Drake's "History of the last Parliament, begun 1700"; somebody's "Tom Double, returned out of the Country ; or, The True Picture of a modern Whig"; Dr. Binke's violent sermon preached on January 30, 1701, before the Lower House of Convocation; and a pamphlet inviting over the Elector of Hanover. In the same month they condemned to be burnt by the hangman a book entitled "Animadversions upon the two last 30th of January Sermons : one preached to the Honourable House of Commons, the other to the Lower House of Convocation. In a letter." They resolved that it was "a malicious, villainous libel, containing very many reflections on King Charles I., of ever blessed memory, and tending to the subversion of the Monarchy."

But the more general practice was for the House of Lords to seek the concurrence of the other House in the consignment of printed matter to the flames ; a concurrence which in those days was of far more easy attainment over book-burning or anything else than it is in our own time, or is ever likely to be in the future. It would also seem that during the eighteenth century it was generally the House

of Lords that took the initiative in the time-honoured practice of condemning disagreeable opinions to the care of the hangman.

The unanimity alluded to between our two Houses was displayed in several instances. Thus on November 16, 1722, the Commons agreed with the resolution of the Peers to have burnt at the Exchange the Declaration of the Pretender, beginning: "Declaration of James III., King of England, Scotland, and Ireland, to all his loving Subjects of the three Nations, and to all Foreign Princes and States, to serve as a Foundation for a Lasting Peace in Europe," and signed "James Rex." In this interesting document George I. was invited to quietly deliver up his possession of the British throne in return for James' bestowal on him of the title of king in his native dominions, and the ultimate succession to the same title in England. The indignation of the Peers raised their effusive loyalty to fever point, and they promptly voted this singular document "a false, insolent, and traitorous libel, the highest indignity to his most sacred Majesty King George, our lawful and undoubted sovereign, full of arrogance and presumption, in supposing the Pretender in a condition to offer terms to his Majesty; and injurious to the honour of the British nation, in imagining that a free Protestant people, happy under the government of the best of princes, can be so infatuated as, without the utmost contempt and indignation, to hear of any terms from a Popish bigoted Pretender." But was it loyalty or sycophancy that could thus transmute even George I. into "the best of princes"?

A less serious cause of alarm to their loyalty occurred in 1750, when certain "Constitutional Queries" were "earnestly recommended to the serious consideration of every true Briton." This was directed against the Duke of Cumberland, of Culloden fame, who was in it compared to the crook-backed Richard III.; and it was generally attributed to Lord Egmont, M.P., as spokesman of the opposition to the government of George II., then headed by the Prince of Wales, who died the year following. It caused a great sensation in both Houses, though several members in the Commons defended it. But at a conference both houses voted it "a false, malicious, scandalous, infamous, and seditious libel, containing the most false, audacious, and abominable calumnies and indignities against his Majesty, and the most presumptuous and wicked insinuations that our laws, liberties, and properties, and the excellent constitution of this kingdom, were in danger under his Majesty's legal, mild, and gracious government" . . . and "that in abhorrence and detestation of such abominable and seditious practices," it should be burnt in New Palace Yard by the hangman on January 25. Even a reward of £1,000

failed to discover the author, printer, or publisher of this paper, the condemnation of which rather whets the curiosity than satisfies the reason. I would shrink from saying that a paper so widely disseminated no longer exists ; but even if it does not, its non-existence affords no proof that in its time it lacked justification.

But what justification was there for George King, the bookseller, who a few years later did a very curious thing, actually forging and publishing a Royal speech—"His Majesty's most gracious Speech to both Houses of Parliament on Thursday, December 2, 1756"? Surely never since the giants of old assaulted heaven was there such an invasion of sanctity, or so profane a scaling of the heights of intellect! What could the Lords do, being a patriotic body, but vote such an attempt, without even waiting for a conference with the Commons, "an audacious forgery and high contempt of his Majesty, his crown and dignity," and condemn the forgery to be burnt on the 8th at Westminster, and three days later at the Exchange? How could they sentence King to less than six months of Newgate and a fine of £50, though, in their gentleness or fickleness, they ultimately released him from some of the former and all the latter penalty? Happy those who possess this political curiosity, and can compare it with the speech which the King really did make on the same day, and which, perhaps, did not differ remarkably from the forged imitation.

The next book-fire to which history brings us is associated with one of the most important and singular episodes in the annals of the British Constitution. I allude to the famous *North Briton*, No. 45, for which, as constituting a seditious libel, Wilkes, then member for Aylesbury, was, in spite of his privilege as a member, seized and imprisoned in the Tower (1763). We know from the experiences of recent times how ready the House of Commons is to throw Parliamentary or popular privileges to the winds whenever they stand in the way of political resentment, and so it was in our fathers' times. For, in spite of a vigorous speech from Pitt against a surrender of privilege which placed Parliament entirely at the mercy of the Crown, the Commons voted by 258 to 133 that such privilege afforded no protection against the publication of seditious libels. The House of Lords, of course, concurred, but not without a protest from the dissentient minority, headed by Lord Temple, which has the true ring of political wisdom, and, like so many similar protests, is so instinct with zeal for public liberty as to atone in some measure for the fundamental injustice of the existence of an hereditary chamber. They held it "highly unbecoming the dignity, gravity,

and wisdom of the House of Peers as well as of their justice, thus judicially to explain away and diminish the privileges of their persons," &c.

A few days later (December 1) a second conference between the two Houses condemned No. 45 to be burnt at the Royal Exchange by the common hangman. And so it was on the 3rd, but not without a riot, which conveys a vivid picture of those "good old" or turbulent days; for the mob, encouraged by well-dressed people from the shops and balconies, who cried out, "Well done, boys! bravely done, boys!" set up such a hissing, that the sheriff's horses were frightened, and brave Alderman Hurley with difficulty reached the place where the paper was to be burnt. The mob seized what they could of the paper from the burning torch of the executioner, and finally thrashed the officials from the field. Practically, too, they had thrashed the custom out of existence, for there were very few such burnings afterwards.

Wilkes was then expelled from the House of Commons; and the same House, becoming suddenly as tender of its privileges as it had previously been indifferent to them, passed a resolution, to which the Attorney-General, Sir Fletcher Norton, was said to have declared that he would pay no more regard than "to the oaths of so many drunken porters in Covent Garden," to the effect that a general warrant for apprehending and seizing the authors, printers, and publishers of a seditious and treasonable libel was not warranted by law. Such was the vaunted wisdom of our ancestors, that, having first decided that there could be no breach of privilege to protect a seditious libel, they then asserted the illegality of the very proceedings they had already justified! So that those are not altogether in the wrong who deem that the chief glory of our Constitution lies in its singular elasticity.

All the numbers of the *North Briton*, especially No. 45, have high interest as political and literary curiosities. Comparing even now the King's speech on April 19, 1763, at the close of the seven years' war, with the passage in No. 45 which contained the sting of the whole, one feels that Walpole hardly exaggerated when he said that Wilkes had given "a flat lie to the King himself." Perhaps so; but are royal speeches as a rule conspicuous for their truth? The King had said: "My expectations have been fully answered by the happy effects which the several allies of my crown have derived from this salutary measure. The powers at war with my good brother the King of Prussia have been induced to agree to such terms of accommodation as that great prince has approved; and the success

which has attended my negotiation has necessarily and immediately diffused the blessings of peace through every part of Europe." Wilkes' comment was as follows: "The infamous fallacy of this whole sentence is apparent to all mankind ; for it is known that the King of Prussia did not barely approve, but absolutely dictated as conqueror, every article of the terms of peace. No advantage of any kind has accrued to that magnanimous prince from our negotiation ; but he was basely deserted by the Scottish Prime Minister of England" (Lord Bute). And, after all, that truth was on the side of Wilkes rather than of the King is the verdict of history.

The House of Lords, soon after its unconstitutional attack upon popular liberties in the case of Wilkes, showed itself as suddenly enamoured of them a few months later, when Timothy Brecknock, a hack writer, published his "*Droit le Roy*," or a "*Digest of the Rights and Prerogatives of the Imperial Crown of Great Britain*" (Feb. 1764). Timothy, like Cowell in James I.'s time, favoured extreme monarchical pretensions, so much to the offence of the defenders of the people's rights, that they voted it "a false, malicious, and traitorous libel, inconsistent with the principles of the Revolution to which we owe the present happy establishment, and an audacious insult upon his Majesty, whose paternal care has been so early and so effectually shown to the religion, laws, and liberties of his people ; tending to subvert the fundamental laws and liberties of these kingdoms and to introduce an illegal and arbitrary power." The Commons concurred with the Lords in condemning a copy to the flames at Westminster Palace Yard and the Exchange on February 25 and 27 respectively ; and the book is consequently so rare that for practical purposes it no longer exists. Sad to say, the Royalist author came to as bad an end as his book, for in his own person as well he came to require the attentions of the hangman for a murder he committed in Ireland.

The next work which the Lower House concurred with the Upper in consigning to the hangman was "*The Present Crisis with regard to America Considered*" (February 24, 1775) ; but of this book the fate it met with seems now the only ascertainable fact about it. It appears to enjoy the real distinction of having been the last book condemned by Parliament in England to the flames ; although that honour has sometimes been claimed for the "*Commercial Restraints of Ireland*," by Provost Hely Hutchinson (1779) ; a claim which will remain to be considered after a brief survey of the works which in Scotland the wisdom of Parliament saw fit to punish by fire.

The first order of this sort was dated November 16, 1700, and

sentenced to be burnt by the hangman at Mercat Cross, his Majesty's "High Commission and Estates of Parliament."

In the same way was treated "A Defence of the Scots abdicating Darien, including an Answer to the Defence of the Scots Settlement there," and "a Vindication" of the same pamphlet, both by Walter Herries, who was ordered to be apprehended. More interesting to read would doubtless be a lampoon, said to reflect on everything sacred to Scotland, and burnt accordingly, which was called "Caledonia ; or, the Pedlar turned Merchant."

Dr. James Drake, whose "Memorial of the Church of England" was burnt in England in 1705, published a work two years earlier which stirred the Scotch Parliament to the same fiery point of indignation. This was his "Historia Anglo-Scotica: an impartial history of all that happened between the kings and kingdoms of England and Scotland from the beginning of the reign of William the Conqueror to the reign of Queen Elizabeth" (1703). This stout volume of 423 pages Drake printed without any date or name, pretending that the manuscript had come to him in such a way that it was impossible to trace its authorship. He dedicated it to Sir Edward Seymour, one of Queen Anne's commissioners for the then meditated and unpopular union between the two kingdoms. It gave the gravest offence, and was burnt at the Mercat Cross on June 30 for containing "many reflections on the sovereignty and independence of this crown and nation." * But apart from the history that attaches to it, one could hardly regard it with interest.

No less offence was given to Scotland by the English Whig writer William Attwood, whose "Superiority and Direct Dominion of the Imperial Crown of England over the Crown and Kingdom of Scotland, the true foundation of a compleat Union reasserted" (1704) was burnt as "scurrilous and full of falsehoods," whilst a liberal reward was voted to Hodges and Anderson, who by their pens had advocated the independence of the Scotch crown. Ten years later Attwood contributed another work to the flames, called "The Scotch Patriot Unmasked (1715)." Attwood was a barrister by profession, a controversialist in practice ; writing against the theories of Filmer and the Tories. He had a great knowledge of old charters, and wrote an able but inconclusive answer to Molyneux's "Case for Ireland." He last appears as Chief Justice in New York, where he became involved in debt and died.

In 1706 two works were condemned to the Mercat Cross : (1) "An Account of the Burning of the Articles of Union at

Dumfries"; (2) "Queries to the Presbyterian Noblemen, Barons, Burgesses, Ministers, and Commissioners in Scotland who are for the Scheme of an Incorporating Union with England."

To turn from Scotland to Ireland, it is stated in the preface to the edition of 1770 that William Molyneux's "Case for Ireland being bound by Acts of Parliament in England," first published in 1698, was burnt by the hangman at the order of Parliament; and the statement has been repeated by later writers, as by Mr. Lecky, Dr. Ball, and others. But great doubt must attach to the fact, since there is no mention of such a sentence in the journals of the Commons, where a full account is given of the proceedings against the book; nor in Swift's "Drapier Letters," where he refers to the fate of the "Case of Ireland." This seems almost conclusive evidence on the negative side; but as the editor of 1770 may have had some lost authority for his remark, and not been merely mistaken, some account may be given of the book, as of one possibly, but not probably, condemned to the flames.¹

Molyneux was distinguished for his scientific attainments, was a member of the Irish Parliament, first for Dublin City and then for the University, and was also a great friend of Locke the philosopher. The introduction in 1698 of the Bill, which was carried the same year by the English Parliament, forbidding the exportation of Irish woollen manufactures to England or elsewhere—one of the worst Acts of oppression of the many that England has perpetrated against Ireland—led Molyneux to write this book, in which he contends for the constitutional right of Ireland to absolute legislative independence. As the political relationship between the two countries—a relation now of pure force on one side, and of subjection on the other—is still a matter of contention, it will not be out of place to devote a few lines to a brief summary of his argument.

Before 1641 no law made in England was of force in Ireland without the consent of the latter, a large number of English Acts not being received in Ireland till they had been separately enacted there also. At the so-called conquest of Ireland by Henry II., the English laws settled by him were voluntarily accepted by the Irish clergy and nobility, and Ireland was allowed the freedom of holding parliaments as a separate and distinct kingdom from England. So it was that John was made King (or Dominus) of Ireland even in the lifetime of his father, Henry II., and remained so during the

¹ In *Notes and Queries* for March 11, 1854, Mr. James Graves, of Kilkenny, mentions as in his possession a copy of *Molyneux*, considerable portions of which had been consumed by fire.

reign of his brother, Richard I. Ireland, therefore, could not be bound by England without the consent of her own representatives ; and the happiness of having her representatives in the English Parliament could hardly be hoped for, since that experiment had been proved in Cromwell's time to be too troublesome and inconvenient.

Molyneux concluded his argument with a warning that subsequent history has amply justified—"Advancing the power of the Parliament of England by breaking the rights of another may in time have ill effects." So, indeed, it has ; but such warnings or prophecies seldom bring favour to their authors, and the English Parliament was moved to fury by Molyneux's arguments. Yet the latter, writing to Locke on the subject of his book, had said : "I think I have treated it with that caution and submission that it cannot justly give any offence ; insomuch that I scruple not to put my name to it ; and, by the advice of some good friends, have presumed to dedicate it to his Majesty. . . . But till I either see how the Parliament at Westminster is pleased to take it, or till I see them risen, I do not think it advisable for me to go on t'other side of the water. Though I am not apprehensive of any mischief from them, yet God only knows what resentments captious men may take on such occasions." (April 19, 1698.)

Molyneux, however, had not long to wait before he was undeceived, for on May 21 his book was submitted to the examination of a committee ; and on the committee's report (June 22) that it was "of dangerous consequence to the Crown and people of England, by denying the authority of the King and Parliament of England to bind the kingdom and people of Ireland," an address was presented to the King praying him to punish the author of such "bold and pernicious assertions," and to discourage all things that might lessen the dependence of Ireland upon England ; to which William replied that he would take care that what they complained of might be prevented and redressed. Perhaps the dedication of the book to the King restrained the House from voting it to the flames ; but, anyhow, there is no evidence of their doing so. Molyneux did not survive the year of the condemnation of his book ; but, in spite of his fears, he spent five weeks with Locke at Oates in the autumn of the same year.

The whole history of the tyranny exercised over Ireland by England during the eighteenth century no less justifies Molyneux's remonstrance than it attests his wonderful foresight. Hutchinson's "*Commercial Restraints of Ireland*," published in 1779, and review-

ing the progress of English misgovernment, proved the correctness of Molyneux's prognostications. "Can the history of any fruitful country on the globe," he wrote, "enjoying peace for fourscore years, and not visited by plague or pestilence, produce so many recorded instances of the poverty and wretchedness and of the reiterated want and misery of the lower orders of the people? There is no such example in ancient or modern history."

That a book of such sentiments should have been burnt, as easier so to deal with than to answer, would accord well enough with antecedent probability; but, inasmuch as there is no such record in the Commons' Journals, the probability must remain that Capt. Valentine Blake, M.P. for Galway, who, in a letter to the *Times* of February 14, 1846, appears to have been the first to assert the fact, erroneously identified the fate of Hutchinson's anonymous work with the then received version of the fate of the work of Molyneux. The rarity of the first edition of the "Commercial Restraints" may well enough accord with other methods of suppression than burning.

"The Present Crisis," therefore, of 1774, must retain the distinction of having been the last book to be condemned to the public fire; and with it a practice which can appeal for its descent to classical Greece and Rome passed at last out of fashion and favour, without any actual legislative abolition. When, in 1795, the great stir was made by Reeve's "Thoughts on English Government," Sheridan's proposal to have it burnt met with little approval, and it escaped with only a censure. Reeve, president of an association against Republicans and Levellers, like Cowell and Brecknock before him, gave offence by the extreme claims he made for the English monarch. The relation between our two august chambers and the monarchy he compared to that between goodly branches and the tree itself: they were only branches, deriving their origin and nutriment from their common parent; but though they might be lopped off, the tree would remain a tree still. The Houses could give advice and consent, but the Government and its administration in all its parts rested wholly and solely with the King and his nominees. That a book of such sentiments should have escaped burning is doubtless partly due to the panic of Republicanism then raging in England; but it also shows the gradual growth of a sensible indifference to the power of the pen.

And when we think of the freedom, almost unchecked, of the literature of the century now closing, of the impunity with which speculation attacks the very roots of all our political and theological traditions, and compare this state of liberty with the servitude of

literature in the three preceding centuries, when it rested with archbishop or Commons or Lords not only to commit writings to the flames but to inflict cruelties and indignities on the writers, we cannot but recognise how, proportionate to the advance we have made in toleration, have been the benefits we have derived from it. Possibly this toleration arose from the gradual discovery that the practical consequences of writings seldom keep pace with the aim of the writer or the fears of authority; that, for instance, neither is property endangered by literary demonstrations of its immorality, nor churches emptied by criticism. At all events, taking the risk of consequences, we have entered on an era of almost complete literary impunity; the bonfire is as extinct as the pillory; the only fiery ordeal is that of criticism, and dread of the reviewer has taken the place of all fear of the hangman.

Whether the change is all gain, or the milder method more effectual than the old one, I would hesitate to affirm. He would be a bold man who would assert any lack of burnworthy books. The older custom had perhaps a certain picturesqueness which was lost with it. It was a bit of old English life, reaching far back into history—a custom that would have not been unworthy of the brush of Hogarth. For all that we cannot regret it. The practice became so common, and lent itself so readily to abuse by its indiscriminate application in the interests of religious bigotry or political partisanship, that the lesson of history is one of warning against it. Such a practice is only defensible or impressive in proportion to the rarity of its use. Applied not oftener than once or twice in a generation, in the case of some work that flagrantly shocked or injured the national conscience, the book-fire might have been retained, or might still recover, its place in the economy of well-organised States; and the stigma it failed of by reason of its frequency might still attach to it by reason of its rarity.

If, then, it were possible (as it surely would be) so to regulate and restrict its use that it should serve only as the last expression of the indignation of an offended community instead of the ready weapon of a party or a clique, one can conceive its revival being not without utility. To take an illustration. With the ordinary daily libels of the public press the community as such has no concern; there is no need to grudge them their traditional impunity. But supposing a newspaper, availing itself of an earlier reputation and a wide circulation, to publish as truths, highly damaging to individuals, what it knows or might know to be forgeries, the limit has clearly been overstepped of the bearable liberty of the press; the

cause of the injured individual becomes the cause of the injured community, insulted by the unscrupulous advantage that has been taken of its trustfulness and of its inability to judge soundly where all the data for a sound judgment are studiously withheld. Such an action is as much and as flagrant a crime or offence against the community as an act of robbery or murder, which, though primarily an injury to the individual, is primarily avenged as an injury to the State. As such it calls for punishment, nor could any punishment be more appropriate than one which caused the offender to atone by dishonour for the dishonour he sought to inflict. Condemnation by Parliament to the flames would exactly meet the exigencies of a case so rare and exceptional, and would succeed in inflicting that disgrace of which such a punishment often formerly failed by very reason of its too frequent application. A case in point would be the notorious forgeries of the *Times*, when that journal published, with no proper inquiry into their truth, letters purporting to be by Mr. Parnell, which with no surpassing skill had been concocted by Mr. Pigott: a case unapproached in the annals of the press for the malice displayed. Fire, which would have purged the public conscience from all complicity in the crime, would have had in this instance only too abundant justification.

J. A. FARRER.

TABLE TALK.

A PARISIAN EXPERIMENT.

I HAVE before me, with the title of "Paris Vivant," the first issue of the "Société Artistique du Livre illustré,"¹ one of the most remarkable of the numerous societies established during recent years for the perfecting of book illustration. The avowed aim of those having charge of the experiment is to supply the amateur with the most living picture obtainable of the Paris of to-day, or, to use the current cant, of *Paris fin de siècle*. For the first number the subject chosen is "Journalistic Life." In a series of admirably executed designs the production and sale of *Le Journal* in Paris is illustrated. The etchings depict the political reporter, the process of stereotyping, and the wholesale delivery of the newspaper. In the text are innumerable designs by L. Moulignie, A. Lepère, L. Tinayre, and other young and promising artists, presenting the most familiar phases of newspaper life. Here are the kiosque on the boulevard, the street-crier, the *camelots* or salesmen huddling together for warmth, and sleeping until the hour of the dispersal of the paper, the editor's room, the interviewer, the military correspondent, and the rest. A literary description of the life of the journal is furnished by Clovis Hugues. For its own sake, and for the freshness and spirit of its sketches, the volume is a desirable possession, and as the issue is strictly limited, it will probably become a bibliographical treasure. As an experiment, however, in the direction of co-operation, it has further claim on attention. It is an effort on the part of designers and engravers and their allies to dispense with all intermediary assistance, and to appeal directly to the book-buying public. No thought of interference cripples the writer or the designer. His work has accordingly an unconventionality and a freedom which are not the least attractions of the *brochure*. If not the only city in which an experiment of this class can be tried, Paris is the sole place in which it could have a chance of success. A dozen or so similar works are promised by the Société, and are intended to convey the true physiognomy of Parisian life of to-day.

RABELAIS IN LONDON.

ONE of the last things to have been expected was the exhibition in London of a series of pictures illustrating the work of the inspired Curé of Meudon. Not seldom, however, the unexpected is that which arrives. One hundred and sixty paintings illustrative of the books of Gargantua and Pantagruel have been exhibited in

¹ Paris: 4 Rue des Petits Champs.

London, and have met with a not too hospitable reception at the hands of our authorities.

There is no need to undertake in the *Gentleman's Magazine* the defence of Rabelais, the task, superfluous as it ought to be, having already been accomplished. A few words upon the paintings of the late M. Jules Garnier may, however, serve as an appendix to what has already been said. Of the illustrations I have seen these are the best. All of Rabelais that is reproducible in them is reproduced. The joyous life of the Tourangeau, with its coarse prodigality of enjoyment, is there ; the mirth and laughter are felt, and the whole work is the accomplishment of a man steeped in his subject. It may perhaps be urged that the atmosphere is that of the Garonne rather than of the Loire, and that the types of face are Gascon rather than Angoumois. This is of comparatively little consequence. Objection has been taken to the crudity of certain pictures. This, of course, is inevitable. Some of the designs representative of bloodshed are repulsive. For this, however, I fear warranty is found in Rabelais, whose nature was not free from a touch of Latin ferocity. There is, however, a commendable absence of caricature such as distinguishes the work of M. Robida, and, indeed, that of most previous illustrators. Except in one or two eminently effective pictures, Garnier has not attempted to show the prodigious size of his heroes. This, too, is right. Rabelais dispenses with the gigantic at will, and so must his illustrators. A being who picks full-grown pilgrims out of his teeth cannot be exhibited. What is vitalising in Rabelais is not susceptible of pictorial illustration. I trust that these designs will be reproduced in France, and shall be glad to possess the edition they illustrate.

This much was printed when I heard of the magisterial action, taken at the instigation of the secretaries of so-called vigilance associations, in condemning a series of twenty-one oil paintings to be destroyed. So astounding a decision has not passed without earnest protest in this country, in France, and in America. This, I fancy, will have the desired effect, and an act of extraordinary inhospitality and vandalism will, I understand, not be carried out. That some of the designs are coarse—perhaps coarser than Teniers'—may be conceded. Such is to be expected in dealing with Rabelais. Had the exhibition been closed and the pictures sent back to France, a smile of pity at our self-appointed arbiters of morals and taste is all that would have been provoked. To order their destruction, however, has naturally roused a strong feeling of humiliation, and, taken into account with other proceedings in which we are not very stringent, leaves Englishmen in doubt how to face domestic resentment and foreign irony.

SYLVANUS UREAN.

GETTY CENTER LIBRARY



3 3125 00630 0483

